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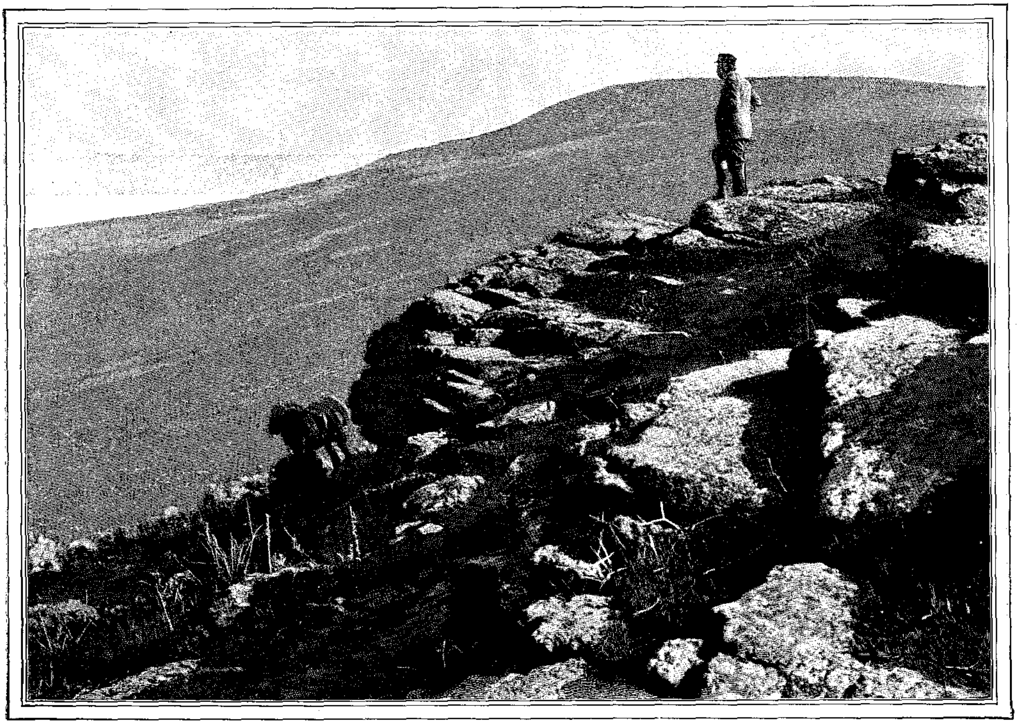

THE PLACE WHERE THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT WAS PRONOUNCED.

Before undertaking his picture, "The Sermon on the Mount" (reproduced on the opposite page), M. Tissot studied with care the actual place and surroundings as they appear to-day. The above photograph was taken during one of his excursions.

J. J. TISSOT AND HIS PAINTINGS OF THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

HIS OWN STORY OF HOW HE WAS DRAWN TO THE WORK AND HOW IT WAS EXECUTED.—THE PREPARATORY STUDY OF SCENES, LIFE, AND PEOPLE IN THE HOLY LAND.

By Cleveland Moffett.

MONSIEUR JAMES TISSOT is now a man of sixty-two, yet his vigor of mind and body is remarkable. One might almost speak of his vigor of soul, for the spiritual quality in this distinguished artist is one of his most striking characteristics. Not only is he deeply religious in his daily life, but he is something beyond that: he is a mystic and seer of visions.

But the Tissot of to-day, the man of solitude and meditation, the reverent worshiper, the almost ecstatic believer in divine mysteries, is a very different Tissot from the one who left Paris twelve years ago to undertake

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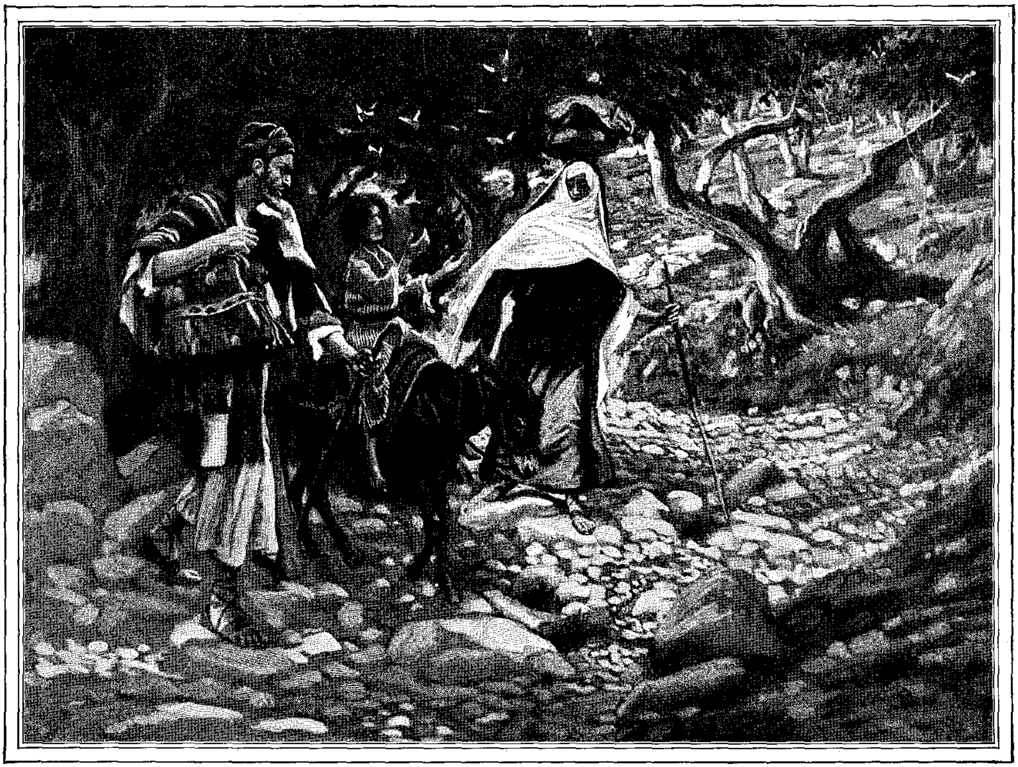


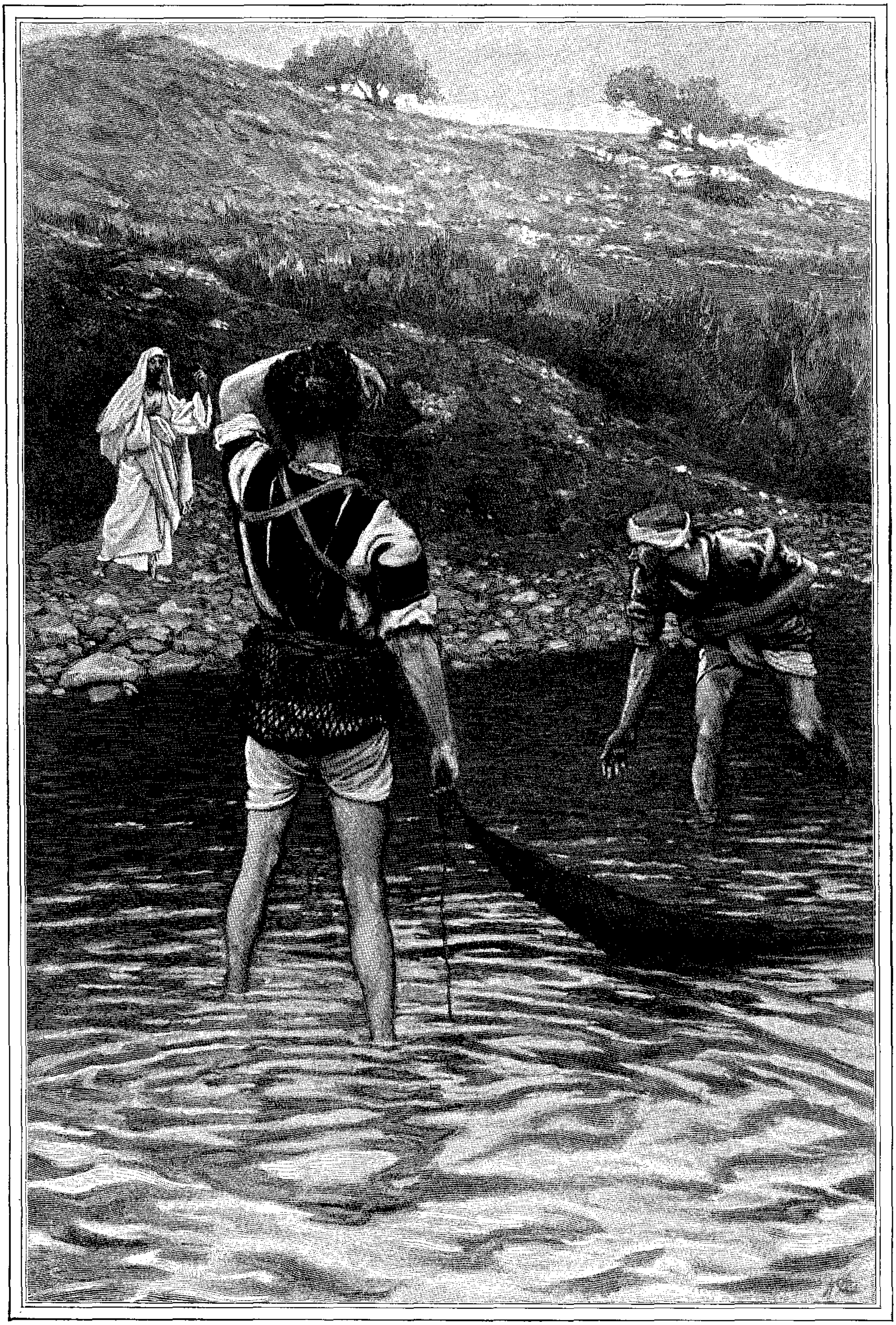
THE RETURN FROM EGYPT. FROM THE PAINTING BY J. J. TISSOT.

Photographed from the original expressly for McClure's Magazine.

a great work in Palestine. Up to that time Tissot had been known as an artist of unusual power and versatility, but an artist who was also much of a worldling. He was a traveler and a cosmopolitan; he was at home in many cities. Ten years of his life were spent in London, where he earned some millions of francs from his paintings and where his house was famous among grand establishments for the beautiful things within and without it. This was the house that later passed into the hands of Tissot's friend Alma-Tadema.

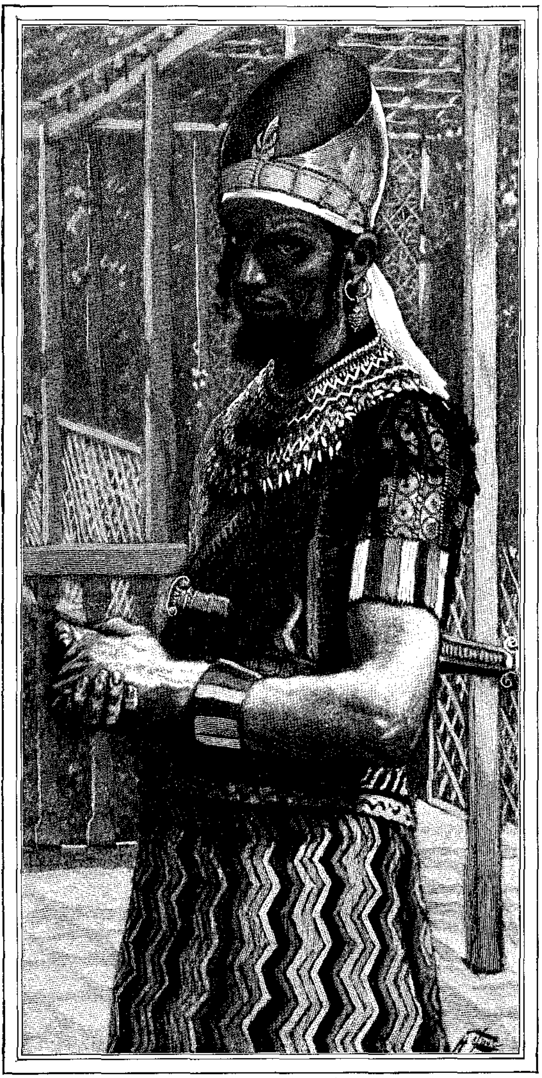
It was from this brilliant and somewhat pampered life, from a circle of friends that counted the best names in Paris and London, from affluence and ease, that Tissot suddenly separated himself as he passed the half century point. From painting scenes of Parisian frivolity, he turned his attention to the old subjects of Bible story, to the humble scenes of Christ's life. From gay *salons* he made his way to moldering churches. His city house and his splendid chateau in the country were given up, and he declared himself ready to spend months or years in poor and mean surroundings to the end that he might put down from actual observation scenes and incidents in the Holy Land.

The cause of this sudden change in a man of mature years was sought for eagerly by Tissot's friends. There was much gossip about him in Paris and London. It was rumored that he had entered a monastery. There was no doubt that he went to prayer frequently, that he shunned the busy and frivolous paths once trodden by him with pleasure. People who had known him well saw little of him now. But why this change had come on, or just what it meant, remained in the realm of conjecture. It is sufficient for us to know that the death of a very dear friend about this time had much to do with turning M. Tissot's thoughts in a new direction. He saw life more sadly and more seriously. He felt himself alone in the world, for he had never married, and with ebbing fires of the body, the soul fires began to burn more brightly. The worship of God was no longer a subject of speculation, but a real thing that had come into his heart. And now in the East a star of guidance shone out clear, a sign in the heavens beckoning this man, calling him to Jerusalem, and he heard the call and answered it. Tissot the artist became Tissot the pilgrim.



THE CALLING OF ST. PETER AND ST. ANDREW. FROM THE PAINTING BY J. J. TISSOT.

Photographed from the original expressly for McClure's Magazine.



HEROD FROM THE PAINTING BY J. J. TISSOT.

Photographed from the original expressly for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

It was in 1886, an afternoon in November, and a fine rain was falling on the bare plains of the Holy Land. Over the reddish earth, over the yellowish hills, a caravan wended its way toward Jerusalem. It was a small caravan, seven horses and two asses, with servants in native dress, and a dragoman in half-European dress, and a man who had brought these together for a great purpose. This man rode at the front of the line, and strained his eyes eastward. There was strength in his face and build, kindness and power in his eye; he was a man to think and hold his tongue. The gray hair over his temples and the grizzled mustache bore witness to fifty years gone, yet was he undertaking the labor of a lifetime; he was come to study and record with brush and pencil nothing less than the life of our Lord Jesus Christ.

For two days now M. Tissot had been journeying toward the city which was to teach him so much that he might show it to the world. The night before, he had slept in the village whence—according to tradition—came the robbers who were crucified with Jesus. The day before that, he had set out from Jaffa, the air filled with caroling convent bells that seemed to cheer him on his way. Before that, he had seen the land of Egypt, with its silent, black-clad women, its colors, its odors, its Pyramids, and its memories. Before that, he had gone with the pilgrims to Lourdes, to ask a benediction on his effort. And now Jerusalem lay before him, only a few miles distant.

It was about three o'clock when the dragoman rode up beside M. Tissot and, pointing ahead, told him that the Holy City lay yonder.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the artist. "I see no high ground there."

"We're going in by the gate of Jaffa," answered the dragoman.

"You rascal," exclaimed the Frenchman, shaking his hand in displeasure, "did I *not* charge you to bring me in by Mount Scopus?"

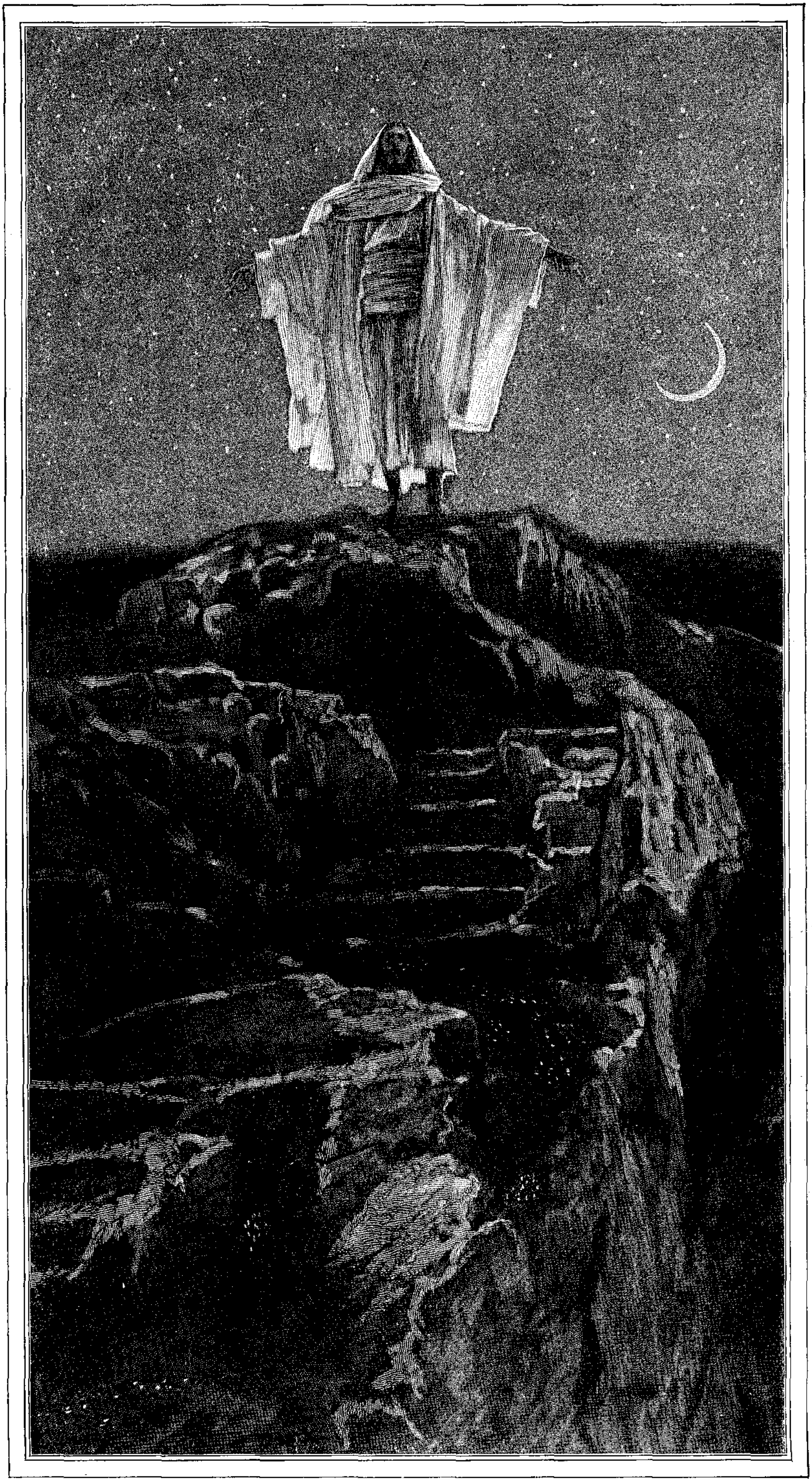
"It will take us an hour longer, sir," grumbled the other, "and the horses are getting wet."

"What do I care! Do you think I have traveled two thousand miles to have my first impression spoiled? Do you think I have come here like a scampering tourist? Head your horse for Mount Scopus, sir, and learn to obey orders."

The end of it was that the pack animals entered the city by the nearer way, through the gate of Jaffa, while M. Tissot and the dragoman made a detour in the rain, and came upon the vantage point selected by the artist. And for several miles M. Tissot kept his head turned resolutely away from the walls of the city lest a chance sight from some other than the point he had chosen for his first full view should spoil the picture that had been long preparing in his mind.

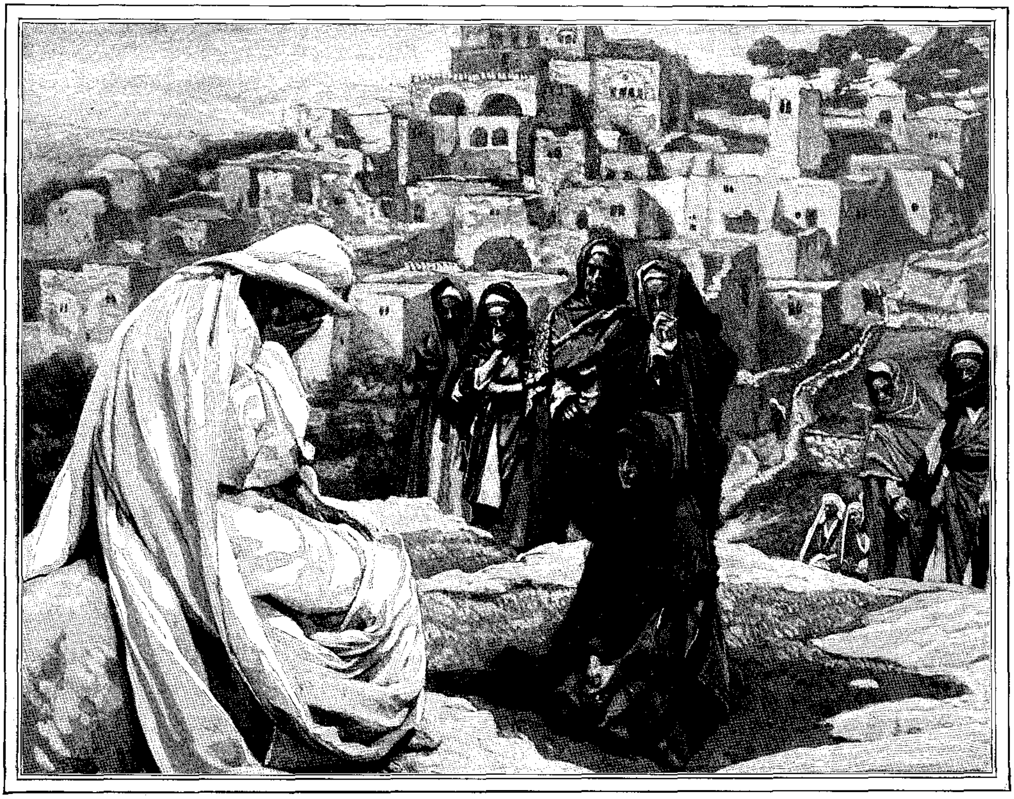
At last they stood upon Mount Scopus. It was the hour of the setting sun, and the rain had ceased. M. Tissot looked down upon Jerusalem spread before him, upon its domes and housetops, its vineyards and cypress trees. Then he turned to the south, and saw the Mount of Olives; and beyond that, stretching away in the distance, a broad line like purple velvet, changing into blue-black at the base; and across this line were blood-red streaks. It was the Mountains of Moab blotched with the sun's last fire.

"And then I looked lower down into the valley," said the artist, as he painted this scene for me in vivid words, "and I saw a mass of green, a wicked green, like a great emerald. It startled me as I looked at it, and I said to the man: 'See, what is that—that strange green under the blue-black mountains?' 'It



"HE DEPARTED INTO A MOUNTAIN TO PRAY." ST. MARK, VI. 46. FROM THE PAINTING BY J. J. TISSOT.

Photographed from the original expressly for McClure's Magazine.



"JESUS WEPT." ST. JOHN, XI. 35. FROM THE PAINTING BY J. J. TISSOT.

Photographed from the original expressly for McClure's Magazine.

is the Dead Sea,' he said. And I stood still for a long time, staring at it.

"Then I turned back to the city, and as I looked, a white cloud shot high into the air and spread out like a silver tree in the sun, and there came a deep sound echoing through the hills. 'See, what is that?' I asked again. 'They're firing cannon from the Tower of David; it is a Turkish feast day,' he answered."

To hear M. Tissot speak when he rouses himself thus is to be caught by the earnestness in him, the depth of feeling. What he saw from Mount Scopus this November afternoon had been seen there, no doubt, many times before by others; but perhaps no man ever saw it in the same way, or found such almost terrifying impressiveness in the colors. As he pictured those somber mountains over that wicked sea of emerald green, he seemed to shrink away as if from some sinister happening, and in his eyes the silver cloud over the Tower of David became a wonderful omen, yet it was but cannon smoke. It was plain to me, after the very briefest talk, that here was a man of exceeding sensitiveness and spiritual quality, one who believed first and painted afterward.

"I hope you are a Christian," he said to me, with some hesitation. "If you are, it will be easier for me to tell you about my work in Palestine."

Reassured on this point, M. Tissot went on to describe how on that first day he came down from Mount Scopus by a winding, stony path, passing through the vale of Gethsemane, passing near the great Mosque of Omar, and finally reaching the inn where he was to stop. It was all very strange and terrible to him. He could scarcely eat; and, after the meal, he felt that he could not sleep until he had visited the Holy Sepulchre. So he made his way thither, through the dark narrow streets, and remained in prayer where Christ's body had lain, until the guardians bade him go away, at the hour of closing. That was the first day of the work which it took him ten years to finish.

Ten years to do 500 paintings: so stands the record. And although these paintings, measured by inches, are not so very large, yet they present such variety of scene and incident, such knowledge of antiquity, such faithfulness in smallest details, such understanding of Oriental character, such convincingness in the setting forth of Christ's life, and withal such power of the imagination and spiritual insight, that one would think twenty years all too short for the task. What other artist ever painted one picture a week with merit in it and kept up that average for 500 weeks? Nor does this take account of hundreds of sketches done in preparation, nor of hundreds of initial letters and chapter endings and delicate bits of page decoration (two or three hours for each), done by this indefatigable man for the great French edition of his work just published. There was needed strength of soul as well as artistic power for this business!

A man of toil and prayer, then, was M. Tissot while in the Holy City. Six o'clock saw him out of his bed even on dark winter mornings, and seven o'clock found him at the Convent of Marie Reparatrice, bowing before the candles and listening to the chant of kneeling women. Fine ladies there are in this convent, young women who have given up fashion and fortune in European cities to serve in this lowly order. From his seat in the gallery where strangers sit, M. Tissot could see these sisters kneeling, their figures shrouded in garments of white and blue, a silver heart on the breast of each; and about the face, in square setting, two veils, one white, one blue.

"On the steamer I met three of these sisters," said M. Tissot; "they were French ladies about to enter the convent. I remember asking one of them if her life was hard, if she was happy in renouncing the world.

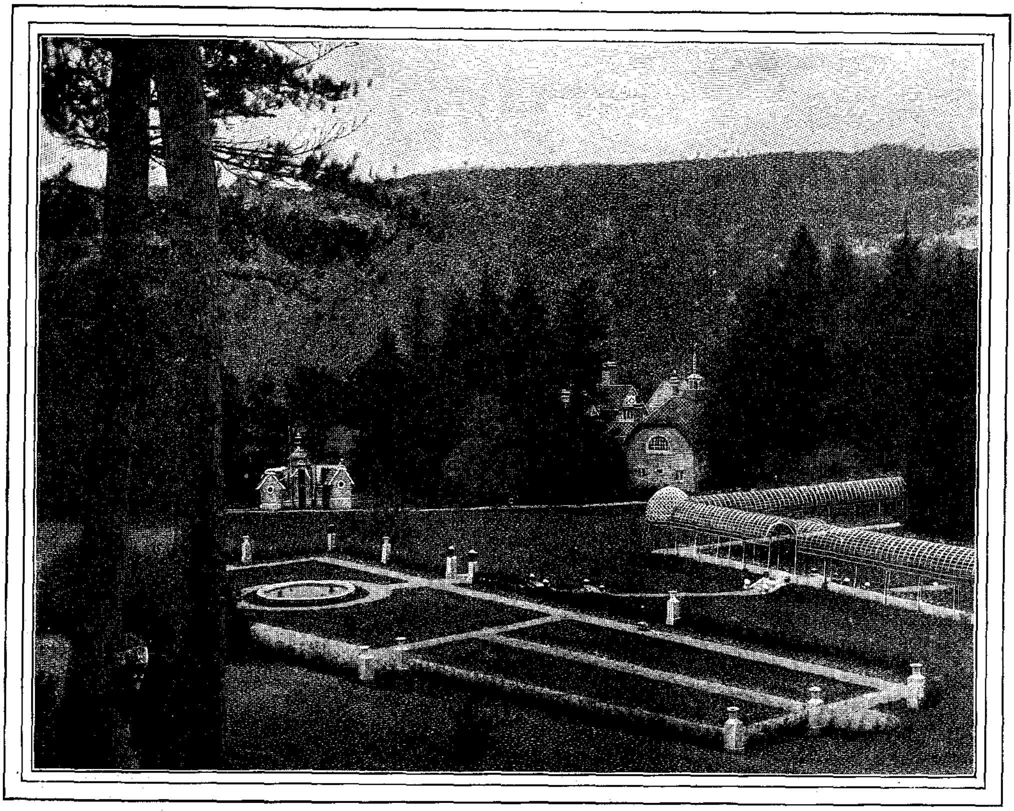
"'Oh, yes,' she said, 'I am very happy; we are all happy.' And then she added, quite naturally, with a smile so sweet that it was sad: 'You know we die very young in our order.'"

In these surroundings he made his morning prayer, and then, after eating, set forth to work, riding through the streets of Jerusalem, a servant trotting beside him with colors and brushes in a basket, and a large umbrella for shade, and such other things as an artist needs. Then would come two hours' sketching, the putting down of numberless backgrounds for the Christ story—a carpenter shop such as Joseph worked in, a mottled stone wall with worn steps down the face of it, some women drawing water at a well, a view from the Mount of Olives, a tomb, a cistern, a fig tree, and endless types of Jews. Two hours of this, with an hour for journeying back and forth, brought noon; and then, after food and rest, came another excursion within or without the city, and two hours more of work. Nothing was too small for the artist to notice—the lattice screen over a window, a fashion of dressing the hair; and nothing was too large—the colors of a valley, the panorama of a city. What would serve his purpose he took down stroke by stroke, with infinite patience, using colors, using black and white, sometimes using the camera—whatever would give the best result. No trouble was too great. "*Ce n'etait pas un travail, c'etait une prière*"—"it was not a task, it was a devotion." That was the man's spirit.

ON THE WAY TO THE GREEK MONASTERY OF MAR SABA.

From a photograph of M. Tissot taken while he was studying the country between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea.

After dining quietly, M. Tissot spent his evenings in reading and reflection. For the most part he was alone, and kept away from people who were rated important. He retired early, at peace with all the world, and however intense the emotions of the day, his rest was seldom broken. About the only work he allowed himself at night was the jotting down in an album of little pictorial notes, each one about the size of a postage



M. TISSOT'S COUNTRY SEAT IN FRANCE, THE PARC DE BUILLON, WHERE MANY OF HIS PICTURES WERE PAINTED.

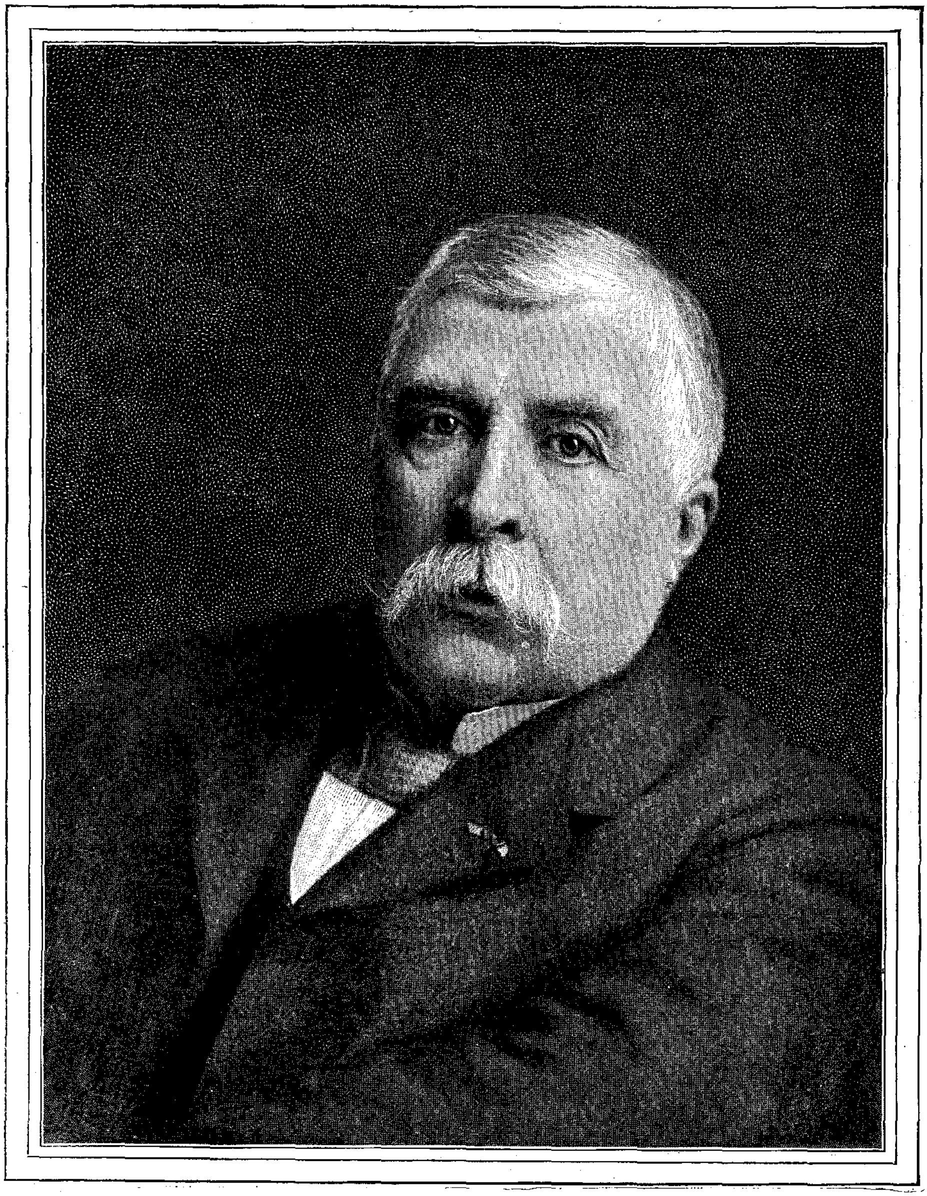
stamp, just the roughest pencil scrawling, to bring back a hint of composition. A half dozen such as these he did for me with a few quick strokes, and, as he did them, he explained that this was for "Christ before Pilate," and that for "Angels Came and Ministered unto Him," and so on. And even my untrained eye could see the suggestion.

Each one of these rude drawings might be called the receipt for a picture, and when the mood took him for painting, M. Tissot would enlarge one of these into a more detailed sketch, outlining the background and central figures in heavy black lines; the whole, still formless, the merest skeleton of a picture, with only black ovals for the heads and a few rough lines for the bodies.

But now a strange thing would happen, a rather uncanny thing, did we not know the many mysteries of the human brain. Scientists have called it "hyperæsthesia," a supersensitiveness of the nerves having to do with vision. And this is it—and it happened over and over again, until it became an ordinary occurrence—M. Tissot, being now in a certain state of mind, and having some conception of what he wished to paint, would bend over the white paper with its smudged surface, and, looking intently at the oval marked for the head of Jesus or some holy person, would see the whole picture there before him, the colors, the garments, the faces, everything that he needed and had already half conceived. Then, closing his eyes in delight, he would murmur to himself: "How beautiful! How wonderful! Oh, that I may keep it! Oh, that I may not forget it!" Finally, putting forth his strongest effort to retain the vision, he would take brush and color and set it all down from memory as well as he could.

Most of M. Tissot's pictures were painted in this way, at least in some part. But many of his best pictures were never painted at all, because the very gorgeousness of the scene made it slip from him as a dream vanishes, and it would not come back. "Oh," he sighed, "the things that I have seen in the life of Christ, but could not remember! They were too splendid to keep."

Let me not give the idea that there is anything abnormal about M. Tissot. He simply possesses in a high degree the sensitiveness to color impulses of the brain that is enjoyed by many artists and gives them, literally, the power of beholding visions. It is a mere mat-



J. JAMES TISSOT.

From a photograph taken expressly for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

ter of cause and effect, just as certain dreams are induced by certain causes. In him the cause has been reflection and prayer and a peculiar artistic temperament. Not only does he get vivid impressions of his pictures from these skeletons of composition, but he gets them often while walking in the street; so distinctly, sometimes, that the real things about him seem to vanish. One day, for instance, while strolling in Paris, near the Bois de Boulogne, M. Tissot suddenly saw before him a massive stone arch out of which a great crowd was surging—a many-colored crowd—with turbaned heads and Oriental garments. And the multitude, with violent gestures, lifted their hands and pointed to a balcony high up on a yellow stone wall where stood Roman soldiers dragging forward a prisoner clad in the red robe of shame. Hanging down from the balcony was a piece of tapestry worked in brilliant colors, and over this the prisoner was bent by rough hands and made to show his face to the crowd below, and it was the face of Jesus. What M. Tissot saw in this vision he reproduced faithfully on canvas in his painting "Ecce Homo."

And he did the same in many other paintings.

I asked M. Tissot one day how he got his data for painting the garments worn by Jesus. Had he seen these in visions, or had he found men in Palestine who dress to-day as Christ dressed?

"I found men," he replied, "who wear to-day such garments as Christ wore, but they were not in Palestine. They are a tribe of Arabs dwelling between Egypt and the desert to the north. You know the apostles bound their heads with turbans and wore colored garments like those found still in Judea. But Christ as a man dressed entirely in white—a white robe and white cloak. His head was never covered except by a fold of this outer garment. As a boy, Christ wore colors, like other boys; but when he became a teacher of men, one set apart from the rest, then he put on white. Only before Pilate and in the days of his trial and condemnation he was made to wear red, as a mark of his disgrace."

"And how did you learn about Mary's dress?" I asked.

"That was easier. The Syrian women in the vicinity of Bethlehem and in villages near Jerusalem dress to-day practically as the Virgin dressed. Their garments are made of striped cloth woven in widths of about one foot. The main part is blue, with a stripe of green at one edge, and a stripe of red at the other, and lines of yellow separating these from the blue body. A full width of this cloth forms the front of the gown, with a half width on either side. Then the fullness of the skirt is formed by a setting in of yellow cloth. The sleeves are flowing, the ordinary color being yellow and blue, and over all hangs a long white veil draped over a stiff headdress of red and green. The gown is held at the waist with a girdle of many-colored threads—into which the front of the gown is tucked so as to form a spacious pocket. In this the women carry all sorts of things, including nuts and raisins, which they are constantly munching."

"Could you do much painting on these journeys?"

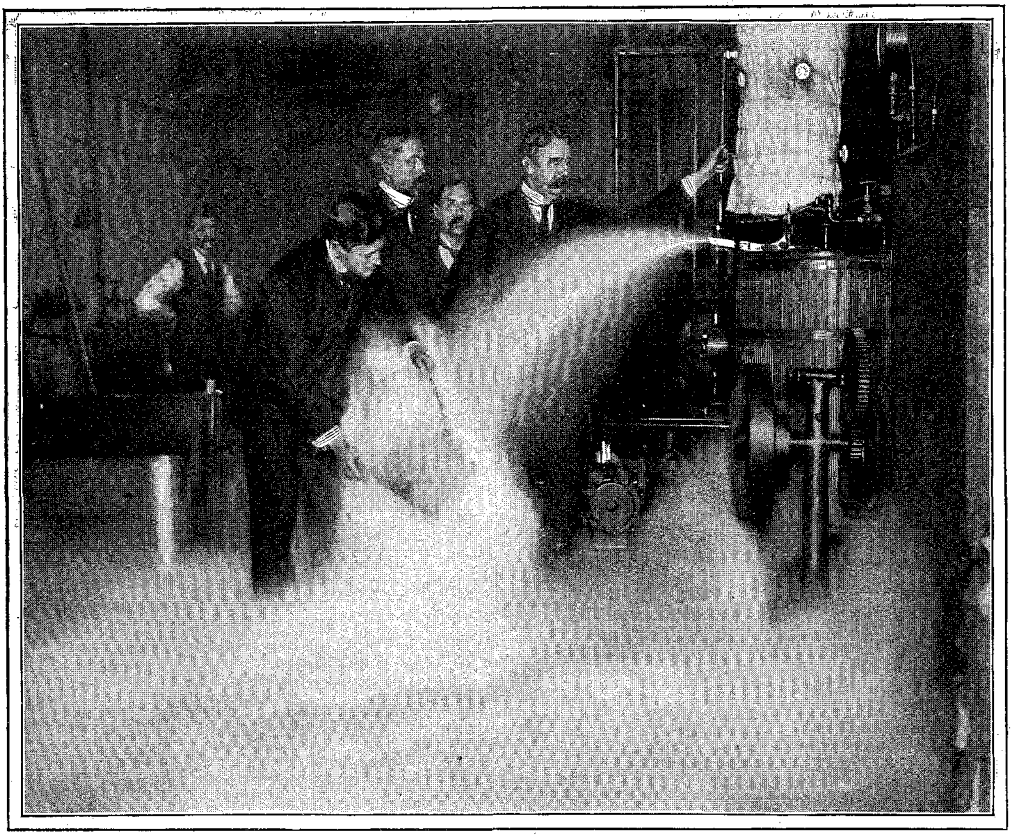
"Not while we were actually on the march; but I made many sketches in the villages, and took photographs which were useful as documents. Most of the actual painting of pictures was done in France. I would spend a few months in the Holy Land getting material, and would then return to Paris to use it. Then I would go back for more, and then return again. In the ten years I made a number of these double trips, getting my vivid impressions in the one country and carrying them out in the other.

"To do my work best I must be able to think and feel quite alone, I must have solitude. So, for weeks at a time, I would withdraw from Paris to a wonderful lonely valley, shaped like a vast amphitheatre, where the wind blows always and a little river runs. This is one of nature's worship-spots, where reverence is in the air. Hundreds of years ago godly men chose this place for a monastery, and on the ruins of their building I have made my home for contemplation. Ah, the days that I have spent there listening to the wind sigh and watching the river flow!"

M. TISSOT AND HIS GUIDE.

From a photograph taken on the site of the scriptural village of Bethphage ("house of unripe fruit"), half way up the Mount of Olives, coming from Bethany.

So it went on from day to day during the weeks that I had the privilege of being with M. Tissot. Each time I saw him he told me strange things. Each painting we spoke of became the subject of a little discourse. And there were 500 paintings. And there were ten years of thought and work and prayer. All this to talk about!



MR. TRIPLER ALLOWING THE LIQUID AIR TO FLOW FROM THE LIQUEFIER.

On striking the warm outer atmosphere, part of the liquid air instantly vaporizes, and flows out upon the floor in thick billowy clouds.

LIQUID AIR.

A NEW SUBSTANCE THAT PROMISES TO DO THE WORK OF COAL AND ICE AND GUNPOWDER, AT NEXT TO NO COST.

By Ray Stannard Baker.

Illustrated from photographs taken expressly for McClure's Magazine.

CHARLES E. TRIPLER of New York City reduces the air of his laboratory to a clear, sparkling liquid that boils on ice, freezes pure alcohol, and burns steel like tissue paper. And yet Mr. Tripler dips up this astounding liquid in an old tin saucepan and pours it about like so much water. Although fluid, it is not wet to the touch, but it burns like a white-hot iron, and when exposed to the open air for a few minutes, it vanishes in a cold gray vapor, leaving only a bit of white frost.

All this is wonderful enough, but it is by no means the most wonderful of the inventor's achievements. I saw Mr. Tripler admit a quart or more of the liquid air into a small engine. A few seconds later the piston began to pump vigorously, driving the fly-wheel as if under a heavy head of steam. The liquid air had not been forced into the engine under pressure, and there was no perceptible heat under the boiler; indeed, the tube which passed for a boiler was soon shaggy with white frost. Yet the little engine stood there in the middle of the room running apparently without motive power, making no noise and giving out no heat or smoke, and producing no ashes. And that is something that can be seen nowhere else in the world —it is a new and almost inconceivable marvel.

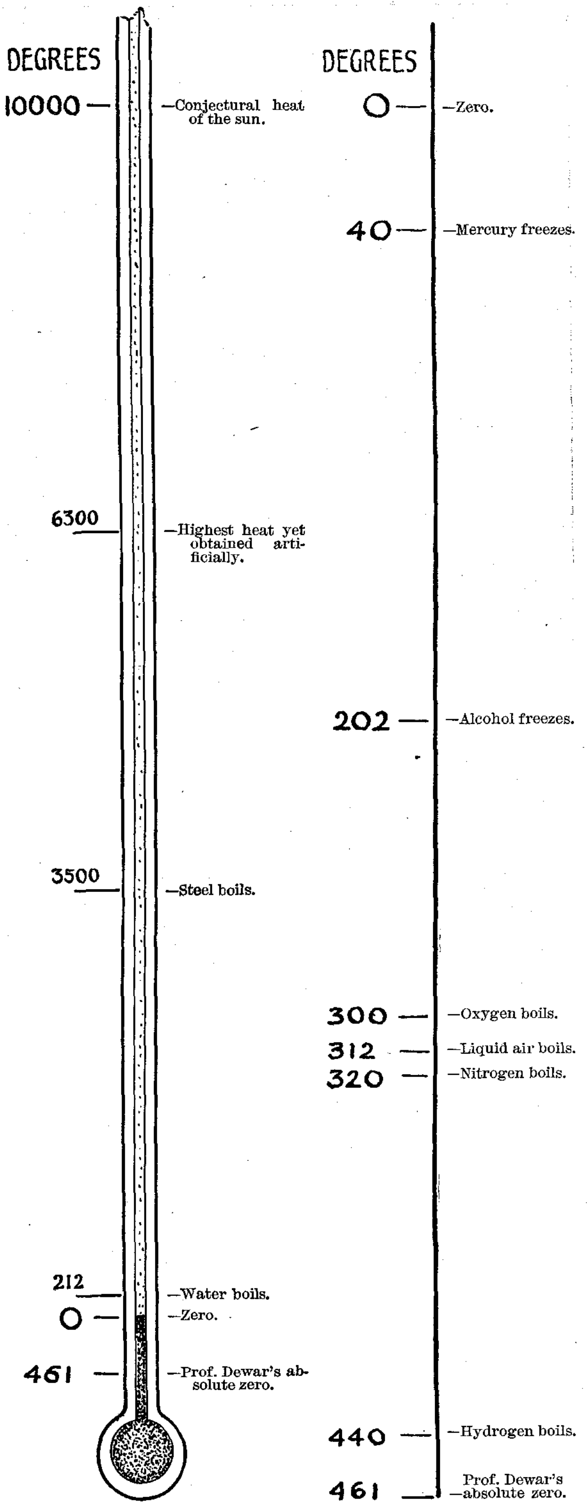
"If I can make little engines run by this power, why not big ones?" asks Mr. Tripler. "And if I can produce liquid air practically without cost—and I will show you that I really can—why shouldn't we be able soon to do entirely away with coal and wood and all other fuel?"

"And run entirely with air?"

"Yes, with liquid air in place of the water now used in steam boilers, and the ordinary heat of the air instead of the coal under the boilers. Air is the cheapest material in the world, but we have only begun learning how to use it. We know a little about compressed air, but almost nothing about utilizing the heat of the air. For centuries men have been digging their source of heat out of the earth at enormous expense, and then wasting ninety per cent. of it in burning. Coal is only the sun's energy stored up. What I do is to use the sun's energy direct.

"It is really one of the simplest things in the world," Mr. Tripler continues, "when you understand it. In the case of a steam engine, you have water and coal. You must take heat enough out of the coal and put it into the water to change the water into a gas—that is, steam. The expansion of this gas produces power. And the water will not give off any steam until it has reached the boiling point of 212 degrees Fahrenheit.

"Now, steam bears the same relation to water that air bears to liquid air. Air is a liquid at 312 degrees below zero—a degree of cold that we can hardly imagine. If you raise it above 312 degrees below zero it boils, just as water boils above 212 degrees. Now then, we live at a temperature averaging, say, seventy degrees above zero—about the present temperature of this room. In other words, we are 382 degrees warmer than liquid air. Therefore, compared with the cold of liquid air, we are living in a burning fiery

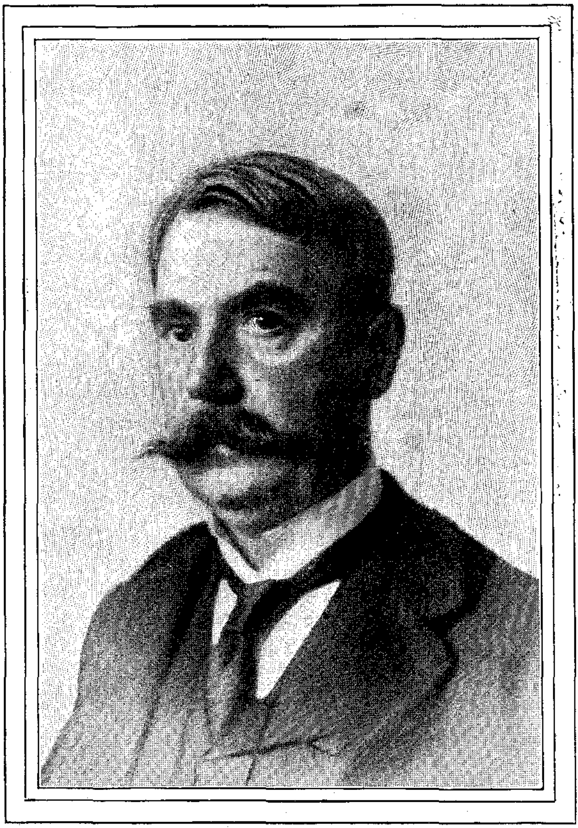

DEGREES
10000
—Conjectural heat of the sun.
6300
—Highest heat yet obtained artificially.
3500
—Steel boils.
212
—Water boils.
0
—Zero.
461
—Prof. Dewar's absolute zero.
DEGREES
0
—Zero.
40
—Mercury freezes.
202
—Alcohol freezes.
300
—Oxygen boils.
312
—Liquid air boils.
320
—Nitrogen boils.
440
—Hydrogen boils.
461
Prof. Dewar's —absolute zero.

TEMPERATURES FROM HIGHEST HEAT TO LOWEST COLD.

These diagrams also show the points at which various important substances freeze or boil. Not shown on the diagrams, but interesting to have in mind when studying them, is the lowest degree of cold ever obtained artificially. This is about 450 degrees below zero, obtained only very lately by Professor Dewar.

furnace. A race of people who could live at 312 degrees below zero would shrivel up as quickly in this room as we should if we were shut up in a baking-oven. Now then, you have liquid air—a liquid at 312 degrees below zero. You expose it to the heat of this furnace in which we live, and it boils instantly, and throws off a vapor which expands and produces power. That's simple, isn't it?"

It did seem simple; and you remembered, not without awe, that Mr. Tripler was the first man who ever ran an engine with liquid air, as he was also the first to invent a machine for making liquid air in quantities, a machine which has, by the way, been passed upon as original by the patent office in Washington. But these two achievements, extraordinary as they are, form merely the basis for more surprising experiments.



CHARLES E. TRIPLER.

MANNER AND COST OF PRODUCING LIQUID AIR.

It is easy enough, after obtaining a supply of liquid air, to run an engine with it; but where is there any practical advantage in using steam power to make liquid air and then using the liquid air for running engines? Why not use steam power direct, as at present?

Mr. Tripler always anticipates this question after explaining his engine—which is still running smoothly before our eyes.

"You have seen how I run this engine with liquid air," he says. "Now, if I can produce power by using liquid air in my engine, why not use that power for producing more liquid air? A liquid-air engine, if powerful enough, will compress the air and produce the cold in my liquefying machine exactly as well as a steam engine. Isn't that plain?"

You look at the speaker hard and a bit suspiciously. "Then you propose making liquid air with liquid air?"

"I not only propose doing it, but this machine actually does it."

"You pour liquid air into your engine, and take more liquid air out of your liquefier?"

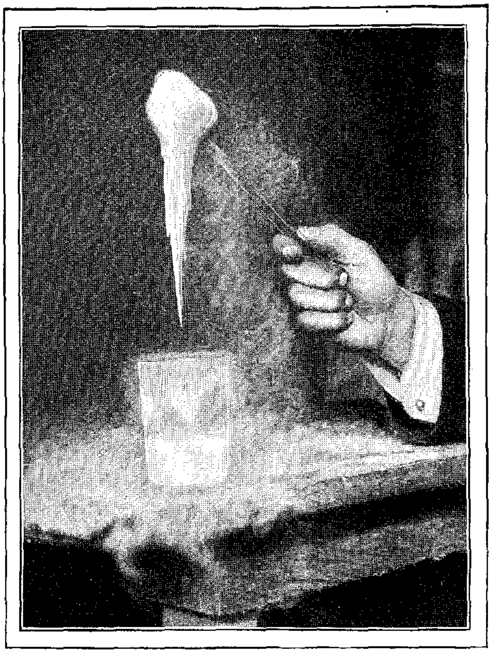
"Yes; it is merely an application of the power produced by my liquid-air engine."

This all but takes your breath away. "That is perpetual motion," you object.

"No," says Mr. Tripler sharply, "no perpetual motion about it. The heat of the atmosphere is boiling the liquid air in my engine and producing power just exactly as the heat of coal boils water and drives off steam. I simply use another form of heat. I get my power from the heat of the sun; so does every other producer of power. Coal, as I said before, is only a form of the sun's energy stored up. The perpetual motion crank tries to utilize the attraction of gravitation, not the heat of the sun."

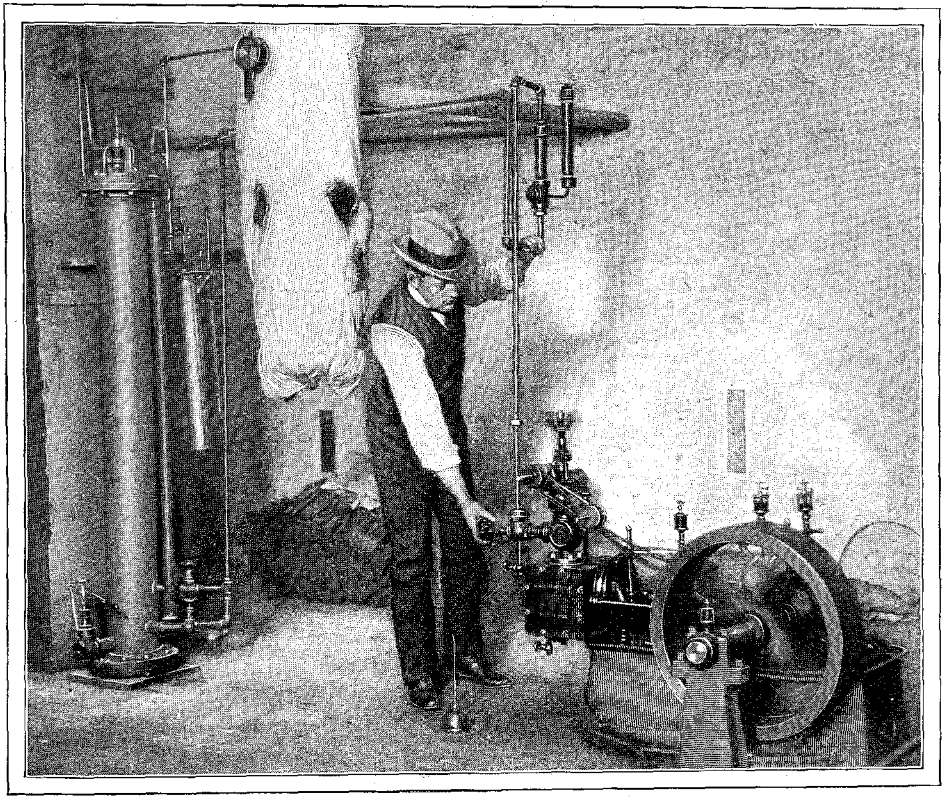
Then Mr. Tripler continues more slowly: "But I go even further than that. If I could produce only two gallons of liquid air from my liquefying machine for every two gallons I put into my engine, I should gain nothing at all; I should only be performing a curious experiment that would have no practical value. But I actually find that I can produce, for every two gallons of liquid air that I pour into my engine, a larger quantity of liquid air from my liquefier. This seems absolutely unbelievable, and it is hard to explain; you will understand it better after I show you exactly my process of making liquid air. Briefly, the liquefaction of air is caused by intense cold, not by compression, although compression is a part of the process. After once having produced this cold, I do not need so much pressure on the air which I am forcing into the liquefying machine. Indeed, so great does the cold actually become that the external air, rushing in under ordinary atmospheric pressure to fill the vacuum caused by liquefaction, itself becomes liquefied. That is, my liquefying machine will keep on producing as much liquid air as ever, while it takes very much less liquid air to keep the compressor engine going. This difference I save. It is hard to understand just how this comes about, for you must remember that we are dealing with intensely low temperatures—an unfamiliar domain, the influences and effects of which are not yet well understood—and not with pressures.

"I have actually made about ten gallons of liquid air in my liquefier by the use of about three



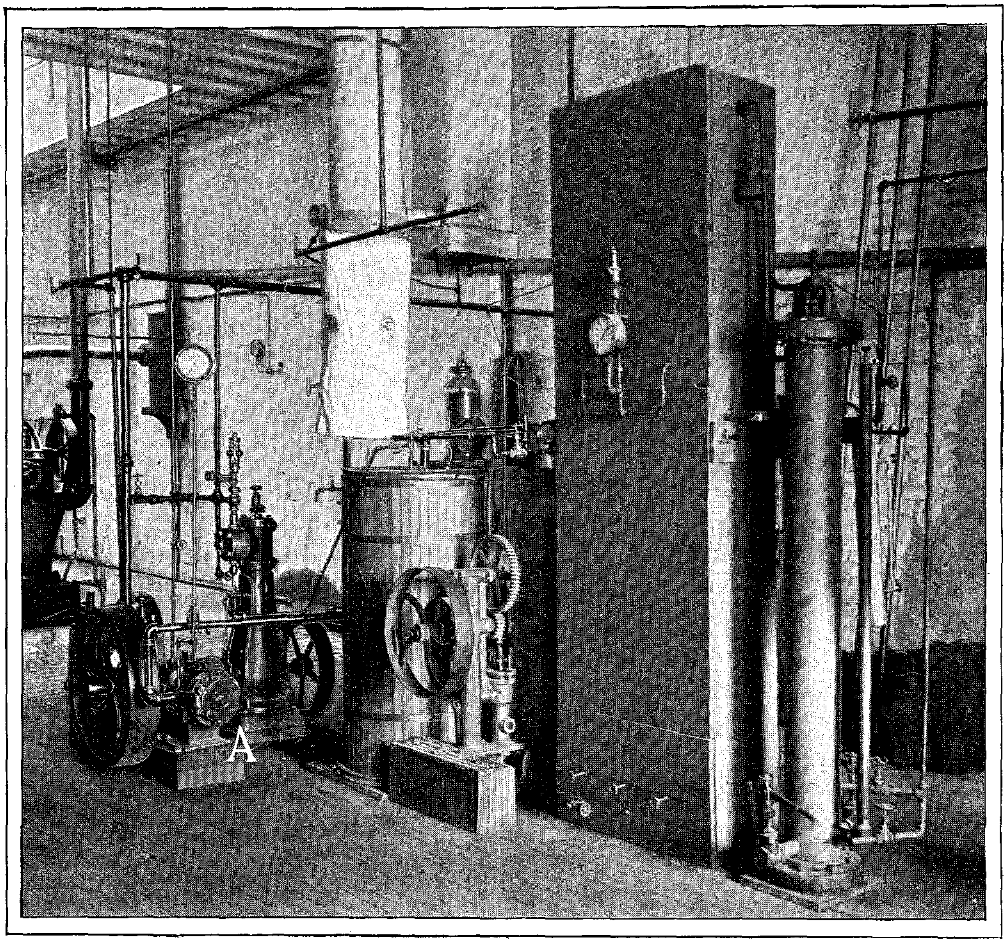
AN ICICLE OF FROZEN ALCOHOL.

An alcohol thermometer is supposed to measure all degrees of cold, but liquid air freezes alcohol in a few seconds to a hard lump of ice.



RUNNING A TEN-HORSE-POWER ENGINE WITH LIQUID AIR.

This engine operates the machinery shown on the opposite page, which makes liquid air with liquid air.



VACUUM PUMP, CONDENSER, AND LIQUEFIER USED BY MR. TRIPLER FOR MAKING LIQUID AIR BY THE USE OF LIQUID AIR.

About three gallons of liquid air, used in the engine shown on the opposite page, will produce ten gallons of liquid air from the liquefier, a surplusage of seven gallons, produced without expense. A is the vacuum engine; the cylinder next on the right is the condenser, and the tall box with the steel cylinder next to it contains the liquefying apparatus. The canvas-covered pipe above the condenser is the liquefier used when steam power furnishes the means of compression.

gallons in my engine. There is, therefore, a surplusage of seven gallons that has cost me nothing and which I can use elsewhere as power."

"And there is no limit to this production; you can keep on producing this surplusage indefinitely?"

"I think so. I have not yet finished my experiments, you understand, and I don't want to claim too much. I believe I have discovered a great principle in science, and I believe I can make practical machinery do what my experimental machine will do."

What if Mr. Tripler can build a successful "surplusage machine"? It is bewildering to dream of the possibilities of a source of power that costs nothing. Think of the ocean greyhound unencumbered with coal bunkers, and sweltering boilers, and smokestacks, making her power as she sails, from the free sea air around her! Think of the boilerless locomotive running without a fire-box or fireman, or without need of water tanks or coal chutes, gathering from the air as it passes the power which turns its driving-wheels! With costless power, think how travel and freight rates must fall, bringing bread and meat more cheaply to our tables and cheaply manufactured clothing more cheaply to our backs. Think of the possibilities of aërial navigation with power which requires no heavy machinery, no storage batteries, no coal—but I will take up these possibilities later. If one would practice his imagination on high flights, let him ruminate on the question, "What will the world be when power costs nothing?"

It is not until you begin to speculate upon the changes that such a machine as Mr. Tripler's, if successful, will work, that you begin to doubt and waver and feel the total improbability of it all. The announcement fairly shocks the hearer out of his humdrum, and turns his well-regulated world all topsy-turvy. And yet it is not difficult to remember what people said when Morse sent words by telegraph from Washington to Baltimore, and when Bell spoke miles over a copper wire.

"We have just begun discovering things about the world," says Mr. Tripler.

Then he begins at the beginning of liquid air, and builds up his wonders step by step until they have almost assumed the familiar garb of present-day realities.

PREVIOUS ATTEMPTS TO LIQUEFY AIR.

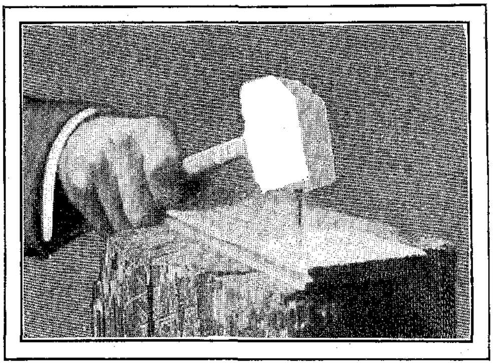
Until twenty years ago, scientists thought that air was a permanent gas—that it never would be anything but a gas. They had tried compressing it under thousands of pounds of pressure to the square inch; they had tried heating it in reverberatory furnaces and cooling it to the greatest known depths of chemical cold; but it remained air—a gas. But one day in 1877, Raoul Pictet submitted oxygen gas to enormous pressure combined with intense cold. The result was a few precious drops of a clear bluish liquid that bubbled violently for a few seconds and then passed away in a cold white mist. M. Pictet had proved that oxygen was not really a permanent gas, but merely the vapor of a mineral, as steam is the vapor of ice. Fifteen years later Olzewski, a Pole, of Warsaw, succeeded in liquefying nitrogen, the other constituent of air. About the same time Professor James Dewar of England, exploring independently in the region of the North Pole of temperature, not only liquefied oxygen and nitrogen, but produced liquid air in some quantity, and then actually froze it into a mushy ice—air ice. The first ounce that he made cost more than $3,000. A little later he reduced the cost to $500 a pint, and the whole scientific world rang with the achievement. Yesterday, in Mr. Tripler's laboratory, I saw five gallons of liquid air poured out like so much water. It was made at the rate of fifty gallons a day, and it cost, perhaps, twenty cents a gallon.

Not long ago Mr. Tripler performed some of his experiments before a meeting of distinguished scientists at the University of the City of New York. It so happened that among those present was M. Pictet, the same who first liquefied oxygen. When he saw the prodigal way in which Mr. Tripler poured out the precious liquid, he rose solemnly, extended his arm across the table, and shook Mr. Tripler's hand. "It is a grand exhibition," he exclaimed in French; "the grandest exhibition I ever have seen."

LIQUID AIR OVER FIRE.

Liquid air is so cold that, when placed over a hot gas-stove, frost not only coats the entire receptacle in which it is contained, but a thick plating of ice gathers on the bottom directly over the blaze.

The principle involved in air liquefaction is exceedingly simple, although its application has sorely puzzled more than one wise man. When a gas is compressed, it gives out its heat. Any one who has inflated a bicycle tire has felt the pump grow warm under his hand. When the pressure is removed and the gas expands, it must take back from somewhere the heat which it gave out. That is, it must produce cold.



DRIVING A NAIL WITH A HAMMER MADE OF MERCURY FROZEN BY LIQUID AIR.

Professor Dewar applied this simple principle in all his experiments. He compressed nitrous oxide gas and ethylene gas, and by expanding them suddenly in a specially constructed apparatus, he produced a degree of cold which liquefied air almost instantly. But nitrous oxide and ethylene are exceedingly expensive and dangerous, and the product that Professor Dewar drew off was worth more than its weight in gold; indeed, he could hardly afford enough of it for his experiments.

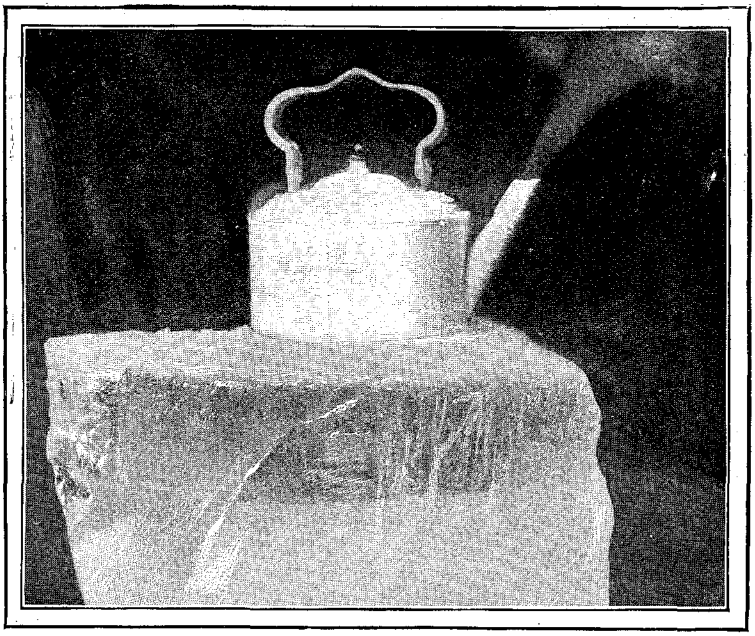
At the earliest announcement of the liquefaction of air Mr. Tripler had seen with the quick imagination of the inventor its tremendous possibilities as a power-generator, and he began his experiments immediately. That was eight years ago. After futile attempts to utilize various gases for the production of the necessary cold, it suddenly occurred to him that air also was a gas. Why not produce cold with it?

"The idea was so foolishly simple that I could hardly bring myself to try it," he said; "but I finally fitted up an apparatus, turned on my air, and drew it out a liquid."

And thus Mr. Tripler makes liquid air with compressed air.

A NEAR VIEW OF THE ACTUAL MAKING.

Mr. Tripler's work-room has more the appearance of a machine shop than a laboratory. It is large and airy, and is filled with the litter of the busy inventor. The huge steam boiler and compressor engine in one end of the room strikes one at first as oddly disproportionate in size to the other machinery. Apparently there is nothing for all this power — it is a fifty-horse-power plant —to work upon; it is hard to realize that the engine is drawing its raw material from the very room in which we are walking and breathing. Indeed, the apparatus by which the air is actually liquefied is nothing but a



LIQUID AIR BOILING ON A BLOCK OF ICE.

Compared with liquid air, the temperature of which is 312° below zero, ice at 32° F. is as hot as a furnace, and it produces the same effect on liquid air that a hot fire would on water. The teapot is covered with white frost, moisture congealed from the atmosphere.

felt-and-canvas-covered tube about as large around as a small barrel and perhaps fifteen feet high. The lower end is set the height of a man's shoulders above the floor, and there is a little spout below, from which, upon opening a frosty valve, the liquid air may be seen bursting out through a cloud of icy mist. I asked the old engineer who has been with Mr. Tripler for years what was inside of this mysterious swathed tube.

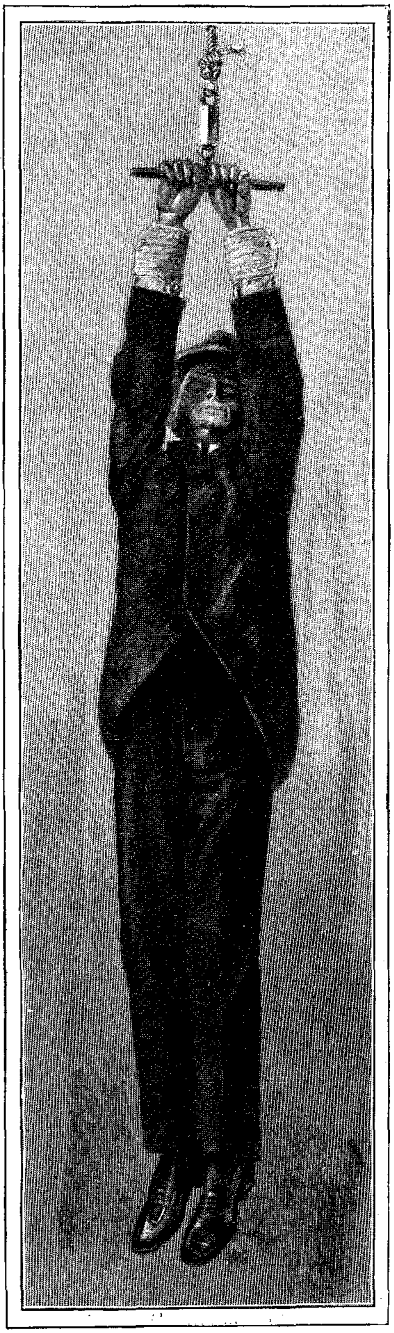
"It's full of pipes," he said.

I asked Mr. Tripler the same question.

"Pipes," was his answer; "pipes and coils with especially constructed valves for the air to go in, and pipes and coils for it to go out—that's all there is to it."

So I investigated the pipes. Two sets led back to the compressor engine, and Mr. Tripler explained that they both carried air under a pressure of about 2,500 pounds to the square inch. The heat caused by the compression had been removed by passing the pipes through coolers filled with running water, so that the air entered the liquefier at a temperature of about fifty degrees Fahrenheit.

"The first of these pipes contains the air to be liquefied," explained Mr. Tripler; "the other carries the air which is to do the liquefying. By turning this valve at the bottom of the apparatus, I allow the air to escape through a small hole in the second pipe. It rushes out over the first pipe, expanding rapidly and taking up heat. You see the liquefier is so tall that it acts as a chimney, and the icy cold air is drawn up to the top, following the first pipe all the way and greedily extracting its heat. This process continues until such a degree of cold prevails in the first pipe that the air is liquefied and drips down into a receptacle at the bottom. Then all I have to do is to turn a valve, and the liquid air pours out, ready for use."



SHOWING THE TENSILE STRENGTH OF FROZEN MERCURY.

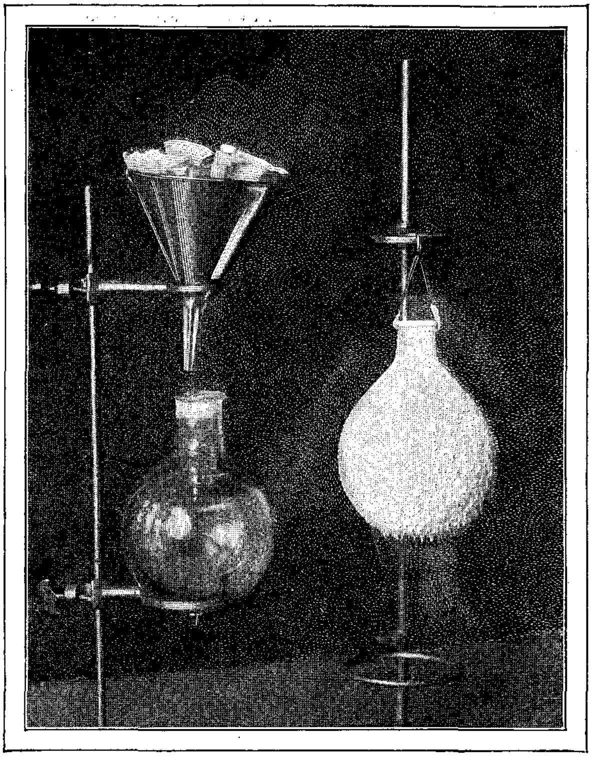
The mercury is poured into a paper mold, having a screw-eye inserted in each end. The mold is then placed in a basin of liquid air, where the mercury is quickly frozen solid. Suspended in the manner shown, the mercury block will support several hundred pounds for half an hour.

Mr. Tripler says that it takes only ten or fifteen minutes to get liquid air after the compressor engine begins to run. Professor Dewar always lost ninety per cent. in drawing off his product; Mr. Tripler's loss is inappreciable. Sometimes the cold in the liquefier becomes so intense that the liquid air actually freezes hard, stopping the pipes. Mr. Tripler has never tried, but he says he believes he could get a degree of cold in his liquefier sufficient to reduce hydrogen gas to liquid form.

This very simple process has given rise to some curious questions on which future scientists may work at their pleasure.

"I've been puzzling myself a good deal," said Mr. Tripler, "over the question as to what becomes of all the heat that I take out of the air in the process of liquefaction. The air goes in at a temperature of this room, say seventy degrees Fahrenheit. At liquefaction it is 312 degrees below zero. It has lost 382 degrees of heat in fifteen minutes, and you would expect that the air which rises from the top of my apparatus would be red hot; but it isn't, it's cold. Now, where did all that heat go? A little of it, I know, becomes electricity, because the liquid air is always more or less charged when it comes out, but that only accounts for a small part of the whole.''

And then Mr. Tripler, who has the true speculative imagination of the scientist, which so often thrills the layman with its sudden reaches into the deep things of nature, asked suddenly: "Where does heat go to anyway? Did you ever think of that? Every transfer of energy tends to lower temperature. Every time that heat, for instance, is transferred into electricity, every time that electricity is transferred into heat, there is a loss—a leakage. Scientists used to think that there could be no real loss of energy—that it was all conserved, although changed in form. They have given up that theory, at least so far as this earth is concerned. We are gradually cooling off, and some time the cold will be so great that the air will all fall in liquid drops like rain and freeze into a quartz-like mineral. Then the hydrogen gas will liquefy and freeze; then helium gas; and the world will be nothing but a dead, inert block of mineral, without a vestige of the vibrations which cause heat. Now where does all this heat go?



FILTERED LIQUID AIR IN A DEWAR BULB, AND LIQUID AIR IN AN ORDINARY GLASS BULB.

The Dewar bulb is composed of two bulbs with a vacuum between, which prevents the passage of heat, thereby protecting the liquid air so that it vaporizes very slowly. The other bulb, not so protected, has collected a shaggy coating of frost.

"And when you come to think of it,'' Mr. Tripler continued, "we're a good deal nearer the cold end of the thermometer than we are to the hot end. I suppose that once we had a temperature equal to that of the sun, say 10,000 degrees Fahrenheit. We have fallen to an average of about sixty degrees in this latitude; that is, we have lost 9,940 degrees. We don't yet know just how cold the absolute cold really is—the final cold, the cold of interstellar space—but Professor Dewar thinks it is about 461 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. If it is, we have only a matter of 521 degrees yet to lose, which is small compared with 19,940. Still I don't think we have any cause to worry; it may take a few billion years for the world to reach absolute cold.''

Mr. Tripler handles his liquid air with a freedom that is awe-inspiring. He uses a battered saucepan in which to draw it out of the liquefier, and he keeps it in a double iron can, not unlike an ice-cream freezer, covering the top with a wad of coarse felting to keep out as much heat as possible. "You can handle liquid air with perfect safety,'' he said; "you can do almost anything with it that you can with water, except to shut it up tight.''

This is not at all surprising when one remembers that a single cubic foot of liquid air contains 800 cubic feet of air at ordinary pressure—a whole hall bed-room full reduced to the space of a large pail. Its desire to expand, therefore, is something quite irrepressible. But so long as it is left open, it simmers contentedly for hours, finally disappearing whence it came.

Mr. Tripler showed me a Dewar bulb—an odd glass apparatus invented by Professor Dewar—in which liquid air in small quantities can be kept safely for some time. It consists of two vessels of glass, one within the other, having a high vacuum between the walls and joined in a common neck at the top. The vacuum prevents the passage of heat, so that the evaporation of the liquid air in the inner tube is reduced to a minimum. The neck of the bulb is, of course, left open to the air, although the cold, heavy mist of evaporation acts somewhat as a stopper. Mr. Tripler has sent liquid air in open cans to Boston, Washington, and Philadelphia. "But it is my belief," says he, "that there will be little need of transporting it; it can be made quickly and cheaply anywhere on earth."

CURIOUS PROPERTIES OF LIQUID AIR.

Liquid air has many curious properties. It is nearly as heavy as water and quite as clear and limpid, although, when seen in the open air, it is always muffled in the dense white mist of evaporation that wells up over the edge of the receptacle in which it stands and rolls out along the floor in beautiful billowy clouds. No other substance in the world, unless it be liquid hydrogen, is as cold as liquid air, and yet Mr. Tripler dips his hand into it fearlessly, taking care, however, to remove it instantly. A few drops retained on a man's hand will sear the flesh like a white-hot iron; and yet it does not burn; it merely kills. For this reason it is admirably adapted to surgical uses where cauterization is necessary; it will eat out diseased flesh much more quickly and safely than caustic potash, or nitric acid, and it can be controlled absolutely. Indeed, Mr. Tripler has actually furnished a well-known New York physician with enough to sear out a cancer and entirely cure a difficult case. And it is cheaper than any cauterizing chemical in use.

LIQUID AIR IN WATER.

Liquid air is slightly lighter than water. When a small quantity of it is poured into a tall flask of water, it floats for a few seconds; and then the nitrogen boils away, leaving the liquid oxygen, which, being slightly heavier than water, sinks in big silvery bubbles.

It is difficult to conceive of the cold of liquid air. Mr. Tripler performs a number of striking experiments to illustrate its low temperature. He partially fills a tin teapot with it and sets it on a cake of ice, where the air at once begins to boil violently, throwing off a fierce white vapor. The temperature of the ice is about thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit, while the temperature of the liquid air is 312 degrees below zero. In other words, ice is 344 degrees warmer than liquid air; consequently it makes the air boil.

Mr. Tripler set the tea-kettle over a hot gas-flame, but it boiled only a shade more vigorously than it did on the ice, and a thick sheet of frost actually formed on the bottom of the kettle where the flame played most fiercely.

Alcohol freezes at so low a temperature—202 degrees below zero—that it is used in thermometers to register all degrees of cold. But it will not measure the fearful cold of liquid air. I saw a cup of liquid air poured into a tumbler partly filled with alcohol. Mr. Tripler stirred it up with a glass rod. It boiled violently for a few minutes, and then it thickened up suddenly until it looked like sugar syrup; then it froze solid, and Mr. Tripler held it up in a long steaming icicle. Mercury is frozen until it is as hard as granite. Mr. Tripler made a little pasteboard box the shape of a hammer-head, filled it with mercury, suspended a rod in it for a handle, and then placed it in a pan of liquid air. In a few minutes it was frozen so solid that it could be used for driving nails into a hard-wood block. What would the scientists of twenty-five years ago have said if anyone had predicted the use of a mercury hammer for driving nails?

Liquid air freezes other metals just as thoroughly as it freezes mercury. Iron and steel become as brittle as glass. A tin cup which has been filled with liquid air for a few minutes will, if dropped, shatter into a hundred little fragments like thin glass. Copper, gold, and all precious metals, on the other hand, are made more pliable, so that even a thick piece can be bent readily between the fingers.

BURNING STEEL IN AN ICE TUMBLER PARTLY FILLED WITH LIQUID AIR.

A point of interest in this experiment is the contrast in temperatures; steel is burning at 3,500° F. in an ice receptacle containing liquid air at 312° below zero.

I saw an egg boiled—or frozen—in liquid air. It came out so hard that a sharp blow of a hammer was required to crack it, and the inside of it had the peculiar crystalline appearance of quartz—a kind of mineral egg.

"The time is certainly coming," says Mr. Tripler, "when every great packing-house, every market, every hospital, every hotel, and many private houses will have plants for making liquid air. The machinery is not expensive, it can be set up in a tenth part of the space occupied by an ammonia ice-machine, and its product can be easily handled and placed where it is most needed. Ten years from now hotel guests will call for cool rooms in summer with as much certainty of getting them as they now call for warm rooms in winter.

"And think of what unspeakable value the liquid air will be in hospitals. In the first place, it is absolutely pure air; in the second place the proportion of oxygen is very large, so that it is vitalizing air. Why, it will not be necessary for the tired-out man of the future to make his usual summer trip to the mountains. He can have his ozone and his cool heights served to him in his room. Cold is always a disinfectant· some disease germs, like yellow fever, it kills outright. Think of the value of a 'cold ward' in a hospital, where the air could be kept absolutely fresh, and where nurses and friends could visit the patient without fear of infection."

Suppose, also, as Mr. Tripler does, that every warship could have a liquid-air plant. It would not only operate the ship's propellers, but it would be absoutely invaluable in cooling off the guns after firing, in saving the lives of the sailors in the sweltering sick bay, and, indeed, in firing the cannon.

Air is composed of twenty-two parts of oxygen and seventy-eight of nitrogen. Oxygen liquefies at 300 degrees below zero, and nitrogen at 320 degrees. Consequently, when in the form of liquid air, nitrogen evaporates the more rapidly. This difference is shown by Mr. Tripler by pouring a quantity of the liquid air into a large glass vessel, partly filled with water. For a moment it floats, boiling with great violence, liquid air being slightly lighter than water. When, however, the nitrogen has all boiled away, the liquid oxygen, being heavier than water, sinks in beautiful, silvery bubbles which boil violently until they disappear. A few drops of liquid air thrown into water will instantly freeze for themselves little boats of ice which sail around merrily until the liquid air boils away.

In this way liquid air left exposed becomes stronger in its proportion of oxygen, and oxygen in such a concentrated form is a very wonderful substance. For instance, ordinary woolen felt can hardly be persuaded to burn even in a hot fire, but if it is dipped in this concentrated oxygen, or even in liquid air, and lighted, it will explode and burn with all the terrible violence of gun-cotton. Indeed, liquid air will burn steel itself. Mr. Tripler demonstrates this most strikingly by making a tumbler of ice, and filling it half full of liquid oxygen. Then he fastens a burning match to a bit of steel spring and dips it into the liquid air, where the steel burns exactly like a greasy bit of pork rind—sputtering, and giving out a glare of dazzling brilliancy.

The property of liquid oxygen to promote rapid combustion will make it invaluable, Mr. Tripler thinks, for use as an explosive. A bit of oily waste, soaked in liquid air, was placed inside of a small iron tube, open at both ends. This was laid inside of a larger and stronger pipe, also open at both ends. When the waste was ignited by a fuse, the explosion was so terrific that it not only blew the smaller tube to pieces, but it burst a great hole in the outer tube. Mr. Tripler thinks that by the proper mixture of liquid air with cotton, wool, glycerine, or any other hydrocarbon, an explosive of enormous power could be made. And unlike dynamite or nitro-glycerine, it could be handled like so much sand, there being not the slightest danger of explosion from concussion, although, of course, it must be kept away from fire. It will take many careful experiments to ascertain the best method for making this new explosive, but think of the reward for its successful application! The expense of heavy ammunition and its difficult transportation and storage would be entirely done away with. No more would warships be loaded down with cumbersome explosives, and no more could there be terrible powder explosions on ship-board, because the ammunition could be made for the guns as it was needed, a liquid-air plant on ship-board furnishing all the necessary materials.

But all other uses of liquid air fade into insignificance when compared with its utilization as power for running machinery, of which I have already spoken.

"My greatest object is the production of a power-giving substance," says Mr. Tripler; "if you can get cheap power, all other problems are solved."

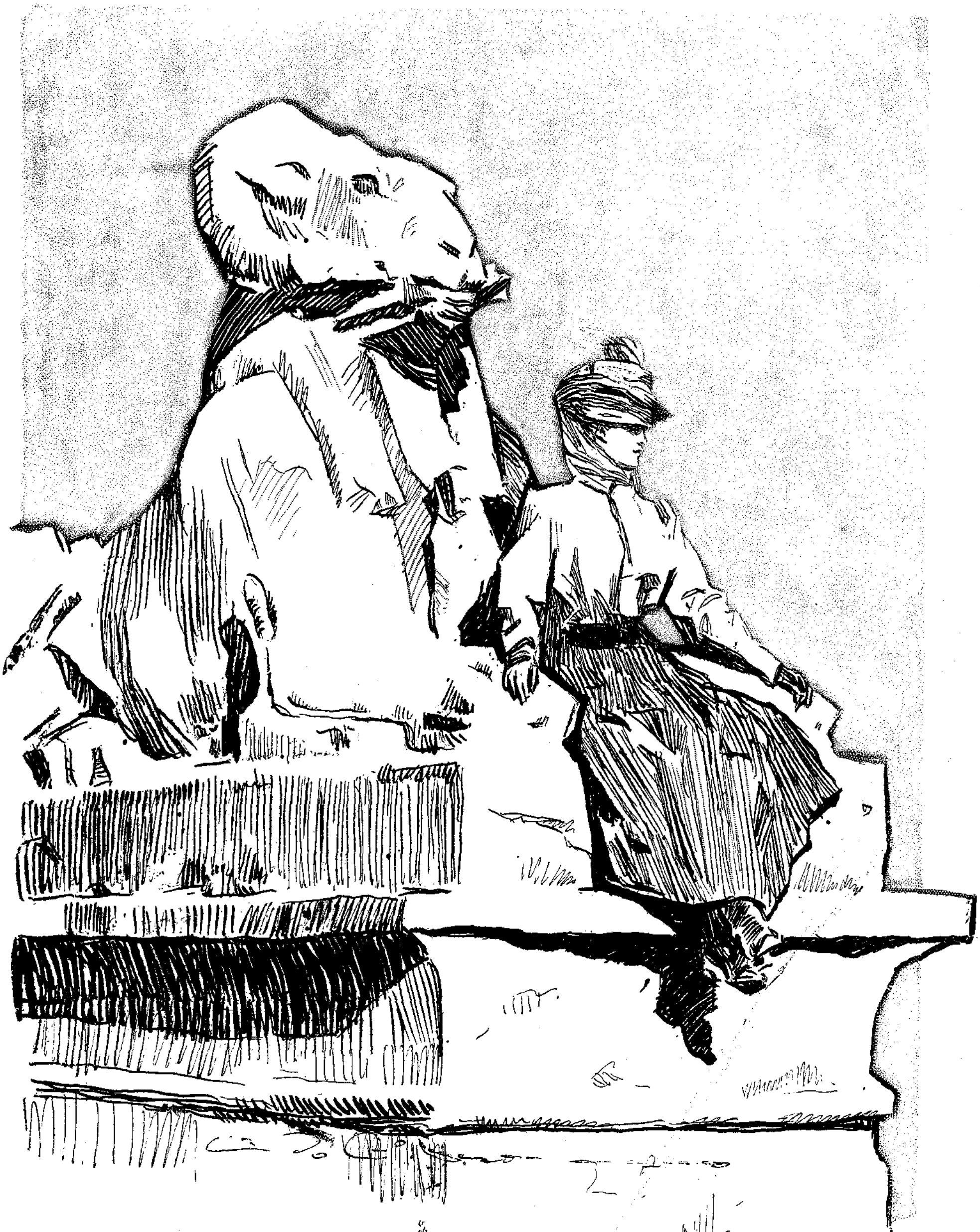
And that is why Mr. Tripler has spent so much time on the little engine in his laboratory, which runs by liquid air. The reasons for the supremacy of this strange liquid over steam are exceedingly simple. In the first place, liquid air has about 100 times the expansive power of steam. In the second place, it begins to produce power the instant it is exposed to the atmosphere. In making steam, water has first to be raised to a temperature of 212 degrees Fahrenheit. That is, if the water as it enters the boiler has a temperature of fifty degrees, 162 degrees of heat must be put into it before it will yield a single pound of pressure. After that, every additional degree of heat produces one pound of pressure, whereas every degree of heat applied to liquid air gives twenty pounds of pressure.

"Liquid air can be applied to any engine," says Mr. Tripler, "and used as easily and as safely as steam. You need no large boiler, no water, no coal, and you have no waste. The heat of the atmosphere, as I have said before, does all the work of expansion."

The advantages of compactness and the ease with which liquid air can be made to produce power at once suggested its use in all kinds of motor vehicles, and a firm in Philadelphia is now making extensive experiments looking to its use. A satisfactory application will do away with the present huge, misshapen, machinery-laden automobiles, and make possible small, light, and inexpensive motors.

Mr. Tripler believes firmly that liquid air makes aërial navigation a distinct probability. The great problem in the past has been the immense weight of the steam or electrical machinery necessary to operate the air screws. With liquid air no heat of any kind save that of the sun would be required; the boiler could be made of light tubing, and much of the other machinery of aluminum, so that the weight would be scarcely noticeable.

Much has yet to be done before liquid air becomes the revolutionizing power which Mr. Tripler prophesies. This much is certain: A machine has been built which will make liquid air in large quantities at small expense, and an engine has been successfully run by liquid air. Beyond these two actual achievements Mr. Tripler has yet to perfect his machinery for producing liquid air without expense. When this is accomplished, liquid air must certainly take its place as the foremost source of the world's power-supply.



SKETCHES IN EGYPT

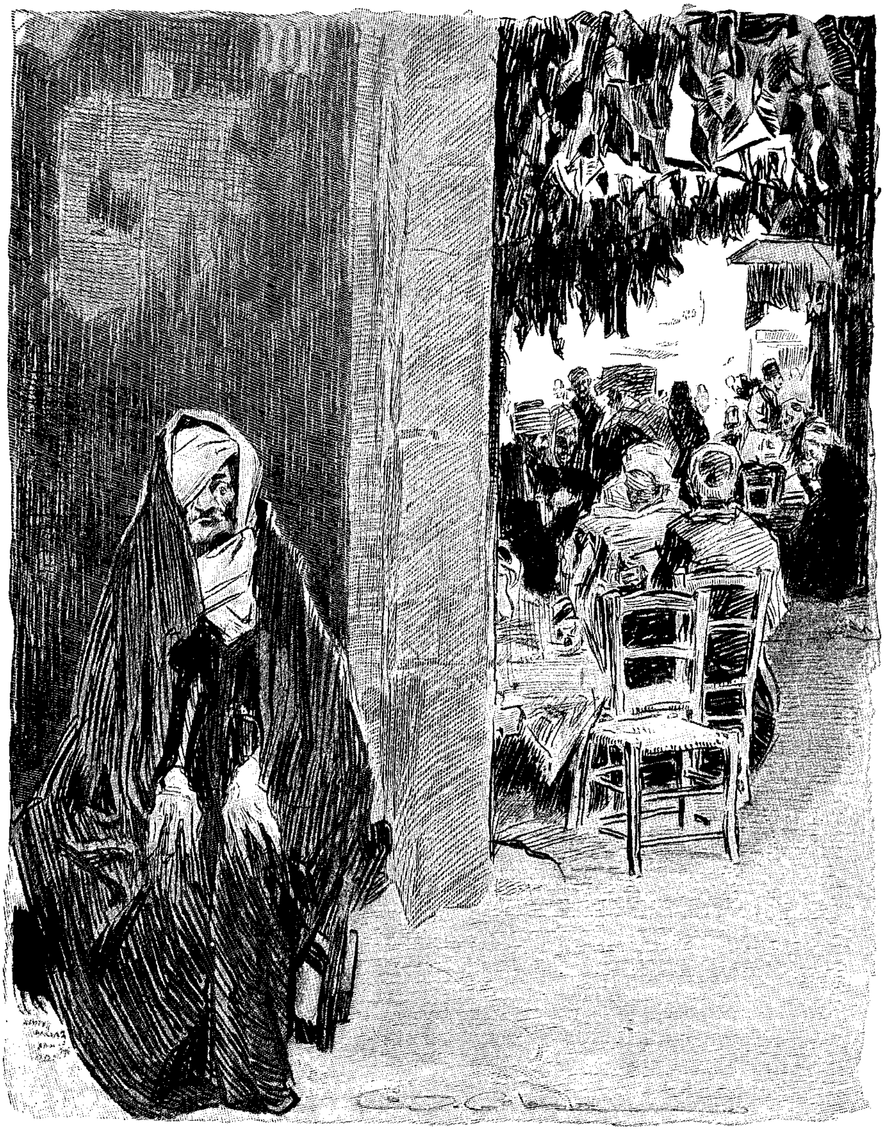
BY

C. D. GIBSON

I.

EGYPT has sat for her likeness longer than any other country. Nothing disturbs her composure. Financial ruin may stare her in the face, armies may come and go, but each year the Nile rises and spreads out over her, and all traces of disturbances are gone.

Newspapers may be busy telling of her troubles, but very few of those troubles seem to affect her expression. The stockholders in London worry, and send out more Englishmen to look after their interests. Sugar factories are inspected, and the bar-



The slipper bazaar, Cairo, January 22, 1898.

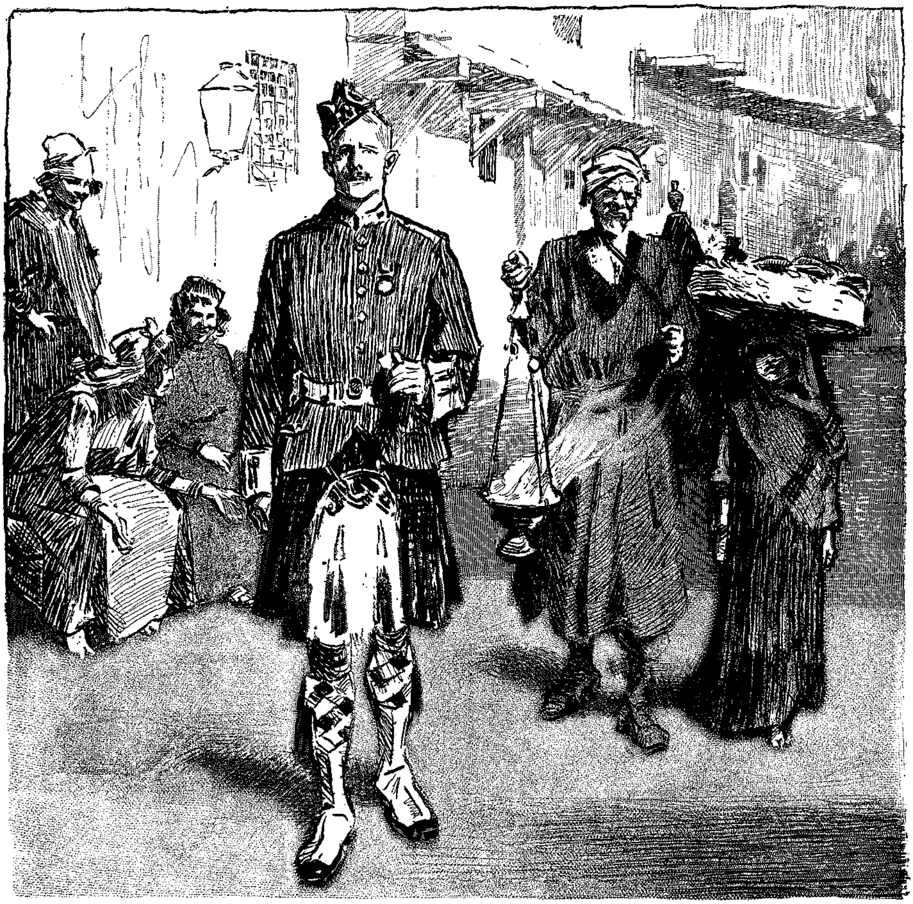
rage is doctored—but it is all very quietly done.

The French cabinet may resign on account of her, and the English army may be increased for her sake, but few signs of these compliments does she show. All is tranquil. The only disturbance seems to be made by the dragomans who meet you at the station.

Important events follow each other so closely in Egypt that a year-old guide-book is several chapters too short. Last year it was Kitchener's campaign against the dervishes, and now the French are threatening to interfere with England's march to the Cape. The dragoman is sometimes as satisfactory as the guide-book, and it is often pleasant to find how soon he is through with his recitation and you are allowed to go alone among the great temples. Earthquakes have shaken some in orderly ruin, as if the unseen hands of the men who built them were quietly and slowly building them up again.

But there is a temptation to grow sentimental over Egypt. It is far more cheerful than it sounds. It is happy and a place for a holiday—a country to make sketches in. These were made between December, 1897, and March, 1898, and I have been asked to help them tell their story of that part of Egypt the tourist is most likely to see, where the old and the new world meet most often.

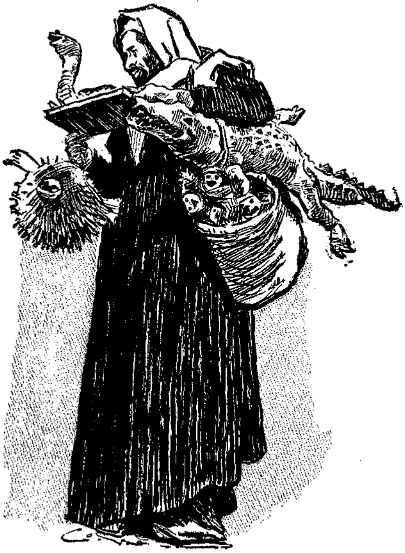
The ancient Egyptian artist must have



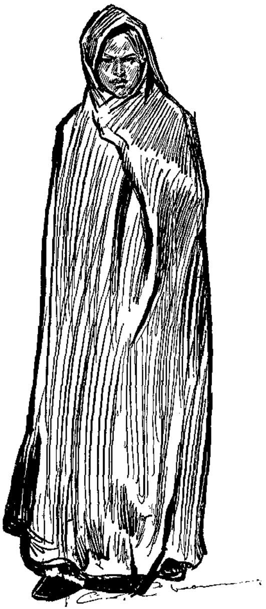
In the fish market.

been very happy. Temples were built with great smooth walls for him to cover with pictures that required very little writing to go with them, seldom more than Pharaoh's cartouches, and even these he made more like a picture than a name. That must have been very pleasant, and it should have compensated him for all the restrictions imposed upon him by the high priest of those days, who often limited his choice of subject to a king. The choice of subject is now unlimited. There never were so many different kinds of people in Egypt before. But it would be difficult to draw the king now, for there is much difference of opinion as to who he is.

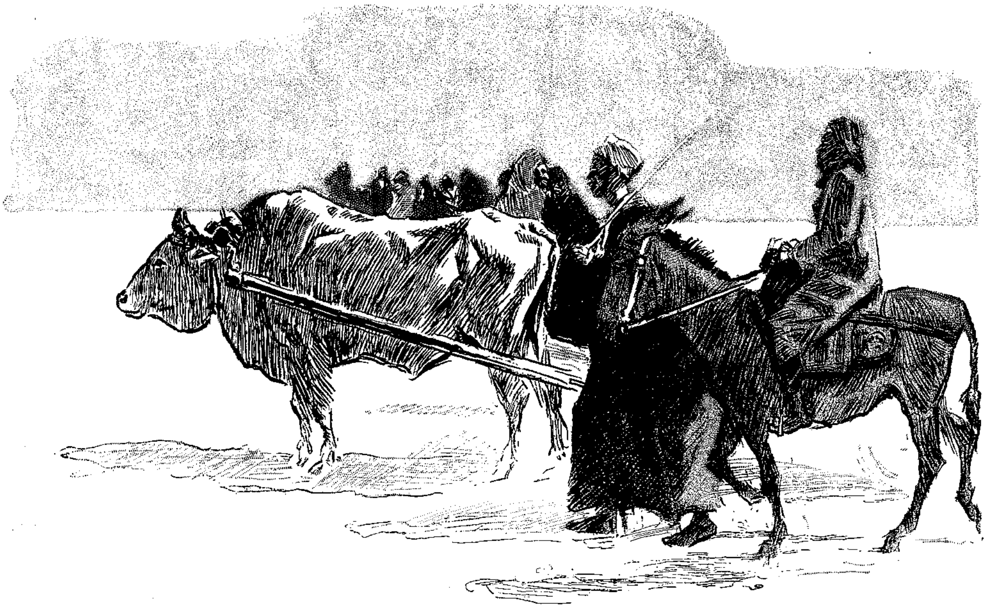
I left New York with a small library of Egyptian guide-books, and in nearly every one of them was a good description of a traveler's feelings upon arriving at Alexandria or Port Said. I have been in both places, and about the same sensations will



A peddler.



A son of the desert.

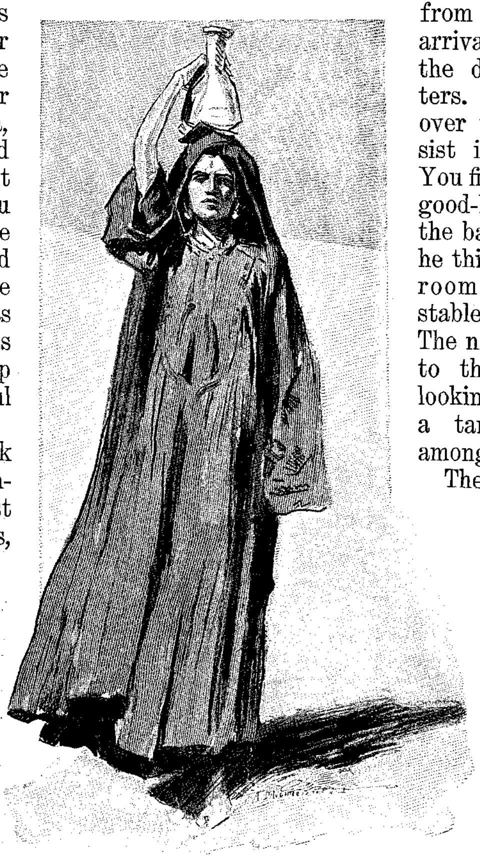


On the road to Cairo.

fit either port; and traveling is too personal a matter to describe at length, unless it is done with skill. To give advice is much more simple; and mine is that, if you are on a steamer that is going through the Canal, don't stay on her until she gets to Ismaîlîa, but disembark at Port Said and get to Cairo that night all the way by rail. You will see as much of the Canal as you want to, and you will not run the chance of being delayed a day, as the "Königinn Luise" was last year by a little tramp steamer that had run foul of a coal barge.

More advice is to look out of the right-hand window of the car for a first glimpse of the pyramids, the first sure proof that you are in Napoleon's Egypt. After they are once found, it is easy for your eye to follow them through palm-trees and over mud villages until darkness interferes. Then you come to the station in Cairo, a hotbed of porters and dragomans, and through the confusion you finally reach Shepheard's, on the street like a great show-window—all but the plate glass—full of odds and ends from all the world. New arrivals are handed in by the dragomans and porters. It is as if you climbed over the footlights to assist in the performance. You finally stand before the good-looking Mr. Bailer, at the back of the stage. If he thinks you will stand a room overlooking the stable-yard, you will get it. The next morning I moved to the sunny side, overlooking the garden, where a tame pelican walked among tall palm-trees.

The dragoman who first lays hands on you claims you for his own. You will find him waiting for you in the morning. He will sell you antiques, will take you snipe-shooting. He knows when the dervishes will howl or whirl, or where there is a native wedding, to which

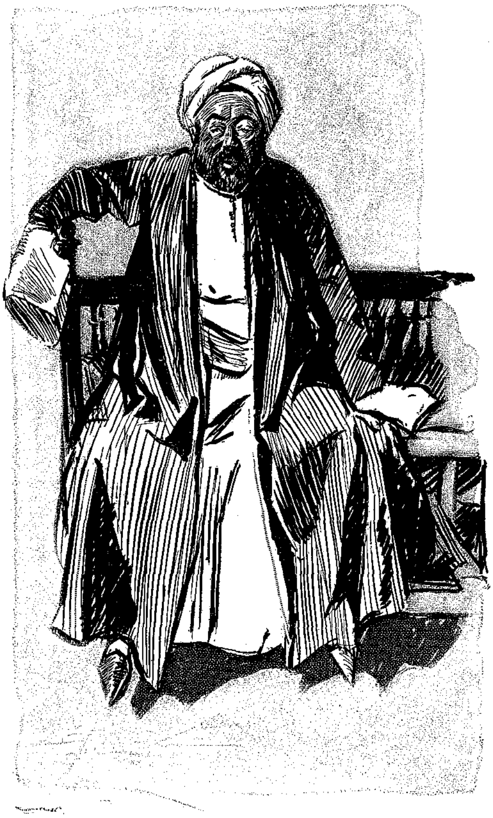


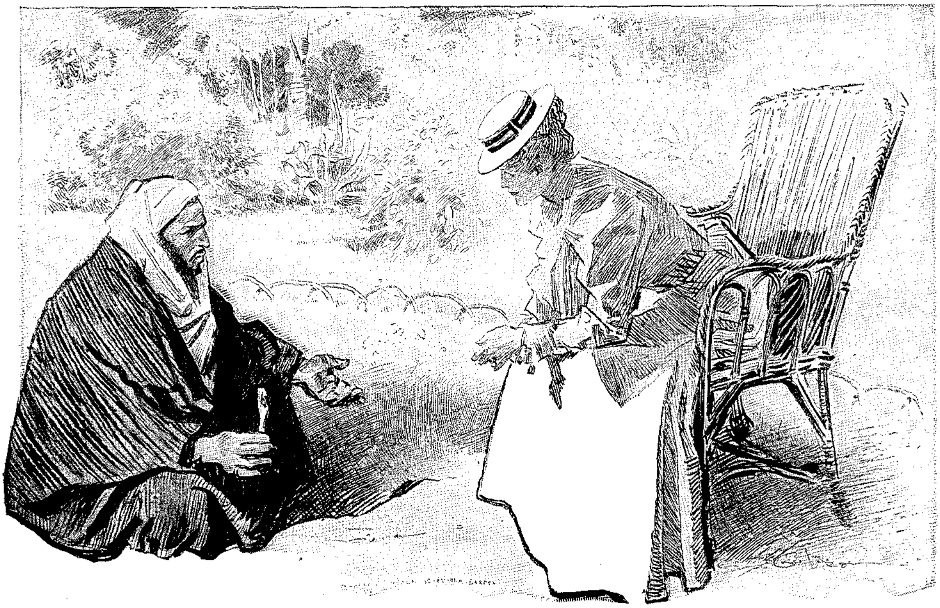
A daughter of the Nile.

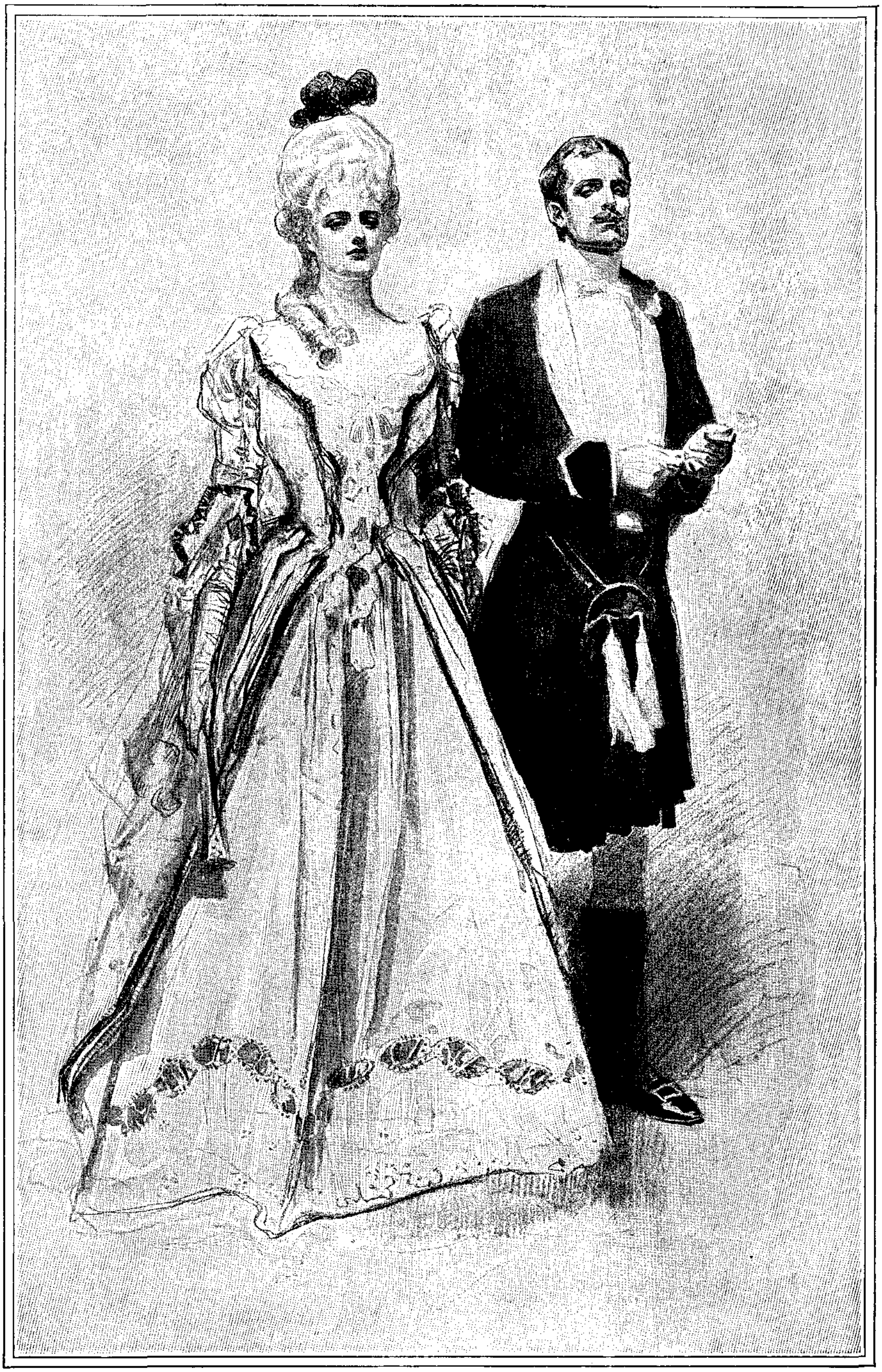
he will take you. It may be the fame of Shepheard's, or the magic name of Egypt, but it all has a wonderful charm.

The remains of Rameses and Seti are lying on their backs out in the Gizeh Museum, and there is a strong desire to hurry to them, in spite of the fact that they will keep. But the panorama in front of Shepheard's is absorbing, and your first morning will most likely be spent in watching it.

My first afternoon was spent with an evil-eyed dragoman, whose pockets were filled with dirty cards and letters, all testimonials from former customers proving that he was, as he continually told me, the best dragoman in the business. He could recite some of "Mother Goose," but knew very little English besides. With him I drove through streets that might have been in Paris, and by barracks and sentries that might have been in London, to a river that could only be in Egypt. My carriage went between the two bronze lions and joined in the procession of camels across the bridge over the famous river to the Gizeh side, where tall trees meet overhead; then to a smaller bridge, more trees, quaint shipping, and a stucco palace, once a harem where some of Ismail's wives lived, and now a museum, the temporary resting-place of those uneasy mummied heads that once wore Egypt's crown; small mouse-colored donkeys on all sides, and, streaking in amongst them, tall camels; then seven more miles of trees and a good causeway to the pyramids. Since then I have gone over the road


"*A descendant of the Prophet*"—*El Saied Ahmad Abdel Khalek Affandi, Sheikh el Sadat.*

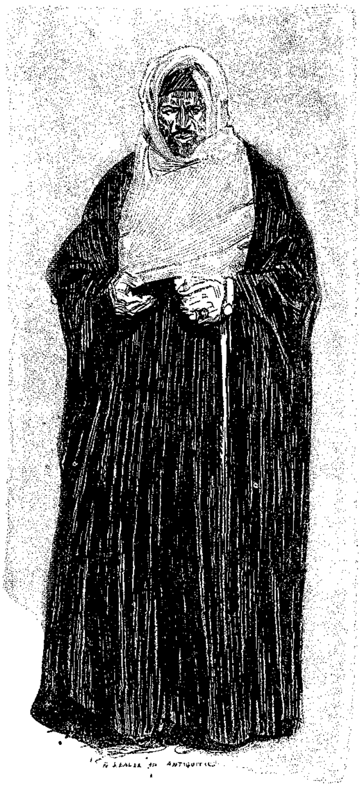

A bargain in the Ghezireh gardens.



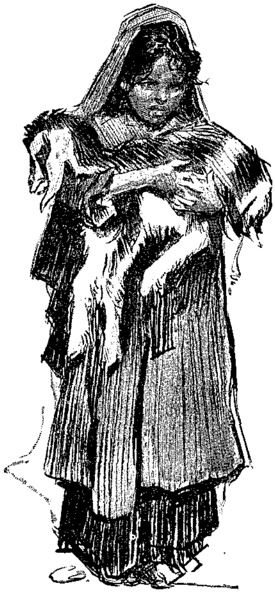
At Lady Grenfell's masquerade ball—on the eve of Kitchener's departure for the Soudan.

many times, and I am of the opinion that the Nile's valley would make an ideal "happy hunting ground," to which all good tourists might go when cruel waves have ceased to toss them and their hotel lives are over.

All too soon you must go back to Cairo, where the Bedouin ceases to be the proud son of the desert and becomes a peddler, where sheep become mutton and clover is only fodder. But Cairo is about what the tourist expects of it and what the hotel proprietor thinks you want. He fills the halls of his hotel with gaily painted columns, and on each side of the staircase are gaudy figures, and for those tourists who take their Egypt between the slipper bazaar and the fish market it may do.



A dealer in antiquities.

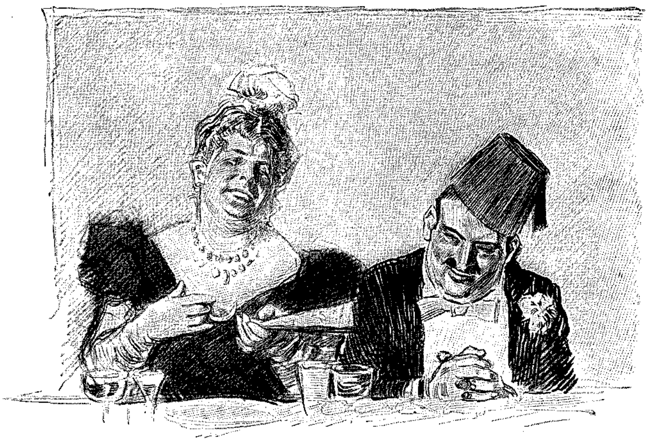


A daughter of the desert.

The Gizeh side of the river is more restful, with its ferry to Bulak, its gardens and its Khedival sporting club, which is Egypt as England would have it — polo twice a week, croquet and racquets, a grand stand and a steeple-chase course; and the same men who play polo spend their mornings on the desert, teaching their troops to form hollow squares against the day they will have to meet the dervishes.

You should choose your own Cairo. If you leave it to a dragoman, you will get mostly howling dervishes and mosques; and if you leave it to a donkey-boy, there is no telling where he will take you — most likely to the fish market. But with a guide-book and a bicycle you will miss very little that lies between the citadel and the pyramids. Cairo is not all hotel life, and bazaars lining narrow streets like open fireplaces, filled with putty-faced Turks as watchful as the brown buzzards that fly overhead; there are streets that are difficult to find, leading to forgotten courtyards with great trees standing in the middle of them, latticed windows bulging out over uneven pavements below, where black and gray crows waddle about. In such a place sits the neglected Sheikh el Sadat, a lineal descendant of the prophet. Through a doorway, in one corner of a tiled room, stands the gold-mounted saddle on which his ancestors once proudly rode. That was long before the days of the Suez Canal, boulevards, stucco palaces, and the opera-house. At court the Sheikh is no longer the fashion, but there is still a little band of Mohammedans who believe in him. To them the Sheikh and his old house are sacred. Through the thirty days of Ramadan they sat and howled in his courtyard, and respectfully kissed his hand; and, like the Sheikh, there must be many other distinguished Oriental relics of the days gone by, left behind by the former tenants and of no use to the present occupants.

In Egypt the English hold the reins, and one of these days the Egyptian donkey may turn to the left when you meet him, as his distant relative in Whitechapel does. At present he keeps to the right, and staggers along under a load that is much too big for him. To-day he is not the fashion in Cairo. He is only ridden by tourists after dark,

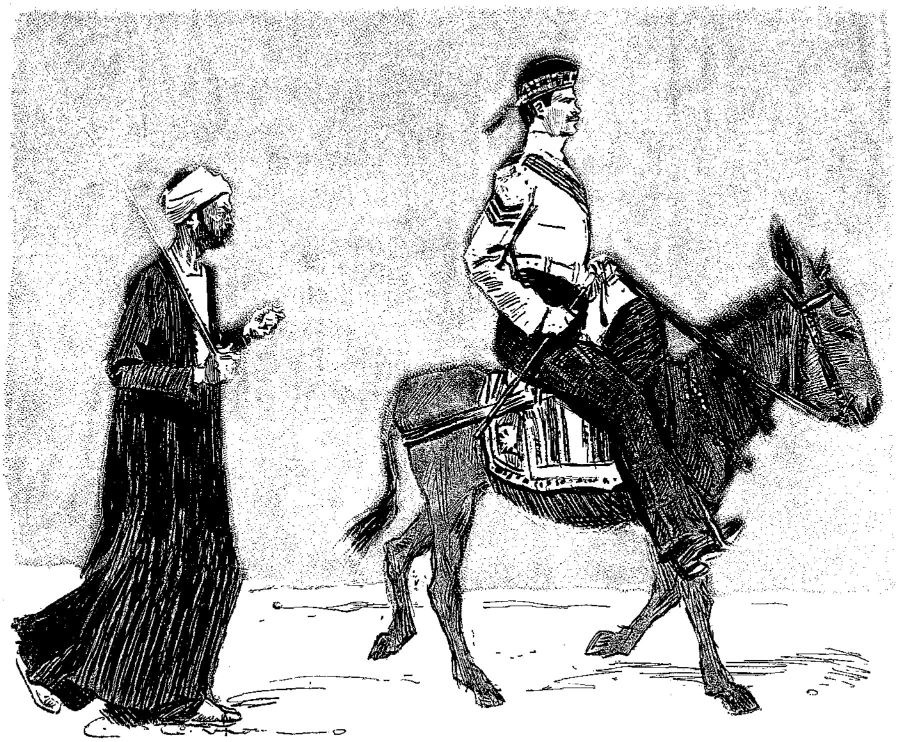


Egyptian high life.

through streets that are too narrow and crooked for a carriage. But up the river it is very different. There you learn to like him. From his back you first see Karnak, and the "Statues of Memnon," and he is forever associated in your memory with the "Tombs of the Kings." Tourists quarrel over him, and in most cases his name is "Rameses, the Great." His chief complaint must be that an Englishman weighs more than an Egyptian; but he should consider how much better off the Egyptian is since the English have held the reins. He will only know of this from his own observation, and from what he hears the English say. He will never get it from a Frenchman; and the Egyptian, who could tell him, is sulky, and stupidly wishes that he had been rescued by some one else. The half-breed Jew and Turk in the "Mooskee" is too busy; and all the rest of Egypt don't know why they are better off, or who to thank for law and order or the improved irrigation that gives them a fair chance with the rest of civilized mankind. But whether the donkey knows it or not, he is much better off, for an Englishman never rides him when he is old and weak, and that is more than he can expect from his Egyptian friends, who often get on him two at a time.

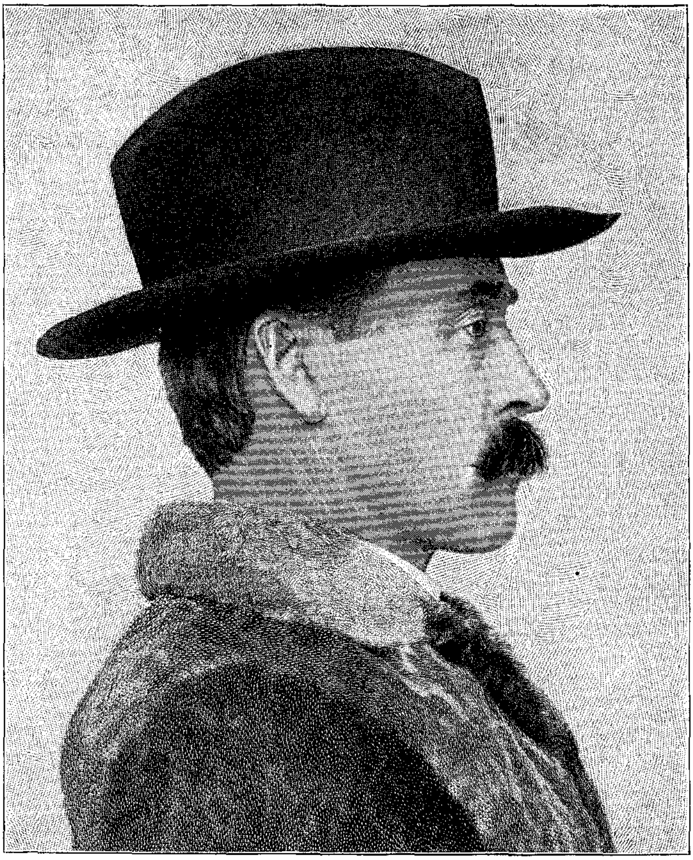
At Shepheard's people put aside their guide-books for a while. It is a play that requires no libretto. On the crowded piazza overlooking the street, London shopkeepers and foreign noblemen elbow each other, and all celebrities look very much alike.

Cairo is the foyer of Egypt. To go to Egypt and not go up the Nile is very much like standing outside of a theater and watching the audience go in, and then waiting until they come out, to glean from their conversation some idea of the play. But the tourists who go up the river see the drama of Egypt with all its wonderful scenery, and they feel far superior to those who waited for them at Shepheard's. After one month on the river, it is with a very different feeling they come back to the Museum at Gizeh and look on the face of Seti and his distinguished son, whom they have tracked from Sakhara to Philae and back to their tombs in the sun-baked valley at Thebes, where they had hoped to rest in peace, surrounded by all that a first-class mummy requires during its long wait.



The present situation.

LIEUTENANT PEARY ON THE EVE OF HIS LAST DEPARTURE FOR THE ARCTIC.
From a photograph taken by Hollinger & Co. in June, 1898.

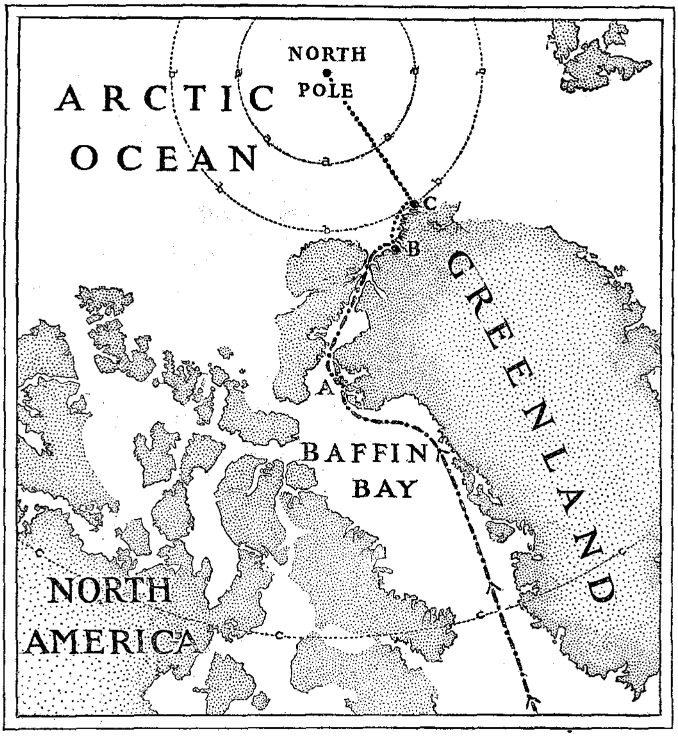


MOVING ON THE NORTH POLE.—OUTLINES OF MY ARCTIC CAMPAIGN.

BY LIEUTENANT ROBERT E. PEARY, U.S.N.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Lieutenant Peary is now well up in the Arctic regions, prosecuting a new journey of exploration that he has good reason to hope will result in his reaching the North Pole. His vessel, the "Windward," sailed from New York, July 2, 1898. He himself set out a few days later, going by rail to Sydney, Cape Breton, where he was awaited by his old ship, the "Hope," which also went out with the expedition. The last word from him was received on August 27th, when the "Hope" returned to St. John's, Newfoundland, having parted from Lieutenant Peary at Littleton Island, in Smith Sound, on August 13, 1898. The following article, outlining his purposes and plans, was written in the main just before he started; but some passages in it were written after he was actually on his way.

THE main object of the plans which the writer will endeavor to outline clearly in this article is, frankly and avowedly, the Pole. It is natural that a man should consider his own plan the best, else, presumably, he would not adopt it. For myself, I can say that I have no feeling of rivalry or jealousy towards other explorers or other plans than my own, and gladly welcome and encourage every earnest, *bona fide*, original attempt to solve



MAP SHOWING THE ROUTE THAT LIEUTENANT PEARY IS FOLLOWING.

a a, Latitude reached by Nansen—the farthest north yet attained. *b b*, Latitude reached by Lockwood and Brainard. *c c*, Arctic Circle. A, Whale Sound, where Lieutenant Peary's Eskimo attendants were to be taken on board. B, Sherard Osborn Fjord, Peary's main base of supplies, and the probable northern terminus of the "Windward's" voyage. C, Depot at northern terminus of land.

the great problem, feeling that the more the merrier and the more chances there are that the goal will be reached.

I am after the Pole because it *is* the Pole; because it has a value as a test of intelligence, persistence, endurance, determined will, and, perhaps, courage, qualities characteristic of the highest type of manhood; because I am confident that it can be reached; and because I regard it as a great prize which it is peculiarly fit and appropriate that an American should win. This objective of my work will not prevent the attempt to accomplish valuable results in other directions, and a direct corollary of the attainment of the Pole will be an extensive filling in of the large existing blank upon our charts in the vicinity of the Pole, and perhaps the completion of the preliminary geographical work in the highest latitude in this hemisphere.

Before commencing my outline of proposed work, just a few words in regard to the North Pole, a subject upon which fools as well as sages have theorized for centuries, an object for which brave men have struggled for centuries. What is it? It is simply the mathematical point where the earth's axis intersects the earth's surface, a place where there are ninety degrees of latitude and three hundred and sixty degrees of longitude, or no longitude at all, just as one prefers to look at it.

Let us assume that the Pole has been reached and that a man is standing upon it; what would be some of the conditions resulting from his position? In the first place, our man standing upon the Pole could go in but one direction, south. East, west, north have been obliterated for him, and the first step he takes, no matter what its direction, will be south. If, there on the Pole, he stands motionless for twenty-four hours, the diurnal revolution of the earth will simply turn him completely around on his tracks as on a pivot. If he stands there for a year, he will have in that year one night and one day. The sun will rise for him on the 21st of March; the next day it will circle through the heavens, apparently rolling on the horizon all the way round; the next day it will be a little higher; the next a little higher still, and so on, until the 21st of June, when it will be twenty-three and one-half degrees above the horizon, a little more than one-fourth the distance from the horizon to the zenith. A few days later it will be a little lower, the next still a little lower, and so on, slowly describing a flattened spiral through the heavens, until it sets on the 21st of September, not to rise again until the 21st of the following March.

If now at any time during this six months' long summer day our man standing upon the Pole takes one step directly towards the sun, no matter in what direction it may be, it will then be noon for him. If he then steps back to his position on the Pole and from it takes a step directly away from the sun, it will then be midnight for him. Not darkness, however; midnight in the Arctic regions does not necessarily mean darkness. But to our man standing there upon the Pole two steps only will separate astronomical noon from astronomical midnight.

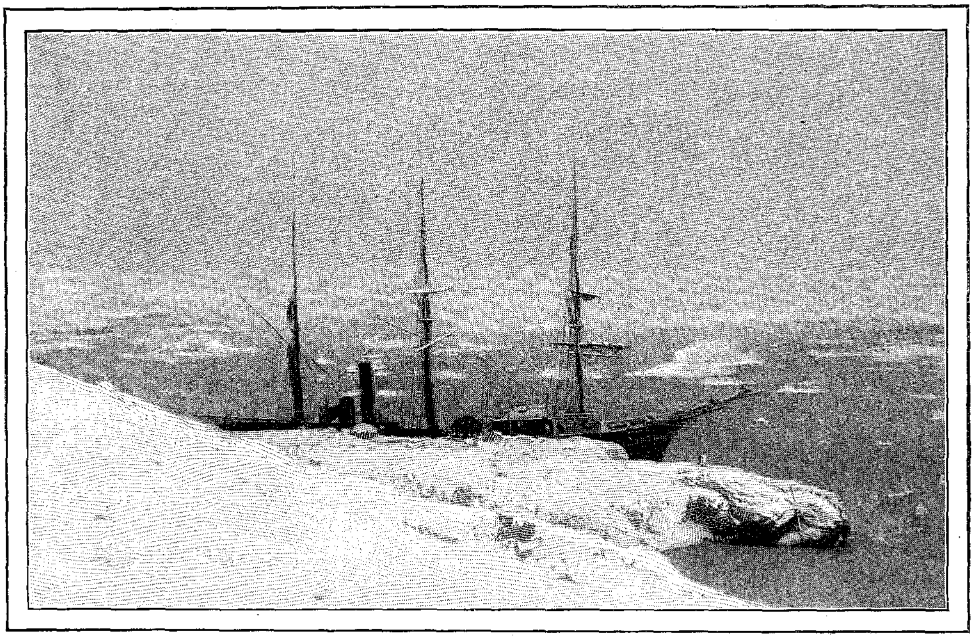
During the six months' long winter night our man standing there will see every star, of those he can see at all, always the same height above the horizon. Polaris, the North Star, will be practically in the zenith, and a star which can be seen barely peeping above the horizon will circle forever just grazing the horizon. In other words, to the observer on the Pole the heavenly bodies move in horizontal circles, instead of oblique circles, as they do here, or vertical circles, as they do to an observer on the Equator.

One other interesting point: our man standing upon the Pole would not be able to say, speaking with precision, that he was having either a good time or a bad time, nor would he have the pleasure of complaining of hard times. Why? Simply because he would have no time. What is time? And what do we figure it from but noon, and what is noon but the moment the sun crosses our local meridian? Now our man standing upon the Pole has no meridian, or rather he has three hundred and sixty of them, so mixed up under his heel that he could not pick one out if he tried. He has no noon, no starting point for time, no time. So much for the conditions which are the result of the mathematical definition of the Pole.

Now, in regard to its physical characteristics. There is no reason whatever for assuming any abnormal conditions at the Pole. No reason whatever for supposing there a perennial summer sea or a paleocrystic (that is, an eternally frozen) sea, or a Symmes Hole giving access to the center of the earth, or a specially rounded mountain, *a la* Jules Verne, for the earth to whirl upon. None of these. There will be simply prosaic land or water at the Pole. No man living can say which until some man gets there. But if it is land, it will be land with characteristics practically the same as those of other Arctic lands, such as we know a few hundred miles south; and if it is water, it will be an Arctic sea, with the characteristics practically the same as those of other Arctic seas, with which we are familiar a few hundred miles distant.

Will the Pole ever be reached? Most assuredly; and possibly within a comparatively short time. The distance which to-day separates the highest north from the Pole itself is but two hundred and sixty miles, about the same as the distance between Albany and Buffalo; and I do not believe there is one of my readers who is willing to admit that a distance of only two hundred and sixty miles is to remain forever impassable to human efforts and energy. I am not.

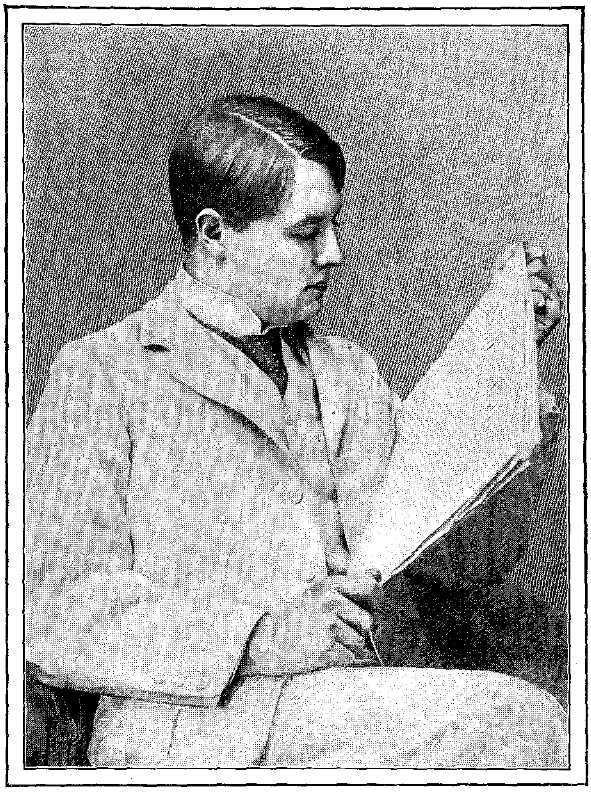
Returning from the Arctic regions in 1895 with the belief that the capabilities of the Greenland inland ice as a means of getting north were practically exhausted, I formu-



THE "HOPE," THE VESSEL IN WHICH LIEUTENANT PEARY MADE HIS PREPARATORY VOYAGE TO GREENLAND IN 1897, AND WHICH ATTENDED HIM OUT ON HIS PRESENT EXPEDITION, RETURNING AT THE END OF AUGUST, 1898.

From a photograph taken at Meteorite Island, August 17, 1897; reproduced by the special permission of the F. A. Stokes Company.

lated, on my way home, a plan for further work, in case the problems of the North had not been solved by the time I arrived. Immediately after my return it would have been premature to have presented any project for further Arctic exploration with two well-equipped expeditions still in the field, those of Jackson and Nansen. With the return of Jackson and Nansen, bringing the news that Franz Josef Land was not the southern terminus of an Arctic continent, as had been supposed by some geographers, but an archipelago of comparatively limited extent; and that the "Fram," in her three years' drift through the Siberian segment of the polar basin, had seen no land, I felt that the time was ripe for the presentation of my plan. I believed that the practical demonstration of the non-existence of land of any considerable extent in the Siberian segment of the polar basin eliminated that region from further consideration as a possible means of reaching the Pole. The land lying north of main Greenland remained still the most northerly known land on the face of the globe, and it could now be said that the route along the northwest coast of this land, with terra firma for a base, was not merely the *most* practicable route, but the *only* practicable route, by which to reach the Pole. Acting on this belief, I outlined to the American Geographical Society in January, 1897, on the occasion of the presentation to me of the first Cullum gold medal, my plan, as follows:



ALFRED C. HARMSWORTH, EDITOR OF THE LONDON "DAILY MAIL," AND OWNER OF LIEUTENANT PEARY'S SHIP, THE "WINDWARD."

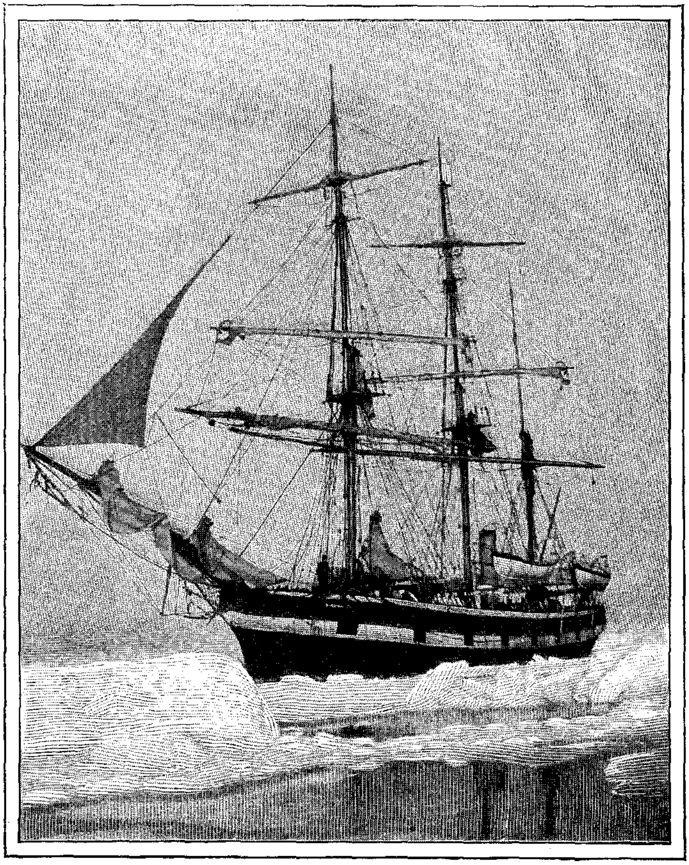
The "Windward" is the ship that was used by the Jackson expedition, which Mr. Harmsworth fitted out in 1894 and which spent three years in explorations in Franz Josef Land. It was with this expedition that Nansen and Johansen found rescue from the almost fatal hardships of their journey afoot to and from the "farthest north." On learning of Lieutenant Peary's project, Mr. Harmsworth generously offered him the "Windward" for his expedition.

"My own expeditions have satisfied me that from a sufficient depot of provisions and equipment, located in the latitude of Independence Bay, the Pole is attainable. The results of the various recent expeditions have shown that there is left but one practicable route by which to attain the North Pole, and that route the one that has been known as the American, viz., the route through Smith Sound, Kane Basin, Robeson Channel, and along the northwest coast of Greenland. My plan, in the fewest words, is to raise a fund sufficient to insure the continuation of the work of exploration for ten years, if necessary, say $150,000, and deposit it in a trust company; purchase a ship; give her a minimum crew; load with concentrated provisions; proceed to Whale Sound; take on board several picked families of my faithful Eskimos, with their tents, canoes, dogs, etc.; force a way through Robeson Channel to Sherard Osborn Fjord or farther, and land people and stores; then send the ship back. As soon as the freezing of the ice in the great fjords of the northwest coast permits sledge travel, the work of advancing supplies northeastward along the coast would be commenced, taking comparatively short stages and light loads, so that the trips could be quickly made. As soon as the supplies had been advanced the first stage, the party itself would move forward, leaving a cache behind, and as they would be following Eskimo customs and living in snow houses, this could easily be done.

"Then the second stage of advance would be taken up, and the work carried on until the departure of the sun. Each of the brilliant winter moons of the polar night would afford opportunities for continuing it, so that early spring should find the party and the bulk of its supplies located at the northern terminus of the North Greenland archipelago, probably not far from the eighty-fifth parallel, with caches behind it at each prominent headland. From this point, when the proper time came, with picked dogs, the lightest possible equipment, and two of the best of the Eskimos, the last stage of the journey to the Pole would be attempted, with strong probabilities of a successful termination. Should the first season be unfavorable as regards ice conditions, it could be devoted to a detailed survey of the archipelago itself, and a reconnoissance of the east coast as far south as possible, and the northern journey reserved for the following season, or the next. Each succeeding summer the ship would attempt to establish communication with the party's base, succeeding probably every other year at first, then, with increasing experience, every year, and keep up its supply of food, dogs, and Eskimos, until the objects of the expedition were accomplished. Should the ship be unsuccessful in the passage of Robeson Channel the first year, the party would land at Hayes Sound, and devote the first year to explorations of that unknown region. Retreat from the colony at Sherard Osborn Fjord would always be practicable across the inland ice to Whale Sound.

"The programme is to secure every mile of advance just as far as there is land, and then attempt to accomplish the remaining distance in one effort. In case the conditions are unfavorable or impracticable the first season, I shall return to my Eskimo village, winter there, and start again the next spring; and if the conditions are not favorable the second year, come back for the winter, and start again and again. I believe that at any point in the Arctic regions, at one time or another, at one season or another, the door is open or can be opened, and the man who is in readiness and waiting for the favorable opportunity can get where he wants to. When an expedition goes north for one or two years only, it may not find the favorable opportunity; but if it can stay the four or five years which I am prepared to stay, if necessary, some time in that period the favorable occasion is sure to come, and the door will be open or can be pushed open."

Such, in brief, is my project for the proposed work, and I must say, though perhaps I am egotistical, that it does seem to me as if the conditions were favorable. Experience counts for a great deal in Arctic work. Success in Arctic navigation is the result of that definite, detailed knowledge of coasts, winds, tides, and ice, the same kind of



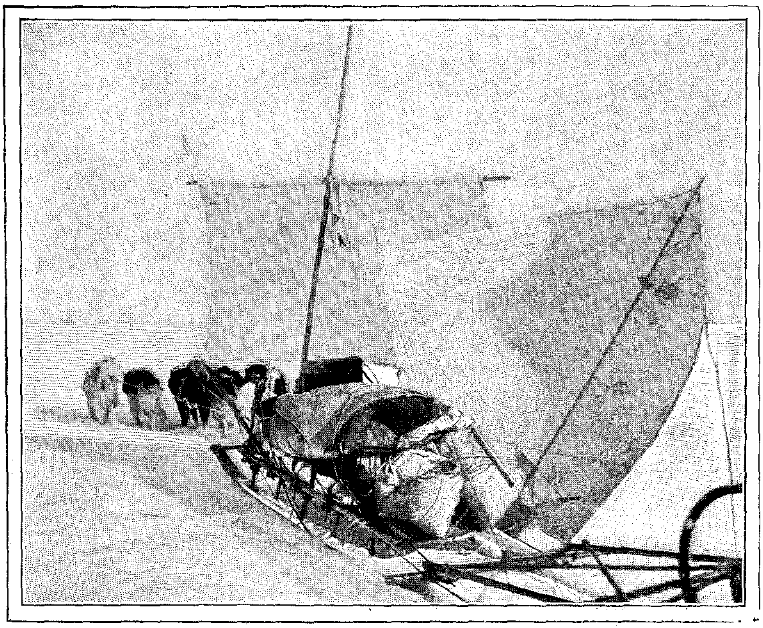
THE "WINDWARD," LIEUTENANT PEARY'S SHIP ON THE PRESENT EXPEDITION.

From a photograph taken by the Jackson expedition to Franz Josef Land.

knowledge for each step of the voyage that a harbor pilot has. One must know what the effect of a given wind is upon the ice at any point along the coast, and the effect of the ebb and flood tide, as, knowing these things, you can put your ship through with safety, or keep her out until a favorable time comes. I feel that I have, in the last five or six years, obtained some knowledge of these details of Arctic work. And, in addition to this, is the advantage of my utilization of the Eskimo.

Everyone will agree with me, that there are no human beings on the face of the globe better adapted to form the rank and file of an Arctic party than members of that little tribe, the most northerly people in the world, whose fathers and grandfathers and great-grandfathers before them have lived in that very region: men who know all the vagaries, all the possibilities, and all the hostilities of their frozen home, and know perfectly how to take care of themselves. Further, they have confidence in me and regard me as a friend, and would travel with me, and starve with me, should it be necessary. I feel that, with an experienced surgeon and perhaps one other white man, and that material from which to recruit the rank and file of my party, it would come near being an ideal party for Arctic work.

Arctic exploration may be regarded as safe. This is shown by the experience of the last ten years. Nothing is to be gained by numbers; in fact, numbers are a distinct danger, and the frightful catastrophies of previous work are, in my opinion, directly traceable to that cause. The entire animus of the Arctic regions is against large parties. Where three men will get along in safety and comfort, six would merely exist on half-rations and twelve die of starvation. The two-man party is the ideal one; both Nansen and myself have proved this. The leader of the expedition must be at the head of the advance party; no successful Arctic party can be led from the rear. The latitude of Lockwood and Brainard's farthest north is eighty-three degrees, twenty-four minutes. The distance from this point, up to which we know there is land, to the Pole and return, is less than the distance from Whale Sound to Independence Bay and return, which I have twice covered, once with a single companion, and again under the heaviest handicap.



ONE OF LIEUTENANT PEARY'S ARCTIC SLEDGES.

In traveling or transporting by sledges, sails are set, as shown in the picture, whenever the wind is favorable, and thus the work is made much lighter for the dogs. The picture is from a photograph taken by Lieutenant Peary himself; reproduced by the special permission of the F. A. Stokes Company.

My project was carefully considered by a committee appointed by the Geographical Society, consisting of Admiral Gherardi, Judge Charles P. Daly, and Chandler Robbins, and on the 20th of February the committee presented the following resolution:

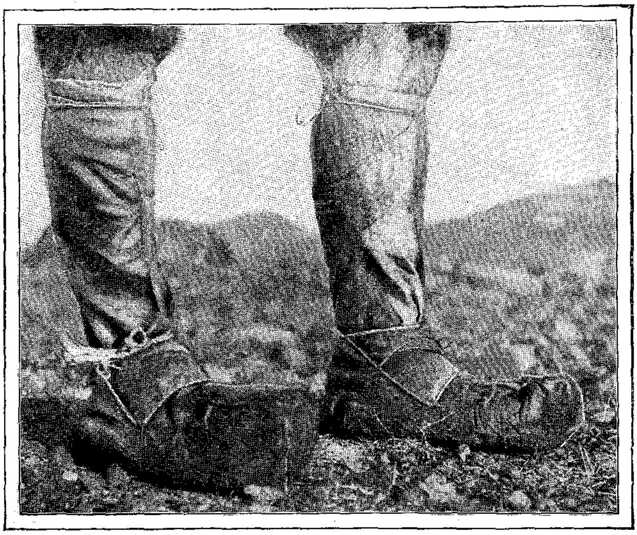
ARCTIC HIGHLANDERS OF THE TRIBE FROM WHICH LIEUTENANT PEARY HAS CHOSEN HIS ESKIMO ESCORT.

From photographs taken by Lieutenant Peary.

> *Resolved*, that the Council of the American Geographical Society heartily approves the project of polar exploration laid before it by Civil Engineer R. E. Peary, U. S. N., and will gladly contribute towards the expense of the same, provided such contribution is needed and will be acceptable, and that other subscriptions, sufficient to warrant the undertaking, are secured by Mr. Peary.

The next step following this endorsement was to obtain the opportunity to undertake the work; in other words, secure the necessary leave to enable me to carry out my plans. It quickly developed that the securing of this leave would be a much more difficult work than had at first been anticipated, but at length strong memorials upon the geographical value of the proposed work by Judge Daly, President of the American Geographical Society; and its scientific value, by President Morris K. Jesup, of the American Museum of Natural History, supported by numerous letters from men prominent in both scientific and business circles, and urged by all the enthusiasm and personal magnetism of Mr. Charles A. Moore, a personal friend of President McKinley and the Secretary of the Navy, secured the desired result, a five years' leave of absence.

The first step in the actual field work of the campaign was the preliminary voyage of the summer of 1897, preparatory to the starting of the main expedition in 1898. The object of this voyage was to communicate with the little tribe of Smith Sound Eskimos, select from it the young couples who were to form the Eskimo contingent of my expedition, tell them what I expected of them, give them instructions to be assembled with all their belongings at a certain time in the summer of 1898, at a specified place on the outer coast, in readiness to come on board my ship without delay. I also wished to instruct the hunters of the entire tribe in regard to gathering as much of a supply of meat for me as possible and having in readiness their best dogs. The



LIEUTENANT PEARY'S PADDED KAMIKS.

From Lieutenant Peary's book, "Northward over the Great Ice;" by permission of the F. A. Stokes Company.

secondary object of the voyage was to embark and bring home the great Saviksoch or Ahnighito meteorite. This latter has, however, no bearing upon the subject in hand.

In pursuance of these objects, the steamship "Hope," which I had had the previous summer, was again chartered for an Arctic voyage, and sailed from Boston on the 19th of July. On board her was a party of sportsmen and scientists who availed themselves of the opportunity for a summer outing at various points along the Arctic coasts.

After stopping at Sydney, Cape Breton, to fill with coal, the "Hope" proceeded northward through the strait of Belle Isle, passed along the Labrador coast to the Wrightington whaling station at Cape Haven, thence to Godhaven, Greenland, and eventually across Melville Bay to Cape York, the southern limit of the habitat of the little tribe of Smith Sound Eskimos. Here the first of them were encountered. After getting the great meteorite safely on board, the "Hope" steamed northward, touching at the various settlements along the coast, looking up the faithful, hardy, active, young hunters whom I had on my list, until at last all had their instructions and the entire tribe knew my plans for the coming year, as far as they were concerned. In spite of the doubts of some of my friends, I found these children of the North, not merely willing, but anxious and eager to go with me. It was interesting to note the childish delight with which they listened, as I told them how they were each to have a "shake-her-up" (Winchester) rifle, and were to hunt musk oxen and bear, drive dogs, and eat biscuit and pemmican with me in the distant legendary *Oomingmuk Nunami* (Musk Ox Land) of their forefathers. Eagerly as they have looked forward each of the past few summers for the coming of "Peary's oomiaksoah" (ship), they will look for it with redoubled interest this season. They have all the longing for variety that is characteristic of human children the world over, and this year the arrival of the "oomiaksoah" means that a number of them will go to the white "Ahvungah" (North) to live in lands which they have heard of in legends repeated to them from childhood up.

The young men selected by me are men everyone of whom I know personally; men with whom I have sledged and hunted and boated till I know their capabilities and characteristics. One of them will do for an example—Sipsu, the handsome one (?), grandson of the Chief Sipsu, of whom Hayes speaks. Sipsu I met for the first time one brilliant, but bitter cold, April day six years ago, in Inglefield Gulf, beside the Hurlbut glacier. He was only a boy, but active as a steel trap. Already he had a record of several deer killed with his rude bow. A little later he was the happiest Eskimo in the land, the possessor of a shining knife; not only the first he had ever owned, but the like of which had never been seen in the little village. The next year, he brought me as a trophy an eight-foot narwhal horn, the wearer of which he had himself harpooned and killed. In 1895 he was among the most successful of the numerous walrus hunters at Peterahwick. Soon after, he married robust Nellika, daughter of old Koolootoonah.

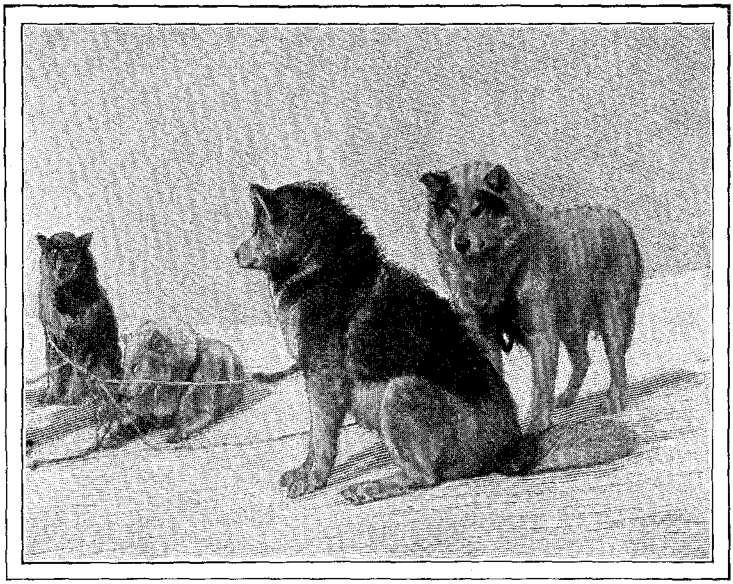
In August, 1896, I nearly lost him. He was the only one to respond to my call for volunteers to harpoon a white whale from the schools which were darting round the point of Fglooaihomny. Fearlessly he paddled out in his kyah to intercept them, but the lightning response of a powerful tail to the sting of his harpoon upset his kyah and pitched him into the water. The ship's boat and another kyaker started toward him. The kyaker reached him first, and, seizing him by the hair, kept his head on the surface till the boat arrived and dragged him in. Blue and exhausted, it took a long rubbing with Turkish towels beside the galley fire and a stiff dose of brandy to get him right again. Finally, clad in my warmest suit of clothes, he went ashore to his anxious young wife.

So with all of them, I know them as we know *comrades du guerre*. As I sit here writing now it is entirely within the range of possibility that one of them, out upon the westward stretching ice off Peterahwick, is harpooning a walrus, the meat of which a year from now may be feeding my dogs at the *ultima thule* of the world.

In December last, after returning from this preliminary voyage, I accepted a long standing invitation to address the Royal and Royal Scottish Geographical Societies of London and Edinburgh, respectively, upon my past work and future plans. The reception accorded my report was very gratifying, resulting in the award of a special medal by the Royal Scottish Society and one of the two gold medals of the Royal Geographical Society. These endorsements, seconding as they did that of our own American Geographical Society, placed my project in the enviable position of having the endorsement and approval of the three leading geographical societies of the world

The most gratifying evidence, however, of the effect produced by my presentation of my plans was the deep and immediate interest shown in them by Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth, England's munificent patron of Arctic exploration, who pressed upon me his Arctic ship the "Windward," engaged for the last three years upon the work in Franz Josef Land, and urged my acceptance in such a frank and generous way that it was impossible to refuse.

Finally, the funds for the work have been assured by an organization of gentlemen prominent in the highest business and social circles of New York. First on the membership role of this organization stand three men whose personal interest, influence, and example have made the organization possible. They afford a striking illustration of the way in which Arctic exploration is to-day regarded by the most conservative and intelligent men of the times. These men are Morris K. Jesup, President of the American Museum of Natural History; Henry W. Cannon, President of the Chase National Bank, and Charles A. Moore, President of the Montauk Club of Brooklyn.



A GROUP OF LIEUTENANT PEARY'S ESKIMO DOGS.

As a slight token of my appreciation of the assistance of this organization, and especially of my deep regard for my friend President Jesup, all the collections and scientific results of my work will be the property of the organization and will be by it turned over to the American Museum.

Regarding my supplies and equipment there is little to say. Every additional year of experience in the past has shown me more things that could be dispensed with in Arctic work. In the coming expedition I shall try no experiments in either food or equipment. I feel that I know just what I want for a given purpose and how much for a given time. I shall dispense with many things hitherto considered necessaries of Arctic exploration. For one thing, I shall include no lime juice in my rations: I have never used it; and I do not believe in it. I am satisfied that an intelligent white man can live indefinitely in the Arctic regions on a diet of tea, bread, and fresh meat alone, and keep in good health. Neither lime juice, fruit, nor vegetables are essential. I shall take no house nor material for one. I shall, wherever practicable, merely supplement Eskimo methods and outfits with modern improvements. My ship will be used to land me at the farthest possible northern point. Once there, I shall utilize the simplest methods and materials for accomplishing my object: methods which evolution through generations of natives have shown to be best suited for work in that region. The object upon which every energy and every iota of experience is to be concentrated is the smallest party with the lightest equipment and the fewest necessities—a party which can travel fast and far and continuously.

The "Windward," however, will of course carry considerable stores. There will be a full equipment of scientific apparatus and mechanical implements; and for use on the voyage, and to supplement, after we land, the stores gathered by the Eskimos, there will be not less than 1,500 cases of provisions, weighing in the gross some fifty tons. In addition to large supplies of bread, tea, coffee, and cocoa, we shall carry preserved fruits, various soup, meat, and vegetable preparations, about a ton of sugar, and several hundredweight of salt. There will be no liquors aboard, except as part of the medical stores. Most of the food will be of the compressed sort, hermetically sealed, for the most part, in tin, and each can containing, as a rule, a portion just equal to one man's need for one day. The cases will be carefully stored in water-tight, sheet-iron tanks in the ship's hold. The degree of nutrition in this compressed food is something wonderful. One of the sixty-pound cases would probably maintain a man a month. Our bread—so hard that it can scarcely be eaten until it has been softened in tea, coffee, or something of the sort—has twice the nutrition of ordinary bread. It is perfectly true, as some one writing recently of this expedition said, that "at first the Arctic voyager may look dubiously at the array of little tins placed before him, some of them hardly larger than a penny box of matches, and for a few days his stomach may not feel quite full after eating, but before long he learns to like his food."

My project has been erroneously designated by some to whom a catching expression is more attractive than accuracy, "A dash to the Pole." I do not like the term. It is entirely misleading. My project contemplates a serious, determined, persistent attempt to win for the victorious Stars and Stripes the only remaining great geographical prize which the world has to offer; an attempt which may, and quite likely will, become a siege—an attempt in which the knowledge and experience gained in work prosecuted during some ten years on definite and consistent lines are to be directed, on equally definite and consistent lines, towards the accomplishment of my object.

LIEUTENANT PEARY'S PRESENT SITUATION.

[On the eve of printing Lieutenant Peary's interesting account of his present undertaking, we wrote to Mrs. Peary to learn what was the latest word received from him. Her reply is of more than personal interest, and we have obtained her permission to publish it herewith:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., *January* 19, 1899.

"*To the Editor of* MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

"*Dear Sir:* Yours of the 13th duly received. There has been no news from my husband since the return of the S.S. 'Hope,' last August, when you received the rolls of films. The 'Windward' was looked for all the fall, but did not arrive. She has evidently been frozen in, and will not be able to return until the late summer or early fall of this year.

"The last known of the 'Windward' is that, when the 'Hope' left Littleton Island, on August 13, 1898, for St. Johns, Newfoundland, the 'Windward,' with Mr. Peary and his party on board, bore away to the north. I am sorry that I have no further news to impart.

"Yours very truly,

"JOSEPHINE DIEBITSCH-PEARY."

According to the report of Captain Bartlett of the "Hope," Lieutenant Peary met with some disappointments at first regarding his Eskimo contingent. The "Hope's" first landing was at Cape York. Either because she did not come as soon as expected, or for some other reason, the Eskimos who were to have been met there had gone. From Cape York the party proceeded to Snow Pocket Bay, and here, again, they were disappointed. They next made for Saunders Island. Here the natives were in waiting, and showed great delight at Lieutenant Peary's arrival. The "Hope" went on to Whale Sound, but being stopped from entering the sound by the heavy ice pack, returned to Saunders Island. Here a fortnight was passed, and considerable additions were made to the stores.—EDITOR.]

GOLD MEDAL PRESENTED TO LIEUTENANT PEARY BY THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY, LONDON, DECEMBER, 1897.

STALKY AND CO.

By Rudyard Kipling,

Author of "In Ambush," "Captains Courageous," "The Day's Work," etc.

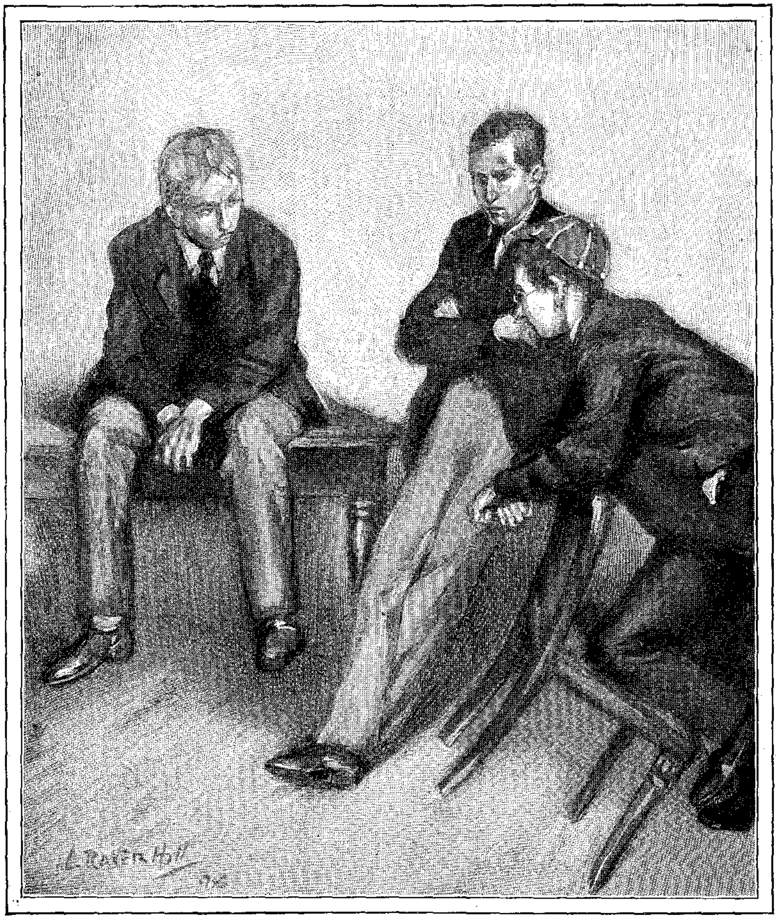
Illustrated by L. Raven-Hill.

IV.

THE MORAL REFORMERS.

THERE was no disguising the defeat. The victory was to Prout, but they grudged it not. If he had broken the rules of the game by calling in the Head, they had had a good run for their money.

The Reverend John sought the earliest opportunity of talking things over. Members of a bachelor Common Room, of a school where masters' studies are designedly dotted among studies and form-rooms, can, if they choose, see a great deal of their charges. Number Five had spent some cautious years in testing the Reverend John. He was emphatically a gentleman. He knocked at a study door before entering; he comported himself as a visitor and not a strayed lictor; he never prosed, and he never carried over into official life the confidences of idle hours. Prout was ever an unmitigated nuisance; King came solely as an avenger of blood; even little Hartopp, talking natural history, seldom forgot his office; but the Reverend John was a guest desired and beloved by Number Five.



"Number Five stared at each other."

Behold him, then, in their only arm-chair, a bent briar between his teeth, chin down

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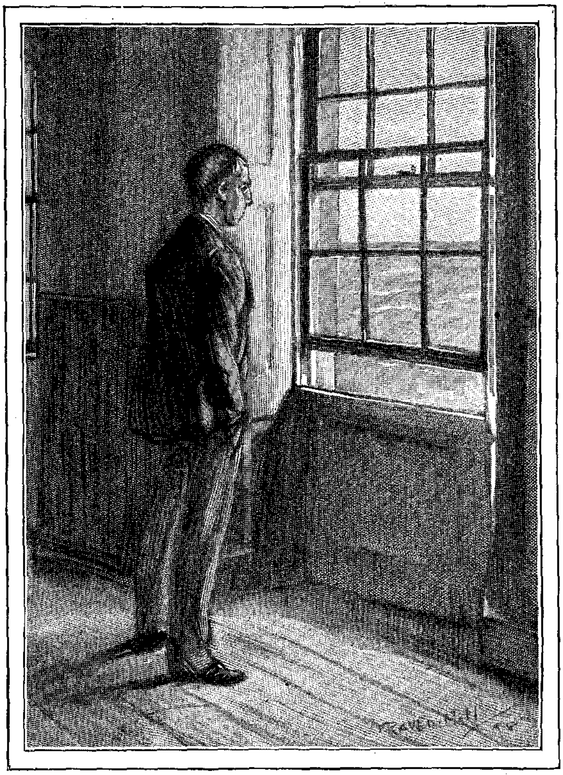
The fifth story in this series will appear in the April number.



"He drove his hands into his pockets and stared out of window at the sea."

in three folds on his clerical collar, and blowing like an amiable whale, while Number Five discoursed of life as it appeared to them, and specially of that last interview with the Head—in the matter of usury.

"One licking once a week would do you an immense amount of good," he said, twinkling and shaking all over; "and, as you say, you were entirely in the right."

"Ra-ather, Padre! We could have proved it if he'd let us talk," said Stalky; "but he didn't. The Head's a downy bird."

"He understands you perfectly. Ho! ho! Well, you worked hard enough for it."

"But he's awfully fair. He doesn't lick a chap in the morning an' preach at him in the afternoon," said Beetle.

"He can't; he ain't in Orders, thank goodness," said McTurk. Number Five held the very strongest views on clerical head-masters, and were ever ready to meet their pastor in argument.

"Almost all other schools have clerical Heads," said the Reverend John gently.

"It isn't fair on the chaps," Stalky replied. "Makes 'em sulky. Of course it's different with *you*, sir. You belong to the school—same as we do. I mean ordinary clergymen."

"Well, I am a most ordinary clergyman; and Mr. Hartopp's in Orders, too."

"Ye—es, but he took 'em after he came to the Coll. We saw him go up for his exam. *That's* all right," said Beetle. "But just think if the Head went and got ordained!"

"What would happen, Beetle?"

"Oh, the Coll. 'ud go to pieces in a year, sir. There's no doubt o' *that*."

"How d'you know?" The Reverend John was smiling.

"We've been here nearly six years now. There are precious few things about the Coll. we don't know," Stalky replied. "Why, even you came the term after I did, sir. I remember your asking our names in form your first lesson. Mr. King, Mr. Prout, and the Head, of course, are the only masters senior to us—in that way."

"Yes, we've changed a good deal—in Common Room."

"Huh!" said Beetle with a grunt. "They came here, an' then they went away to get married. Jolly good riddance, too!"

"Doesn't our Beetle hold with matrimony?"

"No, Padre; don't make fun of me. I've met chaps in the holidays who've got married house-masters. It's perfectly awful! They have babies and teething and measles and all that sort of thing right bung *in* the school; and the masters' wives give tea parties—tea parties, Padre!—and ask the chaps to breakfast."

"That don't matter so much," said Stalky. "But the house-masters let their houses alone, and they leave everything to the prefects. Why, in one school, a chap told me, there were big baize doors and a passage about a mile long between the house and the master's house. They could do just what they pleased."

"Satan rebuking sin with a vengeance."

"Oh, larks are right enough; but you know what we mean, Padre. After a bit it gets worse an' worse. Then there's a big bust-up and a row that gets into the papers, and a lot of chaps are expelled, you know."

"Always the wrong 'uns; don't forget that. Have a cup of cocoa, Padre?" said McTurk with the kettle.

"No, thanks; I'm smoking. Always the wrong 'uns? Pro-ceed, my Stalky."

"And then"—Stalky warmed to the work—"everybody says, 'Who'd ha' thought it?

Shockin' boys! Wicked little kids!' It all comes of havin' married house-masters, *I* think."

"A Daniel come to judgment."

"But it does," McTurk interrupted. "I've met chaps in the holidays, an' they've told me the same thing. It looks awfully pretty for one's people to see—a nice separate house with a nice lady in charge, an' all that. But it isn't. It takes the house-masters off their work, and it gives the prefects a heap too much power, an'—an'—it rots up everything. You see, it isn't as if we were just an ordinary school. We take crammers' rejections as well as good little boys like Stalky. We've got to do that to make our name, of course, and we get 'em into Sandhurst somehow or other, don't we?"

"True, O Turk. Like a book thou talkest, Turkey."

"And so we want rather different masters, don't you think so, to other places? We aren't like the rest of the schools!"

"It leads to all sorts of bullyin', too, a chap told me," said Beetle.

"Well, you *do* need most of a single man's time, I must say." The Reverend John considered his hosts critically. "But do you never feel that the world—the Common Room—is too much with you sometimes?"

"Not exactly—in summer; anyhow." Stalky's eye roved contentedly to the window. "Our bounds are pretty big, too, and they leave us to ourselves a good deal."

"For example, here am I sitting in your study, very much in your way, eh?"

"Indeed you aren't, Padre. Sit down. Don't go, sir. You know we're glad whenever you come."

There was no doubting the sincerity of the voices. The Reverend John flushed a little with pleasure and refilled his briar.

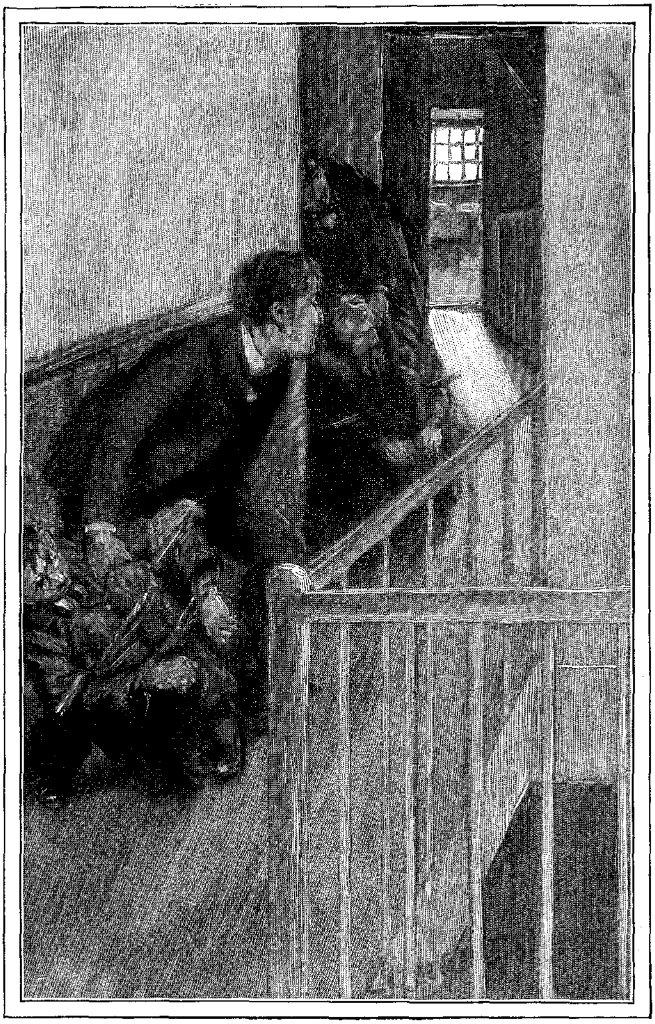
"And we generally know where the Common Room are," said Beetle triumphantly. "Didn't you come through our lower dormitories last night after ten, sir?"

"I went to smoke a pipe with your house-master. No, I didn't give him any impressions. I took a short cut through your dormitories."

"I sniffed a whiff of 'baccy, this mornin'. Yours is stronger than Mr. Prout's. *I* knew," said Beetle, wagging his head.

"Good heavens!" said the Reverend John absently. It was some years before Beetle perceived that this was rather a tribute to innocence than observation. The long, light, blindless dormitories, devoid of inner doors, were crossed at all hours of the night by masters visiting one another; for bachelors sit up later than married folk. Beetle had never dreamed that there might be a purpose in this steady policing.

"Talking about bullying," the Reverend



"'Oh, lug 'em into our study.'"

John resumed, "you all caught it pretty hot when you were fags, didn't you?"

"Well, we must have been rather awful little beasts," said Beetle, looking serenely over the gulf between eleven and sixteen. "My hat, what bullies they were then—Fairburn, 'Gobby' Maunsell, and all that gang!"

"'Member when 'Gobby' called us the Three Blind Mice, and we had to get up on the lockers and sing while he buzzed inkpots at us?" said Stalky. "They *were* bullies if you like!"

"But there isn't any of it now," said McTurk soothingly.

"That's where you make a mistake. We're all inclined to say that everything is all right as long as we aren't hurt. I sometimes wonder if it is extinct—bullying."

"Fags bully each other horrid; but the upper forms are supposed to be swottin' up for exams. They've got something else to think about," said Beetle.

"Why? What do you think?" Stalky was watching the Chaplain's face.

"I have my doubts." Then explosively, "On my word, for three moderately intelligent boys you aren't very observant. I suppose you were too busy making things warm for your house-master to see what lay under your noses when you were in the form-rooms last week?"

"What, sir? I—I swear we didn't see anything," said Beetle.

"Then I'd advise you to look. When a little chap is whimpering in a corner and wears his clothes like rags, and never does any work, and is notoriously the dirtiest little 'corridor-caution' in the Coll, something's wrong somewhere."

"That's Clewer," said McTurk under his breath.

"Yes, Clewer. He comes to me for his French. It's his first term, and he's almost as complete a wreck as you were, Beetle. He's not naturally clever, but he has been hammered till he's nearly an idiot."

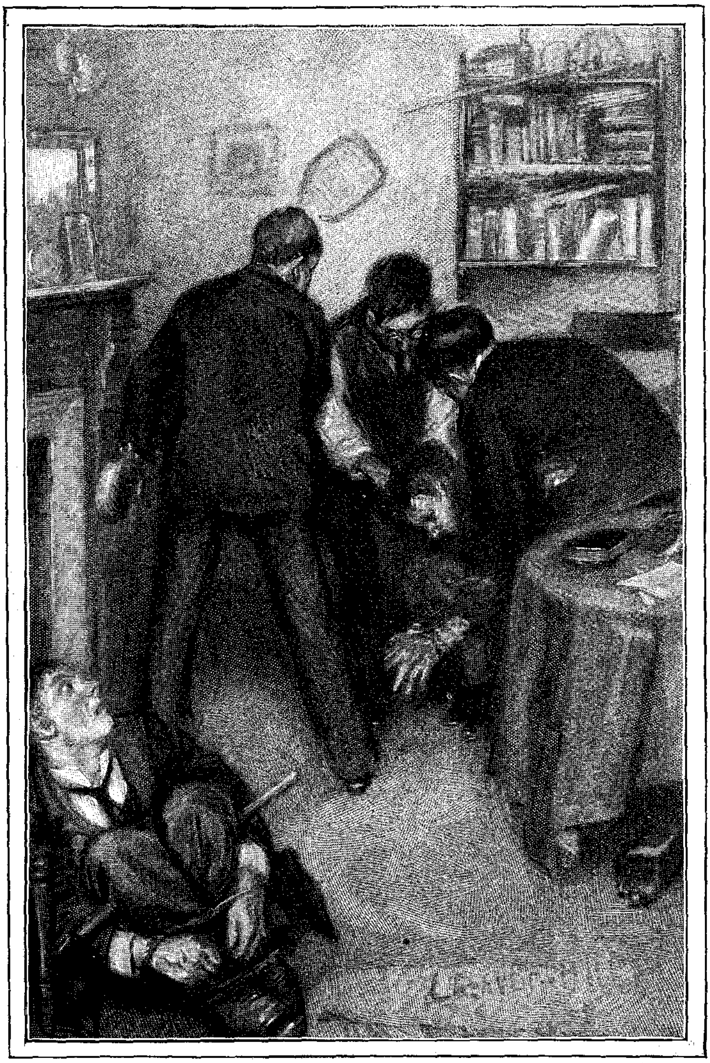
"Oh, no. They sham silly to get off more lickings," said Beetle. "*I* know that."

"I've never actually seen him knocked about," said the Reverend John.

"The genuine article don't do that in public," said Beetle. "Fairburn never touched me when anyone was looking on."

"You needn't swagger about it, Beetle," said McTurk. "We all caught it in our time."

"But I got it worse than anyone," said Beetle. "If you want an authority on bullyin', Padre, come to me. Corkscrews—brush-drill—keys—head-knucklin'—arm-twistin'—rockin'



"The bleatin' of the kid excites the tiger."

—Ag Ags—and all the rest of it."

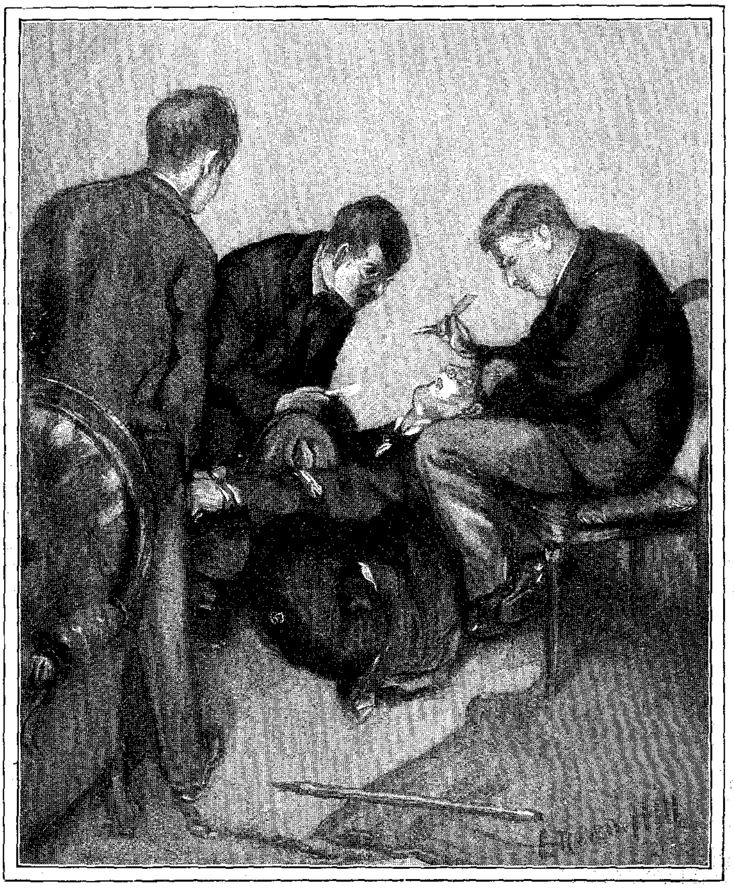
"Yes. I do want you as an authority, or rather I want your authority to stop it—all of you."

"What about Abana and Pharpar, Padre—Harrison and Craye? They are Mr. Prout's pets," said McTurk something bitterly. "*We* aren't even sub-prefects."

"I've considered that, but on the other hand, since most bullying is mere thoughtlessness——"

"Not one little bit of it, Padre," said McTurk. "Bullies like bullyin'. They mean it. They think it up in lesson and practise it in quarters."

"Never mind. If the thing goes up to the prefects it may make another house-row. You've had one already. Don't laugh. Listen to me. I ask you—my own Tenth Legion—to take the thing up quietly. I want little Clewer made to look fairly clean and decent——"


"*It was not a very gentle shave.*"

"Blowed if *I* wash him!" whispered Stalky.

"Decent and self-respecting. As for the other boy, whoever he is, you can use your influence"—a purely secular light flickered in the Chaplain's eye—"in any way you please to—to dissuade him. That's all, I'll leave it to you. Good-night, *mes enfants*."

. . . .

"Well, what are we goin' to do?" Number Five stared at each other.

"Young Clewer would give his eyes for a place to be quiet in. *I* know that," said Beetle. "If we made him a study-fag, eh?"

"No!" said McTurk firmly. "He's a dirty little brute, and he'd mess up everything. Besides, we ain't goin' to have any beastly Erickin'. D'you want to walk about with your arm round his neck?"

"He'd clean out the jam-pots, anyhow; an' the burnt porridge saucepan—it's filthy now."

"Not good enough," said Stalky, bringing up both heels with a crash on the table. "If we find the merry jester who's been bullyin' him an' make him happy, that'll be all right. Why didn't we spot him when we were in the form-rooms, though?"

"Maybe a lot of fags have made a dead set at Clewer. They do that sometimes."

"Then we'll have to kick the whole of the lower school in our house—on spec. Come on," said McTurk.

"Keep your hair on! We mustn't make a fuss about the biznai. Whoever it is he's kept quiet or we'd have seen him," said Stalky. "We'll walk round and sniff about till we're sure."

They drew the house form-rooms, accounting for every junior and senior against whom they had suspicions—investigated, at Beetle's suggestion, the lavatories and box-rooms, but without result. Everybody seemed to be present save Clewer.

"Rum!" said Stalky, pausing outside a study door. "Golly!"

A thin piping mixed with tears came muffled through the panels.

"*As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping*——"

"Louder, you young devil, or I'll buzz a book at you!"

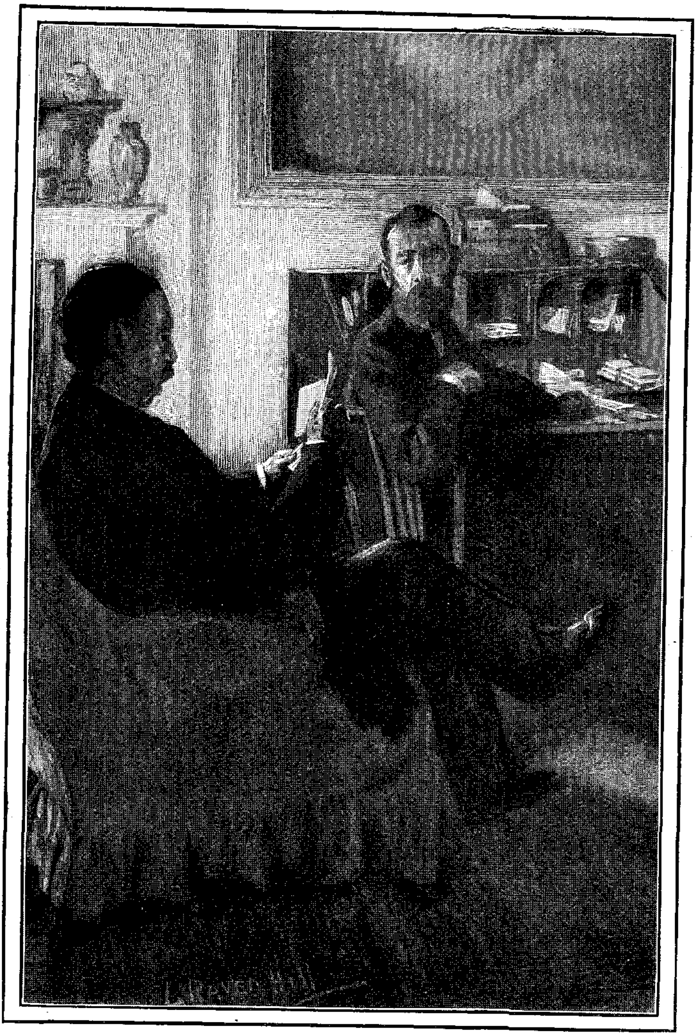
"*With a pitcher of milk*——Oh, Campbell, *please* don't! *To the fair of*——"

A book crashed on something soft, and squeals arose.

"Well, I never thought it was a study-chap, anyhow. That accounts for our not spotting him," said Beetle. "Sefton and Campbell are rather hefty chaps to tackle. Besides, one can't go into their study like a form-room."

"What swine!" McTurk listened. "Where's the fun of it? I suppose Clewer's faggin' for them."

"They aren't prefects. That's one good job," said Stalky, with his war-grin. "Sefton and Campbell! Um! Campbell and Sefton! Ah! One of 'em's a crammer's pup."



"'*Are all parents incurably mad?*'"

The two were precocious hairy youths between seventeen and eighteen, sent to the school in despair by parents who hoped that six months' steady cram might, perhaps, jockey them into Sandhurst. Nominally they were in Mr. Prout's house; actually they were under the Head's eye; and since he was very careful never to promote strange new boys to prefectships, they considered they had a grievance against the school. Sefton had spent three months with a London crammer, and the tale of his adventures there lost nothing in the telling. Campbell, who had a fine taste in clothes and a fluent vocabulary, followed his lead in looking down loftily on the rest of the world. This was only their second term, and the school, used to what it profanely called "crammer's pups," had treated them with rather galling reserve. But their whiskers—Sefton owned a real razor—and their mustaches were beyond question impressive.

"Shall we go in an' dissuade 'em?" McTurk asked. "I've never had much to do with 'em, but I'll bet my hat Campbell's a funk."

"No—o! That's *oratio directa*," said Stalky, shaking his head. "I like *oratio obliqua*. 'Sides, where'd our moral influence be then? Think o' that!"

"Rot! What are you goin' to do?" Beetle turned into Lower Number Nine form-room, next door to the study.

"Me?" The lights of war flickered over Stalky's face. "Oh, I want to jape with 'em. Shut up a bit!"

He drove his hands into his pockets and stared out of window at the sea, whistling between his teeth. Then a foot tapped the floor; one shoulder lifted; he wheeled, and began the short quick double-shuffle—the war-dance of Stalky in meditation. Thrice he crossed the empty form-room, with compressed lips and expanded nostrils, swaying and rocking to the quick-step. Then he halted before the dumb Beetle and softly knuckled his head, Beetle bowing to the strokes. McTurk nursed one knee and rocked to and fro. They could hear Clewer howling as though his heart would break.

"Beetle is the sacrifice," Stalky said at last. "I'm sorry for you, Beetle. 'Member Galton's 'Art of Travel' [one of the forms had been studying that pleasant work] an' the kid whose bleatin' excited the tiger?"

"Oh, curse!" said Beetle uneasily. It was not his first season as a sacrifice. "Can't you get on without me?"

"'Fraid not, Beetle dear. You've got to be bullied by Turkey an' me. The more you howl, o' course, the better it'll be. Turkey, go an' covet a stump and a box-rope from somewhere. We'll tie him up for a kill—*à la* Galton. 'Member when 'Molly' Fairburn made us cock-fight with our shoes off, an' tied up our knees?"

"But that hurt like sin."

"Course it did. What a clever chap you are, Beetle! Turkey 'll knock you all over the place. 'Member we've had a big row all round, an' I've trapped you into doin' this. Lend us your wipe."

Beetle was trussed for cock-fighting; but, in addition to the transverse stump between elbow and knee, his knees were bound with a box-rope. In this posture, at a push from Stalky he rolled over sideways, covering himself with dust.

"Ruffle his hair, Turkey. Now you get down, too. The bleatin' of the kid excites the tiger. You two are in such a sweatin' wax with me that you only curse. 'Member that. I'll tickle you up with a stump. You'll have to blub, Beetle."

"Right O! I'll work up to that in half a shake," said Beetle.

"Now begin—and remember the bleatin' o' the kid."

"Shut up, you brutes! Let me up! You've nearly cut my knees off. Oh, you *are* beastly cads! *Do* shut up. 'Tisn't a joke!" Beetle's protest was, in tone, a work of art.

"Give it him, Turkey! Kick him! Roll him over! Kill him! Don't funk, Beetle, you brute. Kick him again, Turkey."

"He's not blubbin' really. Roll up, Beetle, or I'll kick you into the fender," roared McTurk.

They made a hideous noise among them, and the bait allured their quarry.

"Hullo! What's the giddy jest?" Sefton and Campbell entered to find Beetle on his side, his head against the fender, weeping copiously, while McTurk prodded him in the back with his toes.

"It's only Beetle," Stalky explained. "He's shammin' hurt. I can't get Turkey to go for him properly."

Sefton promptly kicked both boys, and his face lighted. "All right, I'll attend to 'em. Get up an' cock-fight, you two. Give me the stump. I'll tickle 'em. Here's a giddy jest! Come on, Campbell. Let's cook 'em."

Then McTurk turned on Stalky and called him very evil names.

"You said you were goin' to cock-fight too, Stalky. Come on!"

"More ass you for believin' me, then!" shrieked Stalky.

"Have you chaps had a row?" said Campbell.

"Row?" said Stalky. "Huh! I'm only educatin' them. D'you know anythin' about cock-fighting, Seffy?"

"Do I know? Why, at Maclagan's, where I was crammin' in town, we used to cock-fight in his drawing-room, and little Maclagan daren't say anything. But we were just the same as men there, of course. Do I know? I'll show you."

"Can't I get up?" moaned Beetle, as Stalky sat on his shoulder.

"Don't jaw, you fat piffler. You're going to fight Seffy."

"He'll slay me!"

"Oh, lug 'em into our study," said Campbell. "It's nice an' quiet in there. I'll cock-fight Turkey. This is an improvement on young Clewer."

"Right O. I move it's shoes-off for them an' shoes-on for us," said Sefton joyously, and the two were flung down on the study floor. Stalky rolled them behind an arm-chair.

"Now I'll tie you two up an' direct the bull-fight. Golly, what wrists you have, Seffy. They're too thick for a wipe; got a box-rope?" said he.

"Lots in the corner," Sefton replied. "Hurry up! Stop blubbin', you brute, Beetle. We're goin' to have a giddy campaign. Losers have to sing for the winners—sing odes in honor of the conqueror. You call yourself a beastly poet, don't you, Beetle? I'll poet you." He wriggled into position by Campbell's side.

Swiftly and scientifically the stumps were thrust through the natural crooks, the wrists tied with well stretched box-ropes to an accompaniment of insults from McTurk, bound, betrayed, and voluble behind the chair.

Stalky set away Campbell and Sefton, and strode over to his allies, locking the door on the way.

"And that's all right," said he in a changed voice.

"What the world——?" Sefton began. Beetle's false tears had ceased; McTurk, smiling, was on his feet. Together they bound the knees and ankles of the enemy with some more rope.

Stalky took the arm-chair and contemplated the scene with his blandest smile. A man trussed for cock-fighting is, perhaps, the most helpless thing in the world.

"The bleatin' of the kid excites the tiger. Oh, you frabjous asses!" He lay back and laughed till he could no more. The victims took in the situation but slowly.

"We'll give you the finest lickin' you ever had in your young lives when we get up!" thundered Sefton from the floor. "You'll laugh the other side of your mouth before you've done. What the deuce d'you mean by this?"

"You'll see in two shakes," said McTurk. "Don't swear like that. What we want to know is, why you two hulkin' swine have been bullyin' Clewer?"

"It's none of your business."

"What did you bully Clewer for?" The question was repeated with maddening iteration by each in turn.

"Because we jolly well chose!" was the answer at last. "Let's get up." Even then they could not realize the game.

"Well, now we're goin' to bully you because we jolly well choose. We're goin' to be just as fair to you as you were to Clewer. He couldn't do anything against you. You can't do anything to us. Odd, ain't it?"

"Can't we. You wait an' see."

"Ah," said Beetle reflectively, "that shows you've never been properly jested with. A public lickin' ain't in it with a gentle jape. Bet a bob you'll weep an' promise anything."

"Look here, young Beetle, we'll half kill you when we get up. I'll promise you that, at any rate."

"You're going to be half killed first, though. Did you give Clewer Head-knuckles?"

"Did you give Clewer Head-knuckles?" McTurk echoed. At the twentieth repetition—no boy can stand the torture of one unvarying query, which is the essence of bullying—came confession—

"We did, confound you!"

"Then you'll be knuckled;" and knuckled they were, according to ancient experience. Head-knuckling is no trifle; "Molly" Fairburn of the old days could not have done better.

"Did you give Clewer Brush-drill?"

This time the question was answered sooner, and Brush-drill was dealt out for the space of five minutes by Stalky's watch. They could not even writhe in their bonds. No brush is employed in Brush-drill.

"Did you give Clewer the Key?"

"No; we didn't. I swear we didn't!" from Campbell, rolling in agony.

"Then we'll give it to you, so you can see what it would be like if you had."

The torture of the Key—which has no key at all—hurts excessively. They endured several minutes of it, and their language necessitated the gag.

"Did you give Clewer Corkscrews?"

"Yes. Oh, curse your silly souls! Let us alone, you cads."

They were corkscrewed, and the torture of the Corkscrew—this has nothing to do with corkscrews—is keener than the torture of the Key.

The method and silence of the attacks was breaking their nerves. Between each new torture came the pitiless, dazing rain of questions, and when they did not reply to the point, Isabella-colored handkerchiefs rolled into wads were thrust into their mouths.

"Now are those all the things you did to Clewer? Take out the gag, Turkey, and let 'em answer."

"Yes, I swear that was all. Oh, you're killing us, Stalky!" cried Campbell.

"That's what Clewer said to you. I heard him. Now we're goin' to show you what real bullyin' is. What I don't like about you, Sefton, is, you come to the Coll. with your stick-up collars an' patent-leather boots, an' you think you can teach us something about bullying. *Do* you think you can teach us anything about bullying? Take out the gag and let him answer."

"No!"—ferociously.

"He says no. Rock him to sleep. Campbell can watch."

It needs three boys and two boxing-gloves to rock a boy to sleep. Again the operation has nothing to do with its name. Sefton was "rocked" till his eyes set in his head and he gasped and crowed for breath, sick and dizzy.

"My Aunt!" said Campbell, appalled, from his corner, and turned white.

"Put him away," said Stalky. "Bring on

Campbell. Now this *is* bullyin'. Oh, I forgot! I say, Campbell, what did you bully Clewer for? Take out his gag and let him answer."

"I—I don't know. Oh, let me off! I swear I'll make it pax. Don't 'rock' me!"

"The bleatin' of the kid excites the tiger. He says he don't know. Set him up, Beetle. Give me the glove an' put in the gag."

In silence Campbell was "rocked" sixty-four times.

"I believe I'm goin' to die!" he gasped.

"He says he is goin' to die. Put him away. Now, Sefton! Oh, I forgot! Sefton, what did you bully Clewer for?"

The answer is unprintable; but it produced not the faintest flush on Stalky's downy cheek.

"Make him an Ag Ag, Turkey!"

And an Ag Ag was he made, forthwith. The hard-bought experience of nearly eighteen years was at his disposal, but he did not seem to appreciate it.

"He says we are sweeps. Put him away! Now, Campbell! Oh, I forgot! I say, Campbell, what did you bully Clewer for?"

Then came the tears—scalding tears; appeals for mercy and abject promises of peace. Let them cease the tortures and Campbell would never lift hand against them. The questions began again—to an accompaniment of small persuasions.

"You seem hurt, Campbell. Are you hurt?"

"Yes. Awfully!"

"He says he is hurt. Are you broke?"

"Yes, yes! I swear I am. Oh, stop!"

"He says he is broke. Are you humble?"

"Yes!"

"He says he is humble. Are you devilish humble?"

"Yes!"

"He says he is devilish humble. Will you bully Clewer any more?"

"No. No—ooh!"

"He says he won't bully Clewer. Or anyone else?"

"No. I swear I won't."

"Or anyone else. What about that lickin' you and Sefton were goin' to give us?"

"I won't! I won't! I swear I won't!"

"He says he won't lick us. Do you esteem yourself to know anything about bullyin'?"

"No, I don't!"

"He says he doesn't know anything about bullyin'. Haven't we taught you a lot?"

"Yes—yes!"

"He says we've taught him a lot. Aren't you grateful?"

"Yes!"

"He says he is grateful. Put him away. Oh, I forgot! I say, Campbell, what did you bully Clewer for?"

He wept anew; his nerves being raw. "Because I was a bully. I suppose that's what you want me to say?"

"He says he is a bully. Right he is. Put him in the corner. No more japes for Campbell. Now, Sefton!"

"You devils! You young devils!" This and much more as he was punted across the carpet by skilful knees.

"The bleatin' of the kid excites the tiger. We're goin' to make you beautiful. Where does he keep his shaving things? [Campbell told.] Beetle, get some water. Turkey, make the lather. We're goin' to shave you, Seffy, so you'd better lie jolly still, or you'll get cut. I've never shaved anyone before."

"Don't! Oh, don't! *Please* don't!"

"Gettin' polite, eh? I'm only goin' to take off one ducky little whisker——"

"I'll—I'll make it pax, if you don't. I swear I'll let you off your lickin' when I get up!"

"*And* half that mustache we're so proud of. He says he'll let us off our lickin'. Isn't he kind?"

McTurk laughed into the nickel-plated shaving-cup, and settled Sefton's head between Stalky's vise-like knees.

"Hold on a shake," said Beetle, "you can't shave long hairs. You've got to cut all that mustache short first, an' then scrape him."

"Well, I'm not goin' to hunt about for scissors. Won't a match do? Chuck us the match-box. He *is* a hog, you know; we might as well singe him. Lie still!"

He lit a vesta, but checked his hand. "I only want to take off half, though."

"That's all right." Beetle waved the brush. "I'll lather up to the middle—see? and you can burn off the rest."

The thin-haired first mustache of youth fluffed off in flame to the lather line in the center of the lip, and Stalky rubbed away the burnt stumpage with his thumb. It was not a very gentle shave, but it abundantly accomplished its purpose.

"Now the whisker on the other side. Turn him over!" Between match and razor this, too, was removed. "Give him his shaving-glass. Take the gag out. I want to hear what he'll say."

But there were no words. Sefton gazed at the lop-sided wreck in horror and despair. Two fat tears rolled down his cheek.

"Oh, I forgot! I say, Sefton, what did you bully Clewer for?"

"Leave me alone! Oh, you infernal bullies, leave me alone! Haven't I had enough!"

"He says we must leave him alone," said McTurk.

"He says we are bullies, an' we haven't even begun yet," said Beetle. "You're ungrateful, Seffy. Golly! You *do* look an atrocity and a half!"

"He says he has had enough," said Stalky. "He errs!"

"Well, to work, to work!" chanted McTurk, waving a stump. "Come on, my giddy Narcissus. Don't fall in love with your own reflection!"

"Oh, let him off," said Campbell from his corner; "he's blubbing, too."

Sefton cried like a twelve-year-old with pain, shame, wounded vanity, and utter helplessness.

"You'll make it pax, Sefton, won't you? You can't stand up to those young devils——"

"Don't be rude, Campbell, dear," said McTurk, "or you'll catch it again!"

"You *are* devils, you know," said Campbell.

"What? for a little bullyin'—same as you've been givin' Clewer! How long have you been jestin' with him?" said Stalky. "All this term?"

"We didn't always knock him about, though!"

"You did when you could catch him," said Beetle, cross-legged on the floor, dropping a stump from time to time across Sefton's instep. "Don't I know it!"

"I—perhaps we did."

"And you went out of your way to catch him? Don't I know it? Because he was an awful little beast, eh? Don't I know it? Now, you see, *you*'re awful beasts, and you're gettin' what he got—for bein' a beast. Just because we choose."

"We never really bullied him—like you've done us."

"Yah!" said Beetle. "They never really bully—'Molly' Fairburn didn't. Only knock 'em about a little bit. That's what they say. Only kick their souls out of 'em, and they go and blub in the box-rooms. Shove their heads into the ulsters an' blub. Write home three times a day—yes, you brute, I've done that—askin' to be taken away. *You*'ve never been bullied properly, Campbell. I'm sorry you made pax."

"*I*'m not!" said Campbell, who was a humorist in a way. "Look out, you're slaying Sefton!"

In his excitement Beetle had used the stump unreflectingly, and Sefton was now shouting for mercy.

"An' you!" he cried, wheeling where he sat. "You've never been bullied, either. Where were you before you came here?"

"I—I had a tutor."

"Yah! You would. You never blubbed in your life. But you're blubbin' now, by gum. Aren't you blubbin'?"

"Can't you see, you blind beast?" Sefton fell over sideways, tear-tracks furrowing the dried lather. Crack came the cricket-stump on the curved latter-end of him.

"Blind, am I," said Beetle, "and a beast? Shut up, Stalky. I'm goin' to jape a bit with our friend, *à la* 'Molly' Fairburn. *I* think I can see. Can't I see, Sefton?"

"The point is well taken," said McTurk, watching the stump at work. "You'd better say that he sees, Seffy."

"You do—you do! I swear you do!" yelled Sefton, for strong arguments were coercing him.

"Aren't my eyes lovely?" The stump rose and fell steadily throughout this catechism.

"Yes."

"A gentle hazel, aren't they?"

"Yes—oh, yes!"

"What a liar you are! They're sky-blue. Ain't they sky-blue?"

"Yes—oh, yes!"

"You don't know your mind from one minute to another. You must learn—you must learn."

"What a bait you're in!" said Stalky. "Keep your hair on, Beetle."

"I've had it done to me," said Beetle. "Now—about my being a beast."

"Pax—oh, pax!" cried Sefton; "make it pax. I'll give up! Let me off! No more! I'm broke! I can't stand it!"

"Ugh! Just when we were gettin' our hand in!" grunted McTurk. "They didn't let Clewer off, I'll swear."

"Confess — apologize — quick!" said Stalky.

From the floor Sefton made unconditional surrender, more abjectly even than Campbell. He would never touch anyone again. He would go softly all the days of his life.

"We've got to take it, I suppose?" said Stalky. "All right, Sefton. You're broke? Very good. Shut up, Beetle! But before we let you up, you an' Campbell will kindly oblige us with 'Kitty of Coleraine'—*à la* Clewer."

"That's not fair," said Campbell; "we've surrendered."

"Course you have. *Now* you're goin' to do what we tell you—same as Clewer would. If you hadn't surrendered you'd ha' been really bullied. Havin' surrendered—do you follow, Seffy?—you sing odes in honor of the conquerors. Hurry up!"

They dropped into chairs luxuriously. Campbell and Sefton looked at each other, and, neither taking comfort in that view, struck up "Kitty of Coleraine."

"Vile bad," said Stalky, as the miserable wailing ended. "If you hadn't surrendered it would have been our painful duty to buzz books at you for singin' out o' tune. Now then."

He freed them from their bonds, but for several minutes they could not rise. Campbell was first on his feet, smiling uneasily. Sefton staggered to the table, buried his head in his arms, and shook with sobs. There was no shadow of fight in either—only amazement, distress, and shame.

"Ca—can't he shave clean before tea, please?" said Campbell. "It's ten minutes to bell."

Stalky shook his head. He meant to escort the half-shaved one to the meal.

McTurk yawned in his chair and Beetle mopped his face. They were all dripping with excitement and exertion.

"If I knew anything about it, I swear I'd give you a moral lecture," said Stalky severely.

"Don't jaw; they've surrendered," said McTurk. "This moral suasion biznai takes it out of a chap."

"Don't you see how gentle we've been? We might have called Clewer in to look at you," said Stalky. "The bleatin' of the tiger excites the kid. But we didn't. We've only got to tell a few chaps in Coll. about this and you'd be hooted all over the shop. Your life wouldn't be worth havin'. But we aren't goin' to do that, either. We're strictly moral suasers, Campbell; so, unless you or Seffy split about this, no one will."

"I swear you're a brick," said Campbell. "I suppose I was rather a brute to Clewer."

"It looked like it," said Stalky. "But I don't think Seffy need come into hall with cock-eye whiskers. Horrid bad for the fags if they saw him. He can shave. Ain't you grateful, Sefton?"

The head did not lift. Sefton was deeply asleep.

"That's rummy," said McTurk, as a snore mixed with a sob. "Cheek, *I* think, or he's shammin'."

"No, 'tisn't," said Beetle. "When 'Molly' Fairburn had attended to me for an hour or so I used to go bung off to sleep on a form sometimes. Poor devil! But he called me a beastly poet, though."

"Well, come on." Stalky lowered his voice. "Good-by, Campbell. 'Member, if you don't talk, nobody will."

There should have been a war-dance, but that all three were so utterly tired that they almost went to sleep above the tea-cups in their study, and slept till prep.

. . . . .

"A most extraordinary letter. Are *all* parents incurably mad? What do you make of it?" said the Head, handing a closely-written eight pages to the Reverend John.

"'The only son of his mother, and she a widow.' That is the least reasonable sort." The Chaplain read with pursed lips.

"If half those charges are true he should be in the sick-house; whereas he is disgustingly well. Certainly he has shaved. I noticed that."

"Under compulsion, as his mother points out. How delicious! How salutary!"

"*You* haven't to answer her. It isn't often I don't know what has happened in the school; but this is beyond me."

"If you asked me I should say seek not to propitiate. When one is forced to take crammers' pups——"

"He was perfectly well at extra-tuition—with me—this morning," said the Head, absently. "Unusually well-behaved, too."

"——they either educate the school, or the school, as in this case, educates them. I prefer our own methods," the Chaplain concluded.

"You think it was that?" A lift of the Head's eyebrow.

"I'm sure of it! And nothing excuses his trying to give the College a bad name."

"That's the line I mean to take with him," the Head answered.

The Augurs winked.

. . . . .

A few days later the Reverend John called on Number Five. "Why haven't we seen you before, Padre?" said they.

"I've been watching times and seasons and events and men—and boys," he replied. "I am pleased with the Tenth Legion. I make them my compliments. Clewer was throwing ink-balls in form this morning, instead of doing his work. He is now doing fifty lines for—unheard-of audacity."

"You can't blame us, sir," said Beetle. "You told us to remove the—er—pressure. That's the worst of a fag."

"I've known boys five years his senior throw ink-balls, Beetle. To such an one have I given two hundred lines—not so long ago. And now I come to think of it, were those lines ever shown up?"

"Were they, Turkey?" said Beetle unblushingly.

"Don't you think Clewer looks a little cleaner, Padre?" Stalky interrupted.

"We're no end of moral reformers," said McTurk.

"It was all Stalky, but it was a lark," said Beetle.

"I have noticed the moral reform in several quarters. Didn't I tell you you had more influence than any boys in the Coll. if you cared to use it?"

"It's a trifle exhaustin' to use frequent—our kind of moral suasion. Besides, you see, it only makes Clewer cheeky."

"I wasn't thinking of Clewer; I was thinking of—the other people, Stalky."

"Oh, we didn't bother much about the other people," said McTurk. "Did we?"

"But *I* did—from the beginning."

"Then you knew, sir?"

A downward puff of smoke.

"Boys educate each other, they say, more than we can or dare. If I had used one half of the moral suasion you may or may not have employed——"

"With the best motives in the world. Don't forget our pious motives, Padre," said McTurk.

"I suppose I should be now languishing in Bideford gaol, shouldn't I? Well, to quote the Head, in a little business which we have agreed to forget, that strikes me as flagrant injustice. . . . What are you laughing at, you young sinners? Isn't it true? I will not stay to be shouted at. What I looked into this den of iniquity for was to find out if anyone cared to come down for a bathe off the Ridge. But I see you won't."

"Won't we, though! Half a shake, Padre sahib, till we get our towels, and *nous sommes avec vous*."

"THIS ANIMAL OF A BULDY JONES."

By Frank Norris,

Author of "Moran of the Lady Letty," etc.

WE could always look for fine fighting at Julian's of a Monday morning, because at that time the model was posed for the week and we picked out the places from which to work. Of course the first ten of the *esquisse* men had first choice. So, no matter how early you got up and how resolutely you held to your first row *tabouret*, chaps like Roubault, or Marioton, or the little Russian, whom we nicknamed "Choubersky," or Haushaulder, or the big American—"This Animal of a Buldy Jones"—all strong *esquisse* men, could always chuck you out when they came, which they did about ten o'clock, when everything had quieted down. When two particularly big, quick-tempered, obstinate, and combative men try to occupy, simultaneously, a space twelve inches square, it gives rise to complications. We used to watch and wait for these fights (after we had been chucked out ourselves), and make things worse, and hasten the crisis by getting upon the outskirts of the crowd that thronged about the disputants and shoving with all our mights. Then one of the disputants would be jostled rudely against the other, who would hit him in the face, and then there would be a wild hooroosh and a clatter of overturned easels and the flashing of whitened knuckles and glimpses of two fierce red faces over the shoulders of the crowd, and everything would be pleasant. Then, perhaps, you would see an allusion in the Paris edition of the next morning's "Herald" to the "brutal and lawless students."

I remember particularly one fight—quite the best I ever saw at Julian's—or elsewhere, for the matter of that. It was between

Haushaulder and Gilet. Haushaulder was a Dane, and six feet two. Gilet was French, and had a waist like Virginie's. But Gilet had just come back from his three years' army service, and knew all about the *savate*. They squared off at each other, Gilet spitting like a cat, and Haushaulder *grommelant* under his mustache. "This Animal of a Buldy Jones," the big American, bellowed to separate them, for it really looked like a massacre. And then, all at once, Gilet spun around, bent over till his finger-tips touched the floor, and, balancing on the toe, lashed out backwards with his leg at Haushaulder, like any cayuse. The heel of his boot caught the Dane on the point of the chin. An hour and forty minutes later, when Haushaulder recovered consciousness and tried to speak, we found that the tip of his tongue had been sliced off between his teeth as if by a pair of scissors. It was a really unfortunate affair, and the government very nearly closed the atelier because of it. But "This Animal of a Buldy Jones" gave us all his opinion of the *savate*, and announced that the next man who *savated* from any cause whatever "*aurait affaire avec lui, oui, avec lui, cré nom!*"

Heavens! No one *aimerait avoir affaire avec cette animal de Buldy Jones.* He was from Chicago (but, of course, he couldn't help that!), and was taller than even Haushaulder, and much broader. The desire for art had come upon him all of a sudden while he was studying law at Columbia. For "This Animal of a Buldy Jones" had gone into law after leaving Yale. Here we touch "This Animal of a Buldy Jones's" great weakness. He was a Yale man! Why, he was prouder of that fact than he was of being an American, or even a Chicagoan—and that is saying much. Why, he couldn't talk of Yale without his face flushing. Why, Yale was almost more to him than his mother. I remember, at the students' ball at Bulliers, he got the Americans together, and with infinite trouble taught us all the Yale "yell," which he swore was a transcript from Aristophanes, and for three hours he gravely headed a procession that went the rounds of the hall bawling "Brek! Kek! Kek! Kex! Co-ex! Co-ex!" and all the rest of it.

More than that, "This Animal of a Buldy Jones" had pitched on his 'varsity baseball nine. In his studio—quite the swellest in the Quarter, by the way—he had a collection of balls that he had pitched in match games at different times, and he used to show them to us reverently, and if we were his especial friends, would allow us to handle them. They were all written over with names and dates. He would explain them to us one by one.

"This one," he would say, "I pitched in the Princeton game, and here's two I pitched in the Harvard game—hard game that—our catcher gave out—guess he couldn't hold me" (with a grin of pride), "and Harvard made it interesting for me until the fifth inning; then I made two men fan out one after the other, and then, just to show 'em what I could do, filled the bases, got three balls called on me, and then pitched two inshoots and an out-curve, just as hard as I could deliver. Printz of Harvard was at the bat. He struck at every one of them—and fanned out. Here's the ball I did it with. Yes, sir. Oh, I can pitch a ball all right."

Now think of that! Here was this man, "This Animal of a Buldy Jones," a Beaux Arts man, one of the best color and line men on our side, who had three *esquisses* and five figures "on the wall" at Julian's (any Paris art student will know what that means), and yet the one thing he was proud of, the one thing he cared to be admired for, the one thing he loved to talk about, was the fact that he had pitched for the Yale 'varsity baseball nine.

All this by way of introduction.

I wonder how many Julian men there are left who remember the *affaire Camme?* Plenty, I make no doubt, for the thing was of a monumental character. I heard Roubault tell it at the "Dead Rat" just the other day. "Choubersky" wrote to "The Young Pretender" that he heard it away in the interior of Morocco, where he had gone to paint doorways, and Adler, who is now on the "Century" staff, says it's an old story among the illustrators. It has been bandied about so much that there is danger of its original form being lost. Wherefore it is time that it should be brought to print.

Now Camme, be it understood, was a filthy little beast—a thorough-paced, blown-in-the-bottle blackguard with not enough self-respect to keep him sweet through a summer's day—a rogue, a bug—anything you like that is sufficiently insulting; besides all this, and perhaps because of it, he was a duelist. He loved to have a man slap his face—some huge, big-boned, big-hearted man, who knew no other weapons but his knuckles. Camme would send him his card the next day, with a message to the effect that it would give him great pleasure to try and kill the gentleman in question at a certain time and place. Then there would be a lot of palaver, and somehow the duel would never come off, and Camme's reputation as a duelist would go up another peg, and the rest of us—beastly little *rapins* that we were—would hold him in increased fear and increased horror, just as if he were a rattler in coil.

Well, the row began one November morning—a Monday—and, of course, it was over the allotment of seats. Camme had calmly rubbed out the name of "This Animal of a Buldy Jones" from the floor, and had chalked his own in its place. Now, Bouguereau had placed the *esquisse* of "This Animal of a Buldy Jones" fifth, the preceding Saturday, and according to unwritten law he had precedence over Camme.

But Camme invented reasons for a different opinion, and presented them to the whole three ateliers at the top of his voice and with unclean allusions. We were all climbing up on the taller stools by this time, and Virginie, who was the model of the week, was making furtive signs at us to give the crowd a push, as was our custom.

Camme was going on at a great rate.

"*Ah, farceur! Ah, espece de voleur, crapaud, va; c'est a moi cette place la Saligaud va te prom'ner, va faire des copies au Louvre.*"

To be told to go and make copies in the Louvre was in our time the last insult. "This Animal of a Buldy Jones," this sometime Yale pitcher, towering above the little frog-like Frenchman, turned to the crowd, and said, in grave concern, his forehead puckered in great deliberation:

"I do not know, precisely, that which it is necessary to do with this kind of a little toad of two legs. I do not know whether I should spank him or administer the good kick of the boot. I believe I shall give him the good kick of the boot. Hein!"

He turned Camme around, held him at arm's length, and kicked him twice severely. Next day, of course, Camme sent his card, and four of us Americans went around to the studio of "This Animal of a Buldy Jones" to have a smoke-talk over it. Robinson was of the opinion to ignore the matter.

"Now, we can't do that," said Adler; "these beastly continentals would misunderstand. Can you shoot, Buldy Jones?"

"Only deer."

"Fence?"

"Not a little bit. Oh, let's go and punch the wadding out of him, and be done with it!"

"No! No! He should be humiliated."

"I tell you what—let's guy the thing."

"Get up a fake duel and make him seem ridiculous."

"You've got the choice of weapons, Buldy Jones."

"Fight him with hat-pins."

"Oh, let's go punch the wadding out of him—he makes me tired."

"Horse" Wilson, who hadn't spoken, suddenly broke in with:

"Now, listen to me, you other fellows. Let me fix this thing. Buldy Jones, I must be one of your seconds."

"*Soit!*"

"I'm going to Camme, and say like this: 'This Animal of a Buldy Jones' has the naming of weapons. He comes from a strange country, near the Mississippi, from a place called Shee-ka-go, and there it is not considered etiquette to fight either with the sword or pistol—it is too common. However, when it is necessary that balls should be exchanged in order to satisfy honor, a curious custom is resorted to. Balls are exchanged, but not from pistols. They are very terrible balls, large as an apple, and of adamantine hardness. 'This Animal of a Buldy Jones' even now has a collection. No American gentleman of honor travels without them. He would gladly have you come and make first choice of a ball, while he will select one from among those you leave. *Sur le terrain*, you will deliver these balls simultaneously toward each other, repeating till one or the other adversary drops. Then honor can be declared satisfied."

"Yes, and do you suppose that Camme will listen to such tommy-rot as that?" remarked "This Animal of a Buldy Jones." "I think I'd better just punch his head."

"Listen to it? Of course he'll listen to it. You've no idea what curious ideas these continentals have of the American duel. You can't propose anything so absurd in the dueling line that they won't give it serious thought. And besides, if Camme won't fight this way, we'll tell him that you will have a Mexican duel."

"What's that?"

"Tie your left wrists together, and fight with knives in your right hand. That'll scare the tar out of him."

And it did. The seconds had a meeting at the café of the Moulin Rouge, and gave Camme's seconds the choice of the duel Yale or the duel Mexico. Camme had no wish to tie himself to a man with a knife in his hand,

and his seconds came the next day and solemnly chose a league ball—one that had been used against the Harvard nine.

Will I—will any of us ever forget that duel? Camme and his people came upon the ground almost at the same time as we. It was behind the mill of Longchamps, of course. Roubault was one of Camme's seconds, and he carried the ball in a lacquered Japanese tobacco-jar—gingerly as if it were a bomb. We were quick getting to work. Camme and "This Animal of a Buldy Jones" were to take each his baseball in his hand, stand back to back, walk away from each other just the distance between the pitcher's box and the home plate (we had seen to that), turn on the word, and—deliver their balls.

"How do you feel," I whispered to our principal, as I passed the ball into his hands.

"I feel just as if I was going into a match game, with the bleachers full to the top and the boys hitting her up for Yale. We ought to give the yell, y' know."

"How's the ball?"

"A bit soft and not quite round. Bernard of the Harvard nine hit the shape out of it in a drive over our left field, but it'll do all right, all right."

"This Animal of a Buldy Jones" bent and gathered up a bit of dirt, rubbed the ball in it, and ground it between his palms. The man's arms were veritable connecting-rods, and were strung with tendons like particularly well-seasoned rubber. I remembered what he said about few catchers being able to hold him, and I recalled the pads and masks and wadded gloves of a baseball game, and I began to feel nervous. If Camme was hit on the temple or over the heart——

"Now, say, old man, go slow, you know. We don't want to fetch up in Mazas for this. By the way, what kind of ball are you going to give him? What's the curve?"

"I don't know yet. Maybe I'll let him have an up-shoot. Never make up my mind till the last moment."

"All ready, gentlemen!" said Roubault, coming up.

Camme had removed coat, vest, and cravat. "This Animal of a Buldy Jones" stripped to a sleeveless undershirt. He spat on his hands, and rubbed a little more dirt on the ball.

"Play ball!" he muttered.

We set them back to back. On the word they paced from each other and paused. "This Animal of a Buldy Jones" shifted his ball to his right hand, and, holding it between his fingers, slowly raised both his arms high above his head and a little over one shoulder. With his toe he made a little depression in the soil, while he slowly turned the ball between his fingers.

"Fire!" cried "Horse" Wilson.

On the word "This Animal of a Buldy Jones" turned abruptly about on one foot, one leg came high off the ground till the knee nearly touched the chest—you know the movement and position well—the uncanny contortions of a pitcher about to deliver.

Camme threw his ball overhand—bowled it as is done in cricket, and it went wide over our man's shoulder. Down came Buldy Jones's foot, and his arm shot forward with a tremendous jerk. Not till the very last moment did he glance at his adversary or measure the distance.

"It is an in-curve!" exclaimed "Horse" Wilson in my ear.

We could hear the ball whir as it left a gray blurred streak in the air. Camme made as if to dodge it with a short toss of head and neck—it was all he had time for—and the ball, faithful to the last twist of the pitcher's fingers, swerved sharply inward at the same moment and in the same direction.

When we got to Camme and gathered him up, I veritably believed that the fellow had been done for. For he lay as he had fallen, straight as a ramrod and quite as stiff, and his eyes were winking like the shutter of a kinetoscope. But "This Animal of a Buldy Jones," who had seen prize-fighters knocked out by a single blow, said it was all right. An hour later Camme woke up and began to mumble in pain through his clenched teeth, for the ball, hitting him on the point of the chin, had dislocated his jaw.

The heart-breaking part of the affair came afterward, when "This Animal of a Buldy Jones" kept us groping in the wet grass and underbrush until long after dark looking for his confounded baseball, which had caromed off Camme's chin, and gone—no one knows where.

We never found it.

LINCOLN'S METHOD OF DEALING WITH MEN.

By Ida M. Tarbell,

Author of "The Early Life of Lincoln."

THE STORM RAISED OVER FRÉMONT.—McCLELLAN'S TREATMENT OF LINCOLN.—THE RETIREMENT OF SECRETARY CAMERON.—STANTON AND LINCOLN.—LINCOLN IN AFFLICTION.—HIS LATER RELIGIOUS VIEWS.

THE most popular military appointment President Lincoln made before that of McClellan was that of John C. Frémont to the command of the Department of the West. Republicans appreciated it, for had not Frémont been the first candidate of their party for the Presidency? The West was jubilant: Frémont's explorations had years before made him the hero of the land along the Mississippi. The cabinet was satisfied, particularly Postmaster-General Blair, whose "pet and *protégé*" Frémont was. Lincoln himself "thought well of Frémont," believed he could do the work to be done; and he had already had experience enough to discern that his great trouble was to be, not finding major-generals—he had more *pegs* than *holes* to put them in, he said one day—but finding major-generals who could do the thing they were ordered to do.

Frémont had gone to his headquarters at St. Louis, Missouri, late in July. Before a month had passed, the gravest charges of incompetency and neglect of duty were being made against him. It was even intimated to the President that the General was using his position to work up a northwestern confederacy. Mr. Lincoln had listened to all these charges, but taken no action, when, on the morning of August 30th, he was amazed to read in his newspaper that Frémont had issued a proclamation declaring, among other things, that the property, real and personal, of all the persons in the State of Missouri who should take up arms against the United States, or who should be directly proved to have taken an active part with its enemies in the field, would be confiscated to public use and their slaves, if they had any, declared freemen.

LINCOLN'S CONSIDERATION FOR FRÉMONT.

Frémont's proclamation astonished the country as much as it did the President. In the North it elicited almost universal satisfaction. This was striking at the root of the trouble—slavery. But in the Border States, particularly in Kentucky, the Union party was dismayed. The only possible method of keeping those sections in the Union was not to interfere with slavery. Mr. Lincoln saw this as clearly as his Border State supporters. It was well known that this was his policy. He felt that Frémont had not only defied the policy of the administration, he had usurped power which belonged only to the legislative part of the government. He had a good excuse for reprimanding the General, even for removing him. Instead, he wrote him, on September 2d, a most kindly letter:

> I think there is great danger that the closing paragraph [of the proclamation], in relation to the confiscation of property and the liberating slaves of traitorous owners, will alarm our Southern Union friends and turn them against us; perhaps ruin our rather fair prospect for Kentucky. Allow me, therefore, to ask that you will, as of your own motion, modify that paragraph so as to conform to the first and fourth sections of the act of Congress entitled, "An act to confiscate property used for insurrectionary purposes," approved August 6, 1861, and a copy of which act I herewith send you.
>
> This letter is written in a spirit of caution, and not of censure. I send it by special messenger, in order that it may certainly and speedily reach you.

But Lincoln did more than this. Without waiting for Frémont's reply to the above, he went over carefully all the criticisms on the General's administration, in order to see if he could help him. His conclusion was that

Frémont was isolating himself too much from men who were interested in the same cause, and so did not know what was going on in the very matter he was dealing with. That Mr. Lincoln hit the very root of Frémont's difficulty is evident from the testimony of the men who were with the General in Missouri at the time. Colonel George E. Leighton of St. Louis, who became provost marshal of the city in the fall of 1861, says :

> Frémont isolated himself, and, unlike Grant, Halleck, and others of like rank, was unapproachable. When Halleck came here to assume command and called on Frémont, he was accompanied simply by a member of his staff; but when Frémont returned the call, he rode down with great pomp and ceremony, escorted by his staff and bodyguard of one hundred men.*

General B. G. Farrar recounts his experience in trying to get an important message to Frémont from General Lyon, who was at Springfield with an insufficient force :

> Word was returned to me that General Frémont was very busy, that he would receive the despatch, and requested me to call in the afternoon. I called in the afternoon, and was again told that General Frémont was very busy. Three days passed before I succeeded in obtaining an audience with Frémont.*

Having made up his mind what Frémont's fault was, Lincoln asked General David Hunter to go to Missouri. "He [Frémont] needs to have at his side a man of large experience," he wrote to Hunter. "Will you not, for me, take that place? Your rank is one grade too high to be ordered to it, but will you not serve the country and oblige me by taking it voluntarily?" At the same time that Hunter was asked to go to Frémont's relief, Postmaster-General Blair went to St. Louis, with the President's approbation, to talk with the General "as a friend."

LINCOLN DENOUNCED ON ALL SIDES.

In the meantime, Lincoln's letter of September 2d had reached Frémont. After a few days the General replied that he wished the President himself would make the general order modifying the clause of the proclamation which referred to the liberation of slaves. Lincoln at once sent the order. When this was made public, a perfect storm of denunciation broke over the President. The whole North felt outraged. There was talk of impeaching Lincoln and of replacing him with Frémont. Great newspapers criticised his action, warning him to learn whither he was tending. Influential men in all professions spoke bitterly of his action. "How many times," wrote James Russell Lowell to Miss Norton, "are we to save Kentucky and lose our self-respect?" The hardest of these criticisms for Lincoln to bear were those from his old friends in Illinois, nearly all of whom supported Frémont.

The general supposition throughout the country at this time was that the President would remove Frémont. He, however, had no idea of dismissing the General on the ground of the proclamation, and he hoped, as he wrote to Senator Browning, that no real necessity existed for it on any ground. The hope was vain. Disasters to the Union army, the evident result of the General's inefficiency, and positive proofs of corruption in the management of the financial affairs of the Department, multiplied. In spite of expostulations and threats from Frémont's supporters, Lincoln decided to remove him. But he would not do it without giving him a last chance. In sending the order for his removal and the appointment of General Hunter to the place, he directed that it was not to be delivered if there was any evidence that Frémont had fought, or was about to fight, a battle. It was not only Lincoln's sense of justice which led him to give a last chance to Frémont; it was a part of that far-seeing political wisdom of his—not to displace men until they themselves had demonstrated their unfitness so clearly that even their friends must finally agree that he had done right.

FRÉMONT'S REMOVAL.

It was generally believed in Missouri that Frémont had decided to receive no bearer of despatches, so that if the President did remove him he could say that he never had been informed of the fact. General Curtis, to whom Lincoln's order was forwarded, knowing this, sent copies by three separate messengers to Frémont's headquarters. The one who delivered it first was General T. I. McKenny, now of Olympia, Washington. His story is good evidence of the pass to which things had come in Frémont's department :

> About three o'clock at night, on October 27, 1861, I think it was, I was awakened by a messenger stating that General Curtis desired to see me at his headquarters. General Curtis informed me that he had an important message from the President to be taken to General Frémont, then in the field, it not being known where. I was shown the order that I was to convey, that General Frémont was relieved of his command of

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* Interview for McClure's Magazine by J. McCan Davis.

the Department of the West and General Hunter placed temporarily in his stead. Aside from this, I had special instructions which I understood were Mr. Lincoln's own—

1st. If General Frémont had fought and gained a decided victory—not a mere skirmish—then not to deliver the message.

2d. If he was in the immediate presence of the enemy *and about to begin a battle, not to deliver it.*

3d. If neither of these conditions prevailed, to deliver it and to make it known immediately, as it was thought that he was determined to receive no orders superseding him.

I immediately went to St. Louis, waked up a second-hand dealer in clothing and fitted myself out as a Southern planter, and then took the train for Rolla, Missouri. There I secured horses and a guide, and about two o'clock at night rode rapidly south in the direction of Springfield, Missouri, where I expected to find Frémont. I rode this distance principally in the night, passing through the small rebel towns at a very rapid gait. About 117 miles from Rolla I reached the outer cordon of Frémont's pickets. Here I had difficulty getting through the lines, as the instructions to the guard were very stringent. When I finally got in, there being no immediate prospects of a battle, I straightway made my way to Frémont's headquarters, where I met the officer of the day, who told me that I could not see General Frémont, but that he would introduce me to his chief of staff, Colonel Eaton. The latter also told me that I could not see the General; but if I would make my business known to him, that he would communicate it to Frémont. This I positively refused to do. He returned to Frémont, and communicated what I had said, but it had no effect. Late in the evening, however, I was hunted up by Colonel Eaton, who took me to General Frémont's office.

The General was sitting at the end of quite a long table facing the door by which I entered. I never can forget the appearance of the man as he sat there, with his piercing eye, and his hair parted in the middle. I ripped from my coat lining the document, which had been sewed in there, and handed the same to him, which he nervously took and opened. He glanced at the superscription, and then at the signature at the bottom, not looking at the contents. A frown came over his brow, and he slammed the paper down on the table, and said, "Sir, how did you get admission into my lines?" I told him that I had come in as a messenger bearing information from the rebel lines. He waved me out, saying, "That will do for the present."

I had orders to make the contents of the document known as soon as delivered. The first man I met was General Sturgis, to whom I gave the information. I was then overtaken by the chief of staff, Eaton, who said that General Frémont was much disappointed with the communication, as he had thought that I had information from the rebel forces, and that he requested me not to make the message known for the present.

I then told Colonel Eaton that I had important despatches for General Hunter and would like transportation and a guide, and he remarked that he would consult General Frémont on the subject. He soon returned with the information that Frémont did not know where General Hunter was and refused to give me any transportation, saying that he had been relieved and had no authority to do so. I then went to a self-styled "Colonel" Richardson, who had a kind of marauding company, having been mustered into neither the United States service nor the State service. I gave him to understand that I would use my influence to have him regularly mustered into the service, whereupon he furnished me with a good horse and a pretended guide. I could get no information in regard to Hunter, but there was a rumor that he was making towards Springfield and was in the region of a place called Buffalo. I therefore started out about eleven o'clock at night on the Buffalo road, and, after great difficulty, reached the town about daylight, but I could hear nothing of General Hunter. I left my guide, and started out on the road to Bolivar. I had not proceeded more than twelve or fifteen miles before I heard the *rattling of horses' hoofs in my rear. I stopped to* await their arrival, and found that they were a small detachment of Hunter's troops to inform me that the General had just arrived in Buffalo, whereupon I retraced my steps and delivered my message. General Hunter immediately started for Springfield in a four-mule ambulance. Arriving, he issued a short proclamation assuming command. It was thought by some that this would produce a mutiny among the foreign element. It did not.*

LINCOLN AND GENERAL HUNTER.

Lincoln's troubles with generals in the Department of the West did not end with Frémont's removal. General Hunter, to whom the President had shown special marks of confidence and whom he assigned temporarily to Frémont's place, annoyed him by continued complaints and criticisms. In December, after Hunter had been transferred to Kansas, Lincoln attempted to do for him what he had tried in another way to do for Frémont, show him that he was making a mistake; and he wrote the following letter, which only recently came into the possession of the War Department:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, *Dec.* 31, 1861.

MAJOR-GENERAL HUNTER.

Dear Sir: Yours of the 23d is received, and I am constrained to say it is difficult to answer so ugly a letter in good temper. I am, as you intimate, losing much of the great confidence I placed in you, not from any act or omission of yours touching the public service, up to the time you were sent to Leavenworth, but from the flood of grumbling despatches and letters I have seen from you since. I knew you were being ordered to Leavenworth at the time it was done; and I aver that with as tender a regard for your honor and your sensibilities as I had for my own, it never occurred to me that you were being "humiliated, insulted and disgraced;" nor have I, up to this day, heard an intimation that you have been wronged, coming from any one but yourself—No one has blamed you for the retrograde movement from Springfield, nor for the information you gave General Cameron; and this you could readily understand, if it were not for your unwarranted assumption that the ordering you to Leavenworth must necessarily have been done as a *punishment* for some *fault.* I thought then, and think yet, the position assigned to you is as responsible, and as honorable, as that assigned to Buell—I know that General McClellan expected more important results from it. My impression is that at the time you were assigned to the new Western Department, it had not been determined to replace General Sherman in Kentucky; but of this I am not certain, because the idea that a command in Kentucky was very desirable, and one in the farther West

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* Statement dictated by General McKenny for publication in this article.

> undesirable, had never occurred to me—You constantly speak of being placed in command of only 3,000—Now tell me, is this not mere impatience? Have you not known all the while that you are to command four or five times that many?
>
> I have been, and am sincerely your friend; and if, as such, I dare to make a suggestion, I would say you are adopting the best possible way to ruin yourself. "Act well your part, there all the honor lies." He who does *something* at the head of one Regiment, will eclipse him who does *nothing* at the head of a hundred.
>
> Your friend as ever,
>
> A. LINCOLN.

On the outside of the envelope in which this letter was found, General Hunter had written:

> The President's reply to my "ugly letter." This lay on his table a month after it was written, and when finally sent was by a special conveyance, with the direction that it was only to be given to me when I was in a good humor.

LINCOLN'S RELATIONS WITH McCLELLAN.

It was not in the West alone that the President was suffering disappointment. At the time when Frémont received the order retiring him, McClellan had been in command of the Army of the Potomac for over three months. His force had been increased until it numbered over 168,000 men. He had given night and day to organizing and drilling this army, and it seemed to those who watched him that he now had a force as near ready for battle as an army could be made ready by anything save actual fighting. Mr. Lincoln had fully sympathized with his young general's desire to prepare the Army of the Potomac for the field, and he had given him repeated proofs of his support. McClellan, however, seems to have felt from the first that Mr. Lincoln's kindness was merely a personal recognition of his own military genius. He had conceived the idea that it was he alone who was to save the country. "The people call upon me to save the country," he wrote to his wife. "I must save it, and cannot respect anything that is in the way." The President's suggestions, when they did not agree with his own ideas, he regarded as an interference. Thus he imagined that the enemy had three or four times his force, and when the President doubted this, he complained, "The President cannot or will not see the true state of affairs." Lincoln, in his anxiety to know the details of the work in the army, went frequently to McClellan's headquarters, on the corner of I and Seventeenth streets. That the President had a serious purpose in these visits McClellan did not see. "I enclose a card just received from 'A. Lincoln,'" he wrote to his wife one day; "it shows too much deference to be seen outside." In another letter to Mrs. McClellan he spoke of being "interrupted" by the President and Secretary Seward, "who had nothing in particular to say," and again of concealing himself "to dodge all enemies in shape of 'browsing' Presidents, etc." His plans he kept to himself, and when at the cabinet meetings, to which he was constantly summoned, military matters were discussed, he seemed to feel that it was an encroachment on his special business. "I am becoming daily more disgusted with this Administration—perfectly sick of it," he wrote early in October; and a few days later, "I was obliged to attend a meeting of the cabinet at 8 P.M. and was bored and annoyed. There are some of the greatest geese in the cabinet I have ever seen—enough to tax the patience of Job."

As time went on, he began to show plainly his contempt of the President, frequently allowing him to wait in the ante-room of his house while he transacted business with others. This discourtesy was so open that McClellan's staff noticed it, and newspaper correspondents commented on it. The President was too keen not to see the situation, but he was strong enough to ignore it. It was a battle he wanted from McClellan, not deference. "I will hold McClellan's horse, if he will only bring us success," he said one day.

A GLIMPSE OF LINCOLN AT McCLELLAN'S HEADQUARTERS.

While there was a pretty general disposition at first to give McClellan time to organize, before the first three months were up Lincoln was receiving impatient comments on the inactivity of the army. This impatience became anger and dismay when, on October 21st, the battle of Ball's Bluff ended in defeat. To Mr. Lincoln, Ball's Bluff was more than a military reverse. By it he suffered a terrible personal loss, in the death of one of his oldest and dearest friends, Colonel E. D. Baker. Mr. C. C. Coffin, who was at McClellan's headquarters when Lincoln received the news of his friend's death, tells of the scene:

> The afternoon was lovely, a rare October day. I learned early in the day that something was going on up the Potomac, near Edward's Ferry, by the troops under General Banks. What was going on no one knew, even at McClellan's headquarters. It was near sunset when, accompanied by a fellow correspondent, I went to ascertain what was taking place. We entered

the ante-room, and sent our cards to General McClellan. While we waited, President Lincoln came in; he recognized us, reached out his hand, spoke of the beauty of the afternoon, while waiting for the return of the young lieutenant who had gone to announce his arrival. The lines were deeper in the President's face than when I saw him in his own home, the cheeks more sunken. They had lines of care and anxiety. For eighteen months he had borne a burden such as has fallen upon few men, a burden as weighty as that which rested upon the great law-giver of Israel.

"Please to walk this way," said the lieutenant. We could hear the click of the telegraph in the adjoining room and low conversation between the President and General McClellan, succeeded by silence, excepting the click, click of the instrument, which went on with its tale of disaster. Five minutes passed, and then Mr. Lincoln, unattended, with bowed head and tears rolling down his furrowed cheeks, his face pale and wan, his breast heaving with emotion, passed through the room. He almost fell as he stepped into the street. We sprang involuntarily from our seats to render assistance, but he did not fall. With both hands pressed upon his heart, he walked down the street, not returning the salute of the sentinel pacing his beat before the door.

General McClellan came a moment later. "I have not much news to tell you," he said. "There has been a movement of troops across the Potomac at Edward's Ferry, under General Stone, and Colonel Baker is reported killed. That is about all I can give you."

LINCOLN'S ATTITUDE IN THE MASON AND SLIDELL AFFAIR.

After Ball's Bluff, the grumbling against inaction in the Army of the Potomac increased until public attention was suddenly distracted by an incident of an entirely new character, and one which changed the discouragement of the North over the repeated military failures and the inactivity of the army into exultation. This incident was the capture, on November 8th, by Captain Wilkes, of the warship "San Jacinto," of two Confederate commissioners to Europe, Messrs. Mason and Slidell. Captain Wilkes had stopped the British royal mail packet "Trent," one day out from Havana, and taken the envoys with their secretaries from her. It was not until November 15th that Captain Wilkes put in to Hampton Roads and sent the Navy Department word of his performance.

Of course the message was immediately carried to Mr. Lincoln at the White House. A few hours later Benson J. Lossing called on the President, and the conversation turned on the news. Mr. Lincoln did not hesitate to express himself.

"I fear the traitors will prove to be white elephants," he said. "We must stick to American principles concerning the rights of neutrals. We fought Great Britain for insisting by theory and practice on the right to do exactly what Captain Wilkes has done. If Great Britain shall now protest against the act and demand their release, we must give them up, apologize for the act as a violation of our doctrines, and thus forever bind her over to keep the peace in relation to neutrals, and so acknowledge that she has been wrong for sixty years."

As time went on, Lincoln had every reason to suppose that there was an overwhelming sentiment in the country in favor of keeping the commissioners and braving the wrath of England. Banquets and presentations, votes of thanks by the cabinet and by Congress, all kinds of ovation, were accorded Captain Wilkes. During this excitement the President held his peace, not even referring to the affair in the message he sent to Congress on December 3d. He was studying the situation. Before his inauguration he had said one day to Seward: "One part of the business, Governor Seward, I think I shall leave almost entirely in your hands; that is, the dealing with those foreign nations and their governments." Now, however, he saw that he must exercise a controlling influence. The person with whom he seems to have discussed the case most seriously was Charles Sumner, the chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations.

LINCOLN'S RELATIONS WITH CHARLES SUMNER.

Sumner was one of the few men who had from the first believed in Lincoln. Although himself most radical, he had been appreciative of the President-elect's point of view, and had seen in the interval between the election and the inauguration that, as a matter of fact, Lincoln was, on the essential question at issue, "firm as a chain of steel." Thus, on January 26th, he wrote, "Mr. Lincoln is perfectly firm. He says that the Republican party shall not, with his assent, become a mere sucked egg, all shell and no meat, the principle all sucked out." Although himself a most polished, even a fastidious gentleman, Sumner never allowed Lincoln's homely ways to hide his great qualities. He gave him a respect and esteem at the start which others accorded only after experience. The Senator was most tactful, too, in his dealings with Mrs. Lincoln, and soon had a firm footing in the household. That he was proud of this, perhaps a little boastful, there is no doubt. Lincoln himself appreciated this. "Sumner thinks he runs me," he said, with an amused twinkle, one day. After the seizure of Mason and Slidell, the President talked over the question frequently with Sumner, who had, from the receipt of the news, declared, "We shall have to give them up."

Early in December, word reached America

that England was getting ready to go to war in case we did not give up the commissioners. The news aroused the deepest indignation, and the determination to keep Mason and Slidell was for a brief time stronger than ever. Common sense was doing its work, however. Gradually the people began to feel that, after all, the commissioners were "white elephants." On December 19th, the Administration received a notice that the only redress which would satisfy the British government would be "the liberation of the four gentlemen," and their delivery to the British minister at Washington and a "suitable apology for the aggression which had been committed." In the days which followed, while the Secretary of State was preparing the reply to be submitted, Sumner was much with the President. We have the Senator's assurance that the President was applying his mind carefully to the answer, so that it would be essentially his. It is evident from Sumner's letter that Lincoln was resolved that there should be no war with England. Thus, on December 23d, Sumner wrote to John Bright, with whom he maintained a regular corespondence: "Your letter and also Cobden's I showed at once to the President, who is much moved and astonished by the English intelligence. He is essentially honest and pacific in disposition, with a natural slowness. Yesterday he said to me, 'There will be no war unless England is bent upon having one.'"

MR. SEWARD'S ANSWER TO GREAT BRITAIN.

It was on Christmas day that Seward finally had his answer ready. It granted the British demand as to the surrender of the prisoners, though it refused an apology—on the ground that Captain Wilkes had acted without orders. After the paper had been discussed by the cabinet, but no decision reached, and all of the members but Seward had departed, Lincoln said, according to Mr. Frederick Seward: "Governor Seward, you will go on, of course, preparing your answer, which, as I understand it, will state the reasons why they ought to be given up. Now, I have a mind to try my hand at stating the reasons why they ought *not* to be given up. We will compare the points on each side."

But the next day, after a cabinet meeting at which it was decided finally to return the prisoners, when Secretary Seward said to the President: "You thought you might frame an argument for the other side?" Mr. Lincoln smiled, and shook his head. "I found I could not make an argument that would satisfy my own mind," he said; "and that proved to me your ground was the right one."

Lincoln's first conclusion was the real ground on which the Administration submitted: "We must stick to American principles concerning the rights of neutrals." The country grimaced at the conclusion. It was to many, as Chase declared it was to him, "gall and wormwood." Lowell's clever verse expressed best the popular feeling:

We give the critters back, John,
  Cos Abram thought 't was right;
It war'n't your bullyin' clack, John,
  Provokin' us to fight.

The decision raised Mr. Lincoln immeasurably in the view of thoughtful men, especially in England.

> "If reparation were made at all, of which few of us felt more than a hope," wrote John Stuart Mill, "we thought that it would be made obviously as a concession to prudence, not to principle. We thought that there would have been truckling to the newspaper editors and supposed fire-eaters who were crying out for retaining the prisoners at all hazards. . . . We expected everything, in short, which would have been weak, and timid, and paltry. The only thing which no one seemed to expect is what has actually happened. Mr. Lincoln's government have done none of these things. Like honest men they have said in direct terms that our demand was right; that they yielded to it because it was just; that if they themselves had received the same treatment, they would have demanded the same reparation; and if what seemed to be the American side of the question was not the just side, they would be on the side of justice, happy as they were to find after their resolution had been taken, that it was also the side which America had formerly defended. Is there any one capable of a moral judgment or feeling, who will say that his opinion of America and American statesmen is not raised by such an act, done on such grounds?"

CAMERON AND LINCOLN.

Before the "Trent" affair was settled another matter came up to distract attention from McClellan's inactivity and to harass Mr. Lincoln. This time it was trouble in his official family. Mr. Cameron, his Secretary of War, had become even more obnoxious to the public than Frémont or McClellan. Like Seward, Cameron had been one of Lincoln's competitors at the Chicago Convention in 1860. His appointment to the cabinet, however, had not been made, like Seward's, because of his eminent fitness. It was the one case in which a bargain had been made before the nomination. This bargain was not struck by Mr. Lincoln, but by his friend and ablest supporter at Chicago, Judge David Davis. There was so general a belief in the country that Cameron was corrupt in his political methods that, when it was noised that he was to be one of Lincoln's cabinet, a strong effort was made to displace him. It succeeded temporarily, the President-elect withdrawing the promise of appointment after he had made it. Such pressure was brought to bear, however, that in the end he made Judge Davis's pledge good and gave the portfolio of war to Mr. Cameron.

The unsatisfactory preliminaries to the appointment must have affected the relations of the two men. Cameron's enemies watched his administration with sharp eyes, and not long after the war began commenced to bring accusations of maladministration to the President. The gist of them was that contracts were awarded for politics' sake and that the government was being swindled wholesale. Soon after the extra session of Congress assembled in July, a committee was appointed to look into the contracts the War Department was making. This committee spent the entire fall in investigation sitting in Boston, New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and other cities. Its report, when made public in December, proved to be full of sensational developments. The matter was too serious a one for Mr. Lincoln to overlook. The public would not permit him to overlook it, even if he had been so disposed.

Cameron not only brought the President into trouble by his bad management of the business of his office; but in his December report he attempted, without Mr. Lincoln's knowledge, to advocate a measure in direct opposition to what he knew to be the President's policy in regard to slavery. This measure declared in favor of arming the slaves and employing "their services against the rebels, under proper military regulation, discipline, and command." This report was mailed before the President saw it; but by his order it was promptly withdrawn from circulation as soon as he knew its contents.

Nine months of this sort of experience convinced Lincoln that Cameron was not the man for the place, and he took advantage of a remark which the Secretary, probably in moments of depression, had made to him more than once, that he wanted a "change of position," and made him Minister to Russia. It is plain from Lincoln's letters to Cameron at this time and his subsequent treatment of him that, with characteristic fair-dealing, he took into consideration all the enormous difficulties which beset the Secretary of War. He saw what the public refused to see, that "to bring the War Department up to the standard of the times, and work an army of 500,000 with machinery adapted to a peace establishment of 12,000, is no easy task." He had all this in mind evidently when he relieved Cameron, for he assured him of his personal regard and of his confidence in his "ability, patriotism, and fidelity to public trust." A few months later he did still more for Cameron. In April, 1862, Congress passed a bill censuring the Secretary for certain of his transactions. The President soon after sent the body a message in which he claimed that he himself was equally responsible in the transaction for which Cameron was being censured:

> I should be wanting equally in candor and in justice if I should leave the censure expressed in this resolution to rest exclusively or chiefly upon Mr. Cameron. The same sentiment is unanimously entertained by the heads of departments who participated in the proceedings which the House of Representatives has censured. It is due to Mr. Cameron to say that, although he fully approved the proceedings, they were not moved nor suggested by himself, and that not only the President but all the other heads of departments, were at least equally responsible with him for whatever error, wrong, or fault was committed in the premises.

STANTON AND LINCOLN.

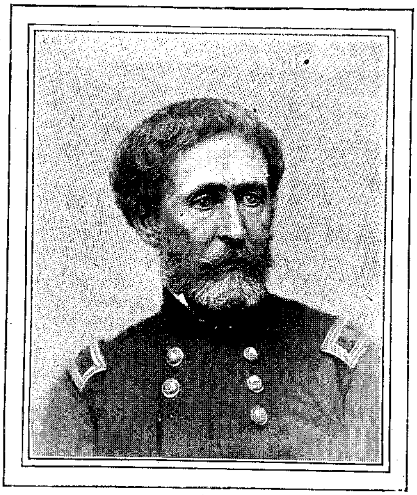
In deciding on a successor to Mr. Cameron, the President showed more clearly, perhaps, than in any other appointment of his whole Presidential career how far above personal resentments he was in his public dealings. He chose a man who six years before, at a time when consideration from a superior meant a great deal to him, had subjected him to a slight, and this for no other apparent reason than that he was rude in dress and unpolished in manner; a man who, besides, had been his most scornful, even vituperative, critic since his election. This man was Edwin M. Stanton, a lawyer of ability, integrity, and loyalty, who had won the confidence of the North by his patriotic services in Buchanan's cabinet from December, 1860, to the close of his administration, March 4, 1861. Lincoln's first encounter with Stanton had been in 1855, in the first case of importance Lincoln had outside of Illinois. He was a counsel in the case with Stanton, but the latter ignored him so openly that all those associated with them observed it.

Lincoln next knew of Stanton when, as President-elect, he watched from Springfield the deplorable dissolution of the federal authority which Buchanan allowed, and he must have felt profoundly grateful at the new vigor and determination which were infused into the Administration when, in December, 1860, Stanton and Holt entered Buchanan's cabinet. After Lincoln was inaugurated he had nothing to do with Stanton. In fact he did not see him from the 4th of March, 1861, to the day he handed him his commission as Secretary of War, in January, 1862. Stanton, however, was watching Lincoln's administration closely, even disdainfully. After Bull Run he wrote to ex-President Buchanan: "The imbecility of this Administration culminated in that catastrophe; an irretrievable misfortune and national disgrace, never to be forgotten, are to be added to the ruin of all peaceful pursuits and national bankruptcy, as the result of Lincoln's 'running the machine' for five months."

McClellan, who saw much of Stanton in the fall of 1861, says:

> The most disagreeable thing about him was the extreme virulence with which he abused the President, the Administration, and the Republican party. He carried this to such an extent that I was often shocked by it. He never spoke of the President in any other way than as the "original gorilla," and often said that Du Chaillu was a fool to wander all the way to Africa in search of what he could so easily have found at Springfield, Illinois. Nothing could have been more bitter than his words and manner always were when speaking of the Administration and the Republican party. He never gave them credit for honesty or patriotism, and very seldom for any ability.

Lincoln, if he knew of this abuse, which is improbable, regarded it no more seriously than he did McClellan's slights. He knew Stanton was able and loyal; that the country believed in him; that he would administer the department with honesty and energy. Furthermore, he knew of the intimacy between McClellan and Stanton, and as he saw the great necessity of harmonious relations between the head of the War Department and the commander of the army, he was more in favor of Stanton. The appointment was generally regarded as a wise selection, and in many quarters aroused enthusiasm.



GENERAL JOHN C. FRÉMONT, COMMANDER OF THE DEPARTMENT OF THE WEST FROM JULY TO NOVEMBER, 1861.

JESSIE BENTON FRÉMONT, WIFE OF GENERAL JOHN C. FRÉMONT.

McCLELLAN STILL INACTIVE.

The excitement over the "Trent" affair, the investigation of the War Department, the dismissal of Cameron, and the appointment of Stanton, diverted public criticism from McClellan; but never for long at a time. The inactivity of the Army of the Potomac had become the subject of gibes and sneers. Lincoln stood by the General. He had promised him all the "sense and information" he had, and he gave it. When Congress opened on December 3d, he took the opportunity to remind the country that the General was its own choice, as well as his, and that support was due him:

> Since your last adjournment Lieutenant-General Scott has retired from the head of the army. . . . With the retirement of General Scott came the

executive duty of appointing in his stead a general-in-chief of the army. It is a fortunate circumstance that neither in council nor country was there, so far as I know, any difference of opinion as to the proper person to be selected. The retiring chief repeatedly expressed his judgment in favor of General McClellan for the position, and in this the nation seemed to give a unanimous concurrence. *The designation of General McClellan is, therefore, in considerable degree the selection of the country as well as of the executive, and hence there is better reason to hope there will be given him the confidence and cordial support thus by fair implication promised, and without which he cannot with so full efficiency serve the country.*

IMPATIENCE IN CONGRESS.

At this time Lincoln had every reason to believe that McClellan would soon move. The General certainly was assuring the few persons whom he condescended to take into his confidence to that effect. The Hon. Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, Speaker of the House, says that very soon after Congress came together, the members began to comment on the number of board barracks that were going up around Washington.

"It seemed to them," says Mr. Grow, "that there were a great many more than were necessary for hospital and reserve purposes. The roads at that time in Virginia were excellent; everybody was eager for an advance. Congressmen observed the barracks with dismay; it looked as if McClellan was going into winter quarters. Finally several of them came to me and stated their anxiety, asking what it meant. 'Well, gentlemen,' I said, 'I don't know what it means but I will ask the General,' so I went to McClellan, who received me kindly, and told him how all the members were feeling, and asked him if the army was really going into winter quarters. 'No, no,' McClellan said, 'I *have no intention of putting the army into winter* quarters; I mean the campaign shall be short, sharp, and decisive.' He began explaining his plan to me, but I interrupted him, saying I did not desire to know his plan; I preferred not to know it, in fact. If I could assure members of Congress that the army was going to move, it was all that was necessary. I returned with his assurance that there would soon be an advance. Weeks went on, however, without the promised advance; nor did the Army of the Potomac leave the vicinity of Washington until Mr. Lincoln issued the special orders compelling McClellan to move."*

WILLIE LINCOLN, THIRD SON OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN. DIED FEBRUARY 20, 1862, AT THE AGE OF 12.

From a photograph taken by Brady at Washington, shortly before the death of Willie Lincoln.

Lincoln continued to defend McClellan. "We've got to stand by the General," he told his visitors. "I suppose," he added dubiously, "he knows his business."

DISAPPOINTING NEWS FROM THE WEST.

Towards the end of December McClellan fell ill. The long-expected advance was out of the question until he recovered. Distracted at this idea, the President for the first time asserted himself as commander-in-chief of the forces of the United States. Heretofore he had used his military authority principally in raising men and commissioning officers; campaigns he had left to the generals. Now, however, he undertook to learn direct from the officers the condition things were in, and if it was not possible to get some work out of the army somewhere along the line. The West seemed the likeliest field, and he telegraphed to Halleck, then in command of the Western Department, and Buell, in charge of the forces in Kentucky, asking if they were "in concert" and urging a movement which he supposed to have been decided upon some time before. The replies he received disappointed and distressed him. There seemed to be no more idea of advancing in the West than in the East. The plans he supposed settled his generals now controverted. He could get no promise of action, no precise information. "Delay is ruining us," he wrote to Buell on January 7th, "and it is indispensable for me to have something definite." And yet, convinced though he was that his plans were practicable, he would not make them into orders.

This hesitancy about exercising his mili-

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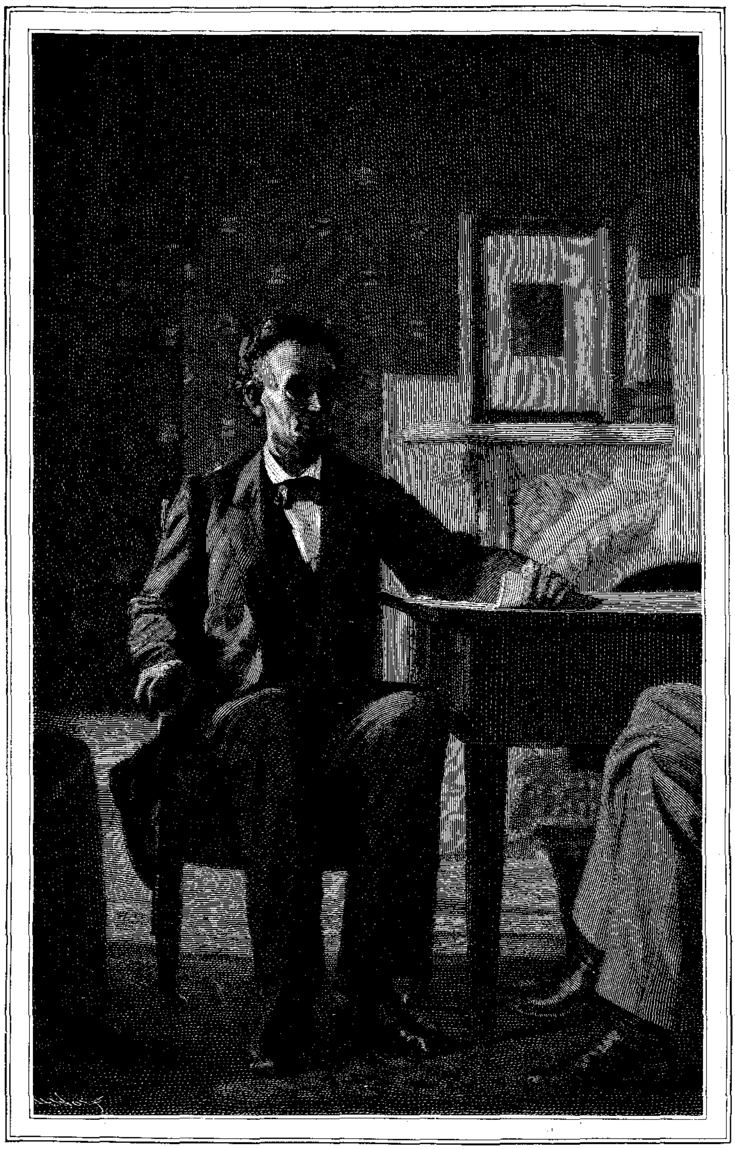
* Interview with the Hon. Galusha A. Grow for this magazine.



ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF EXPRESSLY FOR McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN IN THE CABINET ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE, WHERE THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION WAS SIGNED.—A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT.

From a hitherto unpublished photograph by Brady, in the Civil War collection of Mr. Robert Coster. In the room shown in the picture, cabinet meetings were held from the beginning of Polk's administration to the close of Lincoln's, and on the table at which Mr. Lincoln is sitting the Proclamation of Emancipation was signed by him. The figure partially shown on the right is that of Mr. F. B. Carpenter, under whose direction the photograph was taken, as a study for his painting, "The Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation," now in the Capitol at Washington. On the left is partially shown the figure of Mr. J. G. Nicolay, the President's private secretary.

tary authority came, of course, from Lincoln's consciousness that he knew next to nothing of the business of fighting. When he saw that those supposed to know something of the science did nothing, he resolved to learn the subject himself as thoroughly as he could. "He gave himself, night and day, to the study of the military situation. He read a large number of strategical works. He pored over the reports from the various departments and districts of the field of war. He held long conferences with eminent generals and admirals, and astonished them by the extent of his special knowledge and the keen intelligence of his questions." *

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* "Abraham Lincoln: A History." Nicolay and Hay.

LINCOLN ORDERS AN ADVANCE OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

By the time McClellan was about again, Lincoln had made up his mind that the Army of the Potomac could and must advance, and on January 31st, he, for the first time, used his power as commander-in-chief of the army, and issued his Special War Order No. 1.

> Ordered, That all the disposable force of the Army of the Potomac, after providing safely for the defense of Washington, be formed into an expedition for the immediate object of seizing and occupying *a point upon the* railroad southwestward of what is known as Manassas Junction, all details to be in the discretion of the commander-in-chief, and the expedition to move before or on the 22d day of February next.
> ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMIES FROM NOVEMBER 1, 1861, TO MARCH 11, 1862.

For a time after this order was issued there was general hopefulness in the country. The newspapers that had been attacking the President now praised him for taking hold of the army. "It has infused new spirit into every one since the President appears to take such an interest in our operations," wrote an officer from the West, to the "Tribune." The hope of an advance was short-lived. McClellan had another plan. The mutterings of the country soon began again. Committee after committee waited on the President. He did his best to assure them that he was doing all he could. He pointed out to them how time and patience, as well as men and money, were needed in war, and he argued that, above all, he must not be interfered with. It was at this time that he used his striking illustration of Blondin. Some gentlemen from the West called at the White House one day, excited and troubled about some of the commissions or omissions of the Administration. The President heard them patiently, and then replied: "Gentlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold and you had put it in the hands of Blondin, to carry across the Niagara River on a rope. Would you shake the cable or keep shouting at him, 'Blondin, stand up a little straighter—Blondin, stoop a little more—go a little faster—lean a little more to the north—lean a little more to the south?' No, you would hold your breath as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off until he was safe over. The government is carrying an enormous weight. Untold treasures are in their hands; they are doing the very best they can. Don't badger them. Keep silence, and we will get you safe across."

One of the most insistent of the many bodies which beset him was the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War, appointed the December before. Aggressive and patriotic, these gentlemen were determined the army should move. But it was not until March that they became convinced that anything would be done. One day early in that month, Senator Chandler, of Michigan, a member of the committee, met George W. Julian. He was in high glee. "Old Abe is mad," he said to Julian, "and the war will now go on." It did now go on. McClellan, unable to resist longer the pressure of President and War Department, had at last moved the Army of the Potomac towards Richmond.

A PERSONAL BEREAVEMENT.

The burden of anxiety over the inaction of the army was lifted at last. In the West there had been victories at Fort Henry and Fort Donelson. McClellan was moving; the war was going on. But while the country was rejoicing over the new spirit in the conduct of the war, Mr. Lincoln was plunged in a bitter private sorrow. Early in February his two younger boys, Willie and Tad, as they were familiarly known, fell sick. The President at the moment was harassed by McClellan's delay to obey his order of January 31st; by the General's plan of campaign, which he did not believe wise, but which he did not feel justified in overruling; and by the night and day pressure of the press, of Congress, and of innumerable private delegations, all of them wanting the war to go on no more than he did. The illness of his children added a sharp personal pang to his anxiety. In the tenderness of his nature he could not see suffering of any kind without a passionate desire to relieve it. Especially was he moved by the distress of a child. Indeed his love for children had already become familiar to the whole public by the touching little stories which visitors had brought away from the White House and which crept into the newspapers:

GENERAL DAVID HUNTER, WHO SUCCEEDED FRÉMONT IN COMMAND OF THE WESTERN DEPARTMENT NOVEMBER 2, 1861, AND FROM NOVEMBER 20, 1861, TO MARCH 11, 1862, COMMANDED THE DEPARTMENT OF KANSAS.

From a photograph in the War Department collection.

> "At the reception Saturday afternoon, at the President's house," wrote a correspondent of the "Independent," "many persons noticed three little girls, poorly dressed, the children of some mechanic or laboring man, who had followed the visitors into the White House to gratify their curiosity. They passed around from room to room, and were hastening through the reception room, with some trepidation, when the President called to them, '*Little girls, are you going* to pass me without shaking hands?' Then he bent his tall, awkward form down, and shook each little girl warmly by the hand. Everybody in the apartment was spellbound by the incident, so simple in itself."

LINCOLN'S SYMPATHY WITH CHILDREN.

Many men and women now living who were children in Washington at this time recall the President's gentleness to them. Mr. Frank P. Blair of Chicago says:

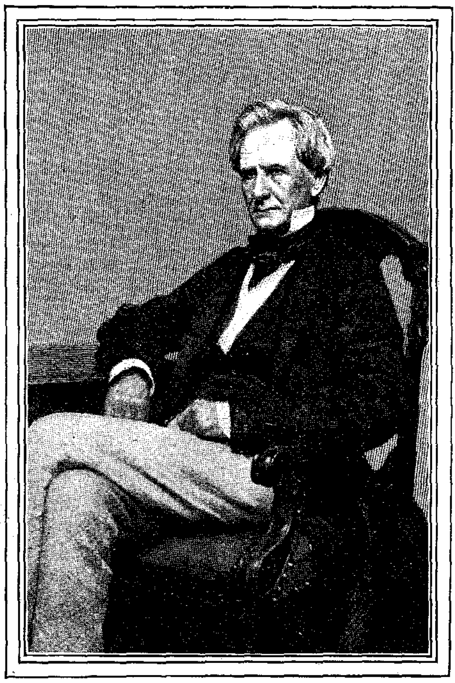
> During the war my grandfather, Francis P. Blair, Sr., lived at Silver Springs, north of Washington, seven miles from the White House. It was a magnificent place of four or five hundred acres, with an extensive lawn in the rear of the house. The grandchildren gathered there frequently. There were eight or ten of us, our ages ranging from eight to twelve years. Although I was but seven or eight years of age, Mr. Lincoln's visits were of such importance to us boys as to leave a clear impression on my memory. He drove out to the place quite frequently. We boys, for hours at a time, played "town ball" on the vast lawn, and Mr. Lincoln would join ardently in the sport. I remember vividly how he ran with the children; how long were his strides, and how far his coat-tails stuck out behind, and how we tried to hit him with the ball, as he ran the bases. He entered into the spirit of the play as completely as any of us, and we invariably hailed his coming with delight.*

The protecting sympathy and tenderness the President extended to all children became a passionate affection for his own. Willie and Tad had always been privileged beings at the White House, and their pranks and companionship undoubtedly did much to relieve the tremendous strain the President was suffering. Many visitors who saw him with the lads at this period have recorded their impressions:—how keenly he enjoyed the children; how indulgent and affectionate he was with them. Again and again he related their sayings, sometimes even to grave delegations. Thus Moncure Conway tells of going to see the President with a commission which wanted to "talk over the situation." The President met them, laughing like a boy. The White House was in a state of feverish excitement, he said; one of his boys had come in that morning to tell him

* Interview for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE by J. McCan Davis.

that the cat had kittens, and now the other had just announced that the dog had puppies.

When both the children fell ill; when he saw them suffering, and when it became evident, as it finally did, that Willie, the younger of the two, would die, the President's anguish was intense. He would slip away from visitors and cabinet at every opportunity, to go to the sick room, and during the last four or five days of Willie's life, when the child was suffering terribly and lay in an unbroken delirium, Mr. Lincoln shared with the nurse the nightly vigils at the bedside. When Willie finally died, on February 20th, the President was so completely prostrated that it was feared by many of his friends that he would succumb entirely to his grief. Many public duties he undoubtedly did neglect. Indeed, a month after Willie's death, we find him apologizing for delay to answer a letter because of a "domestic affliction."



SIMON CAMERON, SECRETARY OF WAR UNDER PRESIDENT LINCOLN FROM MARCH 4, 1861, TO JANUARY 11, 1862.

From a photograph in the Civil War collection of Mr. Robert Coster.

If one consults the records of the day, however, it is evident that Mr. Lincoln did try to attend to public duties even in the worst of this trial. Only two days after the funeral, on February 23d, he held a cabinet meeting, and the day following that, a correspondent wrote to the New York "Evening Post:"

> Mr. Lincoln seems to have entirely recovered his health, and is again at his ordinary duties, spending, not infrequently, eighteen out of the twenty-four hours upon the affairs of the nation. He is frequently called up three and four times in a night to receive important messages from the West. Since his late bereavement he looks sad and care-worn, but is in very good health again.

There is ample evidence that in this crushing grief the President sought earnestly to find what help the Christian religion might have for him. Up to this point in his Presidential career he had given frequent evidence of his belief that the affairs of men are in the keeping of a Divine Being who hears and answers prayer and who is to be trusted to bring about the final triumph of the right. He had publicly acknowledged such a faith when he bade his Springfield friends good-by in February, 1861. In his first inaugural address, he had told the country that the difficulty between North and South could be adjusted in "the best way," by "intelligence, patriotism, Christianity and a firm reliance in Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land." When he was obliged to summon a Congress to provide means for a civil war, he started them forth on their duties with the words, "Let us renew our faith in God, and go forward without fear and with manly hearts." In August, 1861, he issued a proclamation for a National Fast Day which is most impressive for its reverential spirit.

But it is not until after the death of his son that we begin to find evidence that Mr. Lincoln was making a personal test of Christianity. Broken by his anxiety for the country, wounded nigh to death by his loss, he felt that he must have a support outside of himself; that from some source he must draw new courage. Could he find the help he needed in the Christian faith? From this time on he was seen often with the Bible in his hand, and he is known to have prayed frequently. His personal relation to God occupied his mind much. He was deeply concerned to know, as he told a visiting delegation once, not whether the Lord was on his side, but whether he was on the Lord's side. Henceforth, one of the most real influences in Abraham Lincoln's life and conduct is his dependence upon a personal God.

THE ACCOLADE.

By Louise Herrick Wall.

DICK DANA, a strong, well-groomed young fellow, stood staring down at the coals in the grate, taking his punishment, if the truth be told, in rather sullen fashion.

"Of course," Rosalie Thornby was saying in her sweet high voice, letting her wide-apart eyes rest on him calmly in the half-obscurity of the room, "of course, I don't pretend that there is anything exceptional in myself that justifies me in demanding a hero in the man I marry, but I think all women, now-a-days, ask too little—except fetching and carrying—of the men. There was a time when a man won his spurs before he expected to win a woman."

Dick shifted his weight.

"I know," she said, leaning forward and frowning into the fire, "you would like to remind me that you are lieutenant in the swellest company of the swellest regiment in New York. I have not forgotten that, nor the cotillions that you lead so delightfully."

"Now look here, Miss Rosalie," broke in the victim, "it's hardly fair to spring all these ideas on a fellow without giving him a chance. I never knew you expected so much more of a man than other girls; and now you put me through a civil service examination without a chance to cram. You seemed to like to dance and all the rest of it, and I've never noticed that you demanded knight-errantry and that mediæval business of the other men."

"You are quite right," she replied with spirit. "I do not demand things of men who demand nothing of me. You said you wanted to know my idea of a man, and I have told you. To be the captain of toy soldiers or even to lead a cotillion through two seasons does not, somehow, strike my imagination. Nothing could show better how far apart we are than that the expression of my ideals should remind you of a civil service examination. You men of the North are so desperately utilitarian."

The challenge dropped unanswered, and she went on more gently: "I have an old coat of my father's. He was what you would call a rebel, you know. It is the dirtiest, most faded old thing. There is a bullet-hole in the sleeve, and our Southern moths have tried to help the story by making a lot of other holes. It has seen real service, and somehow its dinginess takes the dazzle out of the gold lace you young fellows wear so jauntily."

Into the man's mind came the memory of a night spent in the Brooklyn streets: militiamen surrounded by a mob of strikers, an icy night sky from which the drizzle fell ceaselessly on a group of men squatting about a feeble bonfire; there were others, without blankets, who huddled in one of the deserted street cars, unable to sleep for the cold. Now and then came a quick closing in of the hooting mob, and a brick-bat or paving-stone crashed in a car-window or scattered the group about the fire. He remembered the rage of spirit under the cowardly attacks of the mob, the rasping inaction, the effort of holding men steady when their anger is your own. It came and went through the man's mind, and left a slight smile on his lip. The girl went on:

"I don't mean to be hard, Mr. Dana," she said, with a caressing accent that meant little from her, whose voice was full of pretty inflections, "but this is not a sudden caprice, as you seem to think. I was fourteen when my father died, and I will show you a silly thing I wrote then, and that I have scarcely looked at since."

As she moved across in the firelight to a clumsy old secretary and drew out the rods to support the leaf of the desk, Dana's gloomy eyes followed her instinctively.

"Shall I make a light?" he asked with constraint.

"No; I know how the paper feels."

She came back presently, and seating herself on the low corner seat, held a single limp sheet toward the fire. The light struck through the old-fashioned cross-barred French paper in a checker work of half-luminous lines, and on the girl's broad forehead and parted hair. The envelope lying on her lap was labeled "May 4th, 1888." She glanced down the sheet. Then gravely handed it to Dana.

He found a number of short sentences, written with a fine-tipped pen in an unformed hand. Each clause was numbered, and the heading ran: "The Not Impossible."

1. He must not be less than twenty-six years old.
2. He must not wear jewelry.
3. He must not be facetious.
4. He must not *ever* blow.
5. He must not be a business man, if he can help it.
6. He must be sincere.
7. He must be brave.
8. He must have nice teeth.
9. He must not be fat or very handsome.
10. Above all he must be a man to be proud of.

The young man read through the child's list of requirements, twice over, and returned the paper stiffly.

"I feel honored to have been allowed to see the plans and specifications for your future husband, Miss Thornby. I hope he will come up to expectations, but I think you would have saved yourself trouble in drawing up that paper if the first clause had simply called for a gentleman."

Presently, standing very straight, with his toes turned out, Dana was bowing himself manfully from the field of defeat. And so the solemn young things parted, too concerned with the business of living to taste the humor of life.

A few months later, in the early summer, Dana's widowed sister and her little boy, Jamie Talcott, were staying, not entirely by chance, in the same house where Rosalie Thornby was spending the summer, down at South Hampton. The Talcotts had only been down a few days, and Dana was to spend the week's end with his sister. On a sunny, breezy morning, the two women stood together at the end of the long porch absorbed in earnest talk. From time to time they glanced below to where Jamie, in the shadow of the house, threw up long lines of earthworks. As they talked, the girl gradually moved nearer to the mother; then at some turn in the conversation impulsively clasped her hand over the older woman's, as it lay on the rail. The breeze playing upon them caught the folds of the girl's muslin dress, and for a moment wrapped the two figures together. Beyond the smooth dark head and the bright one lay the blue sea and the surf pounding in on the white sand. An arbor of leafy boughs, built for some festival, had turned brown and dry, making a rich blot of color on the sand, and beneath it lay a yet darker pool of shadow.

"And so I have waited to have it done again until Dick comes down," the mother was saying quietly. "He gets hold of Jamie better than I can, and has helped me before. I think the child bears it well for such a little fellow, but he is not much more than a baby."

The boy, feeling their steady gaze upon him, looked up from the line of tin soldiers he was planting behind his redoubt, and scrambling to his feet, he called out:

"You better take care or you'll get your heads blown off."

He was still in petticoats, and it was not instantly that one realized that under the blue smock frock, fashioned like an artist's blouse, the boy's back was queer. He had a gallant little face, with steady, softly black eyes—like big black-heart cherries—and full bright lips.

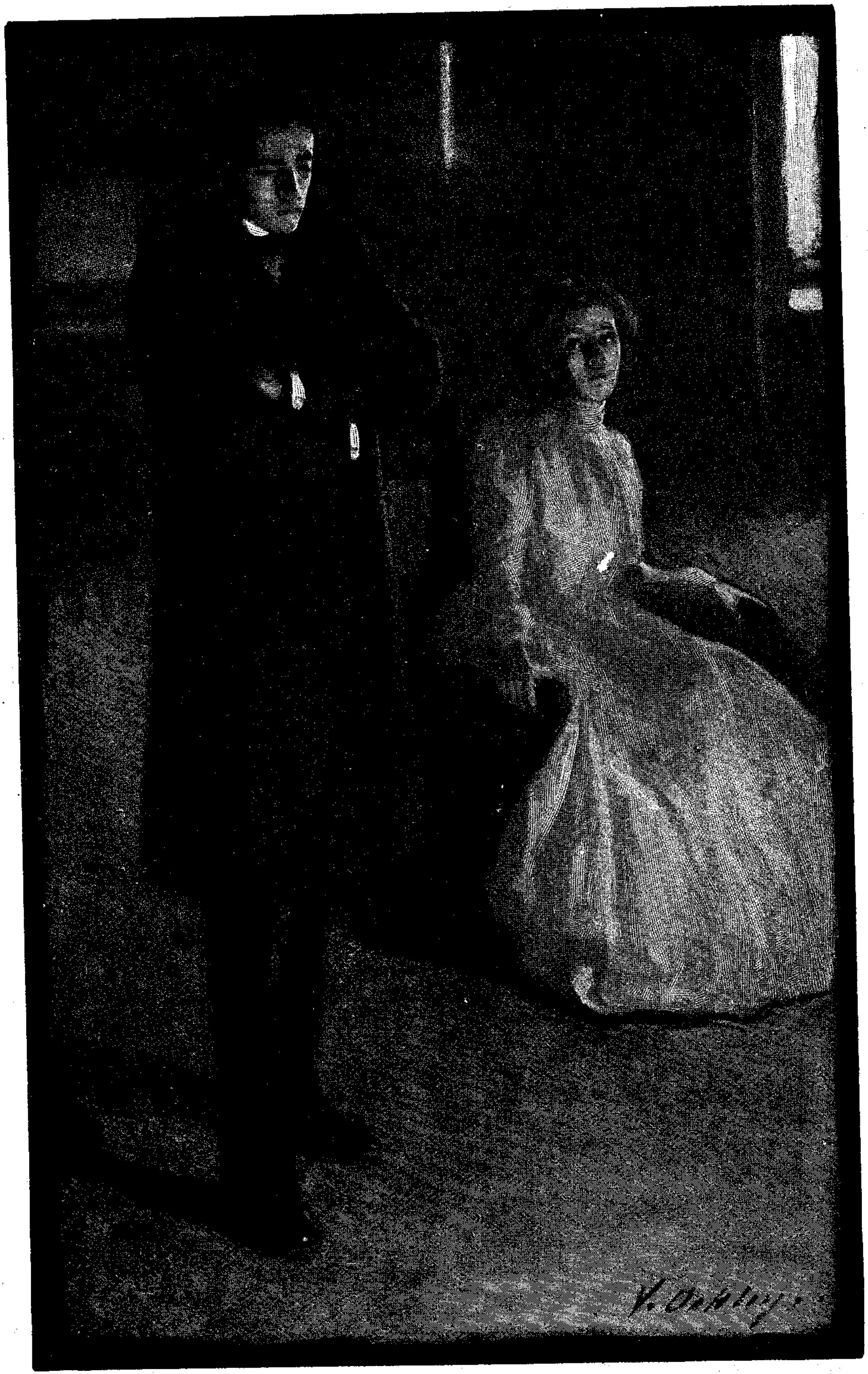
"When the doctor comes, couldn't you let me help. I should love to sing for him—or—or anything," the girl urged.

"You might stay in the next room, and if we needed anyone else, we could call upon you. He has to be undressed, and the standing seems very long to him. No one need know you are there unless you choose."

The door was partly open between two of the upper bedrooms when the doctor came. A table with a folded blanket and sheet stood near the center of the room. Jamie sat half on and half off his mother's lap, screwing about uncomfortably while she tried to feed him from a cup in which bread crumbs and red beef juice made an unpleasant-looking mess. The spoon moved more and more slowly as the boy reluctantly mouthed, and more reluctantly swallowed the food. The doctor was arranging a sort of hanging harness from the ceiling, and the boy's eyes followed his movements as he adjusted the pulley by which the harness was raised or lowered. Presently Jamie pushed the spoon aside petulantly.

"You must eat a big dinner this time, Jamie," Mrs. Talcott remonstrated. "Dr. Pangry is going to put a new jacket on you, and we want this one big enough to hold plenty of dinner."

The boy turned from these trivialities and said imperiously, "I want Uncle Dick." As he spoke came the sound of a brisk step and the clatter of a sword. Dana came in, in full-dress uniform, looking very slim and fit in the close gray, with white crossed shoulder-belts, epaulets, and white gloves.



. . . "TAKING HIS PUNISHMENT, IF THE TRUTH BE TOLD, IN RATHER SULLEN FASHION."

"Corporal," he said sharply to the child, "salute!"

The boy slid from his mother's lap, stepped out in his bare feet from the entanglement of the shawl that had covered them, and raising his hand, palm out, to the fur-like blackness of his soft straight hair, saluted his officer.

Motioning sternly to the half-empty cup, Dana said, "Corporal, rations!"

Jamie hesitated a second, then seizing the spoon, gulped hasty spoonfuls. When he had eaten all, he lifted his hand again, and said deferentially, "Were the sentries on duty at the door, sir, when you came in?"

Dana stepped back with measured tread, and opening the door, saw too tiny tin soldiers standing guard, one at each side of the entrance, while two others were lying covered over in a cigar-box half-filled with straw. He came back in a moment, saying:

"I have given them orders to let no one pass the lines without the countersign."

The doctor rolled the table under the suspended harness, examined the white rolled bandages on a small table at his right, felt the temperature of the water in the basin standing beside the bandages, glanced at his watch, and said cheerily:

"All ready, Mrs. Talcott!"

"Right about face!" was Dana's order. Then falling in line, fitting his stride to the boy's step, the leader of cotillions marched his man up to the table. A small housemaid's ladder stood there.

"Mount!" came the order.

The corporal scrambled up, steadied himself with an effort, and stepped out upon the table, his eyes wide and earnest. The blue smock was unfastened and stripped down, leaving the child naked but for the plaster jacket covering his body—a body strangely thick through for the slender brown legs to support. The doctor laid the boy on his back, and with a few quick slashes cut down the front of the plaster cast, and took the child out from the mold that had encased his body for three months, as one might take a little brown almond out of its shell. The mother laid the useless husk gently aside, took from the doctor the undervest he had drawn off over the boy's head, and rolling up the sleeve of her summer dress, plunged one of the rolled bandages into the basin, squeezing and working it to allow the water to penetrate the whole wad. A fresh seamless vest was passed over the boy's head, and drawn snugly down over the narrow hips.

"Attention!" called Dana. "Chest out! Stomach in! Eyes striking the ground at fifteen paces!"

The boy stood erect.

The collar of the harness was next fitted about the child's neck, the leather straps drawn close under chin and nape, and buckled. Then the doctor, pulling on the hoisting tackle, drew the tiny figure up until it was stretched out full length and almost lifted from its feet. The boy's eyes widened as he felt himself lifted by the head; but he had been by this way before, and he only set his soft lips until the fullness was pressed away.

"Now, my man, put up your hands and hold on to the tackle," the doctor coaxed.

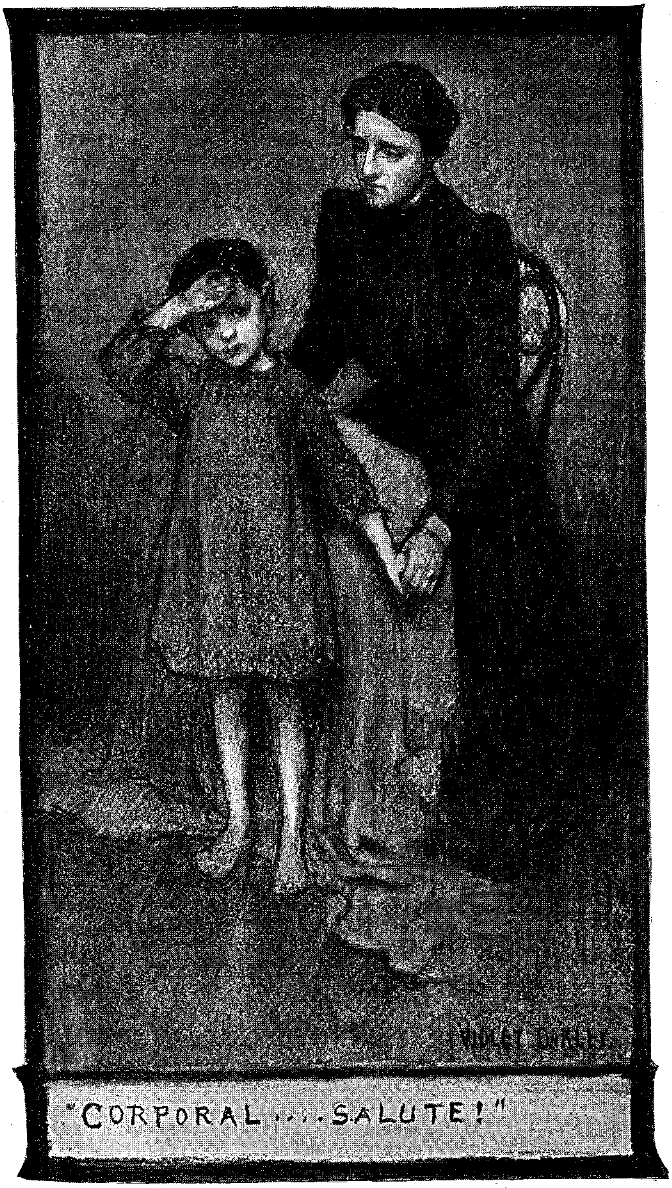
Jamie turned his eyes to Dana, who nodded sharply. So up went two small dark hands, deeply veined with blue, and the little figure—heavy at the chest and light at the loins—was lifted yet higher, so that the babyish feet barely rested on the table.

Folded strips of white gauze were padded about the bony prominences, and the crooked spine was filled out to offer an even surface, so that the child would not be chafed; then the doctor called for the first plaster bandage. Mrs. Talcott handed him the saturated roll of narrow white crinoline through which plaster of Paris had been sifted. The doctor laid an end upon the boy's side, well down over the abdomen, and gradually unrolling with one hand, modeled with the other the wet cloth about the upstretched figure.

Dana, meanwhile, walked slowly up and down before the table, keeping a keen eye on the boy's face squeezed into the leathern harness.

"Steady, corporal!" he called, when the boy sagged from weariness. But the room was for the most part very quiet except for the clatter of the sword, the even tread, or the sound of the doctor's hands on the wet bandages. Round and round the strips were wound in slow overlapping spirals, up to the hollow pits of the upraised arms, and down over the babyish paunch of the full stomach. The doctor seemed to be shaping the child like dough between his palms, as he wound the pliant swathes close about him. Then Dana cleared his throat, and talked about his regiment. It would take at least a quarter of an hour for the plaster to set, a bad quarter of an hour to hang by the neck with arms clasped over the head, feet touching the table, chest out, stomach in, and eyes striking the ground at fifteen paces.

"We go to the drill because we must," Dana was saying; "and the men wear uni-



"CORPORAL . . . . SALUTE!"

forms the color of your smock, with white bands crossed over their backs, and they march all together. When they cross the armory—like this, but all in a row—their legs make X, and you can see the light between in a pattern. It is night-time when they drill, and over their heads is a big round roof like in the railway station, and from the roof electric lights—big shining white eggs like Sinbad the sailor saw—shine down and make it almost as light as day. When the command comes to 'Order Arms!' down go the rifles with a big, big bang, and the noise goes rolling in the roof. You'd think it was the big ball in the bowling alley up there over your head. Then the men march by fours, shoulder to shoulder, so close that you cannot even see the white cross-bands on their breasts. So close, corporal, that the long narrow line looks like a long blue scarf that is being shaken up and down with two hundred heads bouncing on top. Then the music plays and the men step out—all straight and soldierly. That's better, corporal! And when the captain tells us to kneel, we kneel, and when he tells us to fire, we fire. Every good soldier must do as he's told, and that makes a man of him after a while."

The little blue-veined hands took a fresh grip of the tackle overhead. "Sing about the 'eathen!'" said the mouth that moved with effort in the leather harness.

Then Dick Dana sang, in a big, untrained voice, a tune of his own making, about:

The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down
 to wood an' stone;
'E don't obey no orders unless they is
 'is own;
'E keeps 'is side-arms awful; 'e leaves
 'em all about;
An' then comes up the Regiment, an'
 pokes the 'eathen out.

The tune had a way of running out and leaving Dick Dana's big voice just talking the words loud, clear, and sing-songy.

The doctor had done his work and was washing the plaster from his hands before the raw recruit, disciplined by hard knocks into an honorable color-sergeant, led his men where

—— the hugly bullets come peckin' through the dust;
An' no one wants to face 'em, but every beggar must.

The doctor felt the cast, snapped at it with thumb and finger, and the plaster gave back a sound. "Another minute," he commented.

And Dick Dana, with a fresh augmentation of sound and time, sang:

'E's just as sick as they are; 'is 'eart is like to split;
But 'e works 'em, works 'em, works 'em, till 'e feels
 'em take the bit;
The rest is 'oldin' steady till the watchful bugles play,
An' 'e lifts 'em, lifts 'em, lifts 'em through the charge
 that wins the day!

The doctor unclasped the weary hands from the tackle, unclasped the collar buckle, and lifted the small rigid body in the cast across his two arms, and laid the boy on his side on the table.

"Let him rest here for a few minutes, then put him to bed. He will sleep from exhaustion."

The mother covered him lightly, slipped a tiny pillow under his head, and followed the doctor out.

When they were alone, the young militiaman knelt down beside the table and looked into the face on the pillow, damp with perspiration and discolored about cheeks and chin by the pressure of the straps. The eyes were closed heavily, and regular breathing lifted the little warrior's corselet. Dana took off his plumed cap, and laid his firm ruddy cheek against the small relaxed hand that lay, palm up, uncurled languidly beside the sleeping boy.

He did not hear Rosalie cross the carpeted floor. She hesitated—then drawing his sword lightly from its scabbard, she touched his shoulder with the blade, saying:

"Arise, sir knight! Be faithful, brave, and fortunate as on this day!"

Dana started to his feet—but softly, with an instinct not to arouse the child—and turning, saw the girl balancing the sword between her hands with a movement of sudden fear and flight about her posture.

"What do you mean?" he whispered.

"Don't you know?" she smiled.

Then as his eyes kindled, she stepped aside, and leaning low over the child, kissed the red lips pressed out in happy sleep. Jamie stirred.

"Captain," he murmured, "has some one crossed our lines?" Then more drowsily, "Relieve the sentry at the door, Uncle Dick. My men are—very tired."

GENERAL WOOD AT SANTIAGO.

AMERICANIZING A CUBAN CITY.

By Henry Harrison Lewis.

When Brigadier-General Leonard Wood, United States Volunteers, late Colonel of the Rough Riders, assumed charge of Santiago de Cuba, the domestic, sanitary, commercial, and political conditions of the city were about as bad as they could possibly be. They were not the result alone of the Cuban revolution, the succeeding war between Spain and the United States, and the besiegement of the city by the American army. In immediate hardship and suffering for the citizens of Santiago, the war had been tragically effective; but it would have been much less so had the people not been living, time out of mind, in utter contempt of the most rudimentary precautions adopted by civilized men for the preservation of health and comfort. For two centuries Santiago had borne the reputation of being one of the most unclean cities on earth. Of it an old merchant captain had said: "It could be smelled ten miles at sea." When General Wood assumed the government of it, on the twentieth day of last July, its streets and courts and houses had come to the last degree of filth and noisesomeness, and of its forty odd thousand residents, great numbers were sick, no small number were starving, and all were miserable. Bodies of the dead lay in the streets, and as General Wood rode about the city, making his first inspection, vultures flew up before him from feasting on human carcases. There was no food to speak of. The first meal eaten by General Wood himself in the Café Venus, on the Plaza de Armas, cost him fourteen dollars in gold, and the meat served was horse. Gaunt men and women stretched lean arms from the windows, and begged weakly for bread. Some died as they asked, and they remained where they fell. Little children, their distended abdomens speaking eloquently of famine, crawled about the legs of the horses and mutely appealed for crusts.

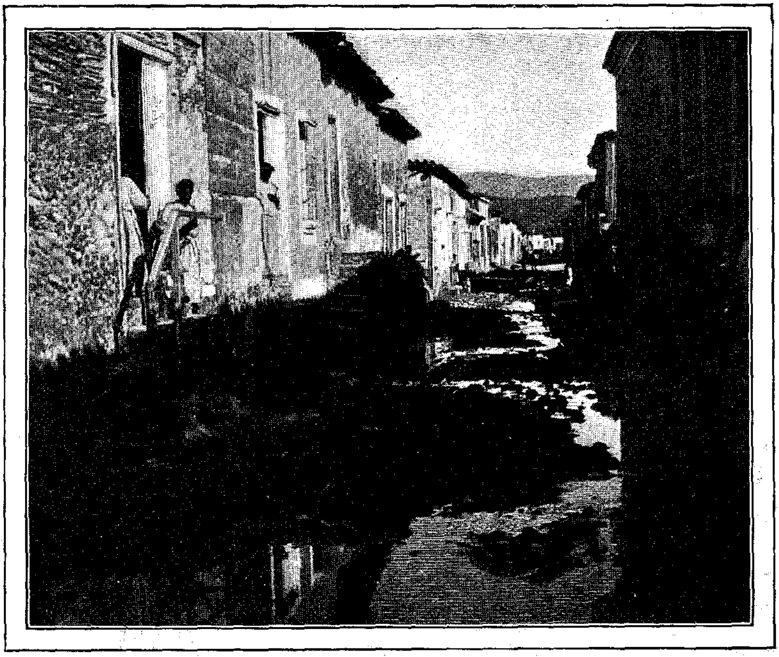
If ever in this world the *extraordinary* man, the man of *destiny*, the man of preëminent power and resource, was needed, it was in Santiago de Cuba during the latter part of July, 1898. The occasion demanded first a physician, to deal with the tremendous sanitary needs; then a soldier, to suppress turbulence and effect a quick restoration of law and order; and, finally, a statesman, to

GENERAL LEONARD WOOD, U. S. V., MILITARY GOVERNOR OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

From a photograph taken especially for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE January 15, 1899, by Frances B. Johnston.

reëstablish and perfect the civil government. In General Wood was found a man who, by nature, education, and experience, combined in himself a generous share of the special skill of all these three. By special education and subsequent practice, he was a physician; by practice and incidental education, added to natural bent, he was a soldier and a law-giver.

The matters that first claimed attention were the feeding of the starving people and the amendment of the city's sanitary condition. As many rations as could be obtained were issued with a free, but careful hand; food depots were established at various places; and before forty-eight hours had passed, actual famine had been brought to an end.



Calle de Huespedes, as it appeared before it had been reached by the street-cleaning department.

were equally still and unpeopled. The city *matadero*, or slaughter-house, stood idle, amidst a rank growth of weeds. No supplies of any sort came in from the surrounding country. Only the rations issued from the government depots arrested actual starvation. But very soon there came a change; provisions began to come from the ordinary sources and by the ordinary ways. As the supply increased, however, there was no diminution of

Thereupon, a system for the supply of food, guarded by stringent regulations, was promulgated. Meat had gone up to ninety cents a pound, and was scarce at that. Bread sold for fabulous prices, the few bakers who had flour being arrogant and exacting. The market-place—the center of traffic and, in ordinary times, all life and bustle—was silent and deserted. Shops, factories, and cafés prices. General Wood sent for the aldermen representing the different wards of the city, and he also summoned the butchers. When they were assembled in his office, he arranged them in two lines, facing one another. Then, through an interpreter, he asked the butchers, "How much do you charge for your meat?"

"Ninety cents a pound, señor."

"What does it cost you?"

There was hesitation and a shuffling of feet; then one of the men said, in a whining voice, "Meat is very, very dear, your excellency."

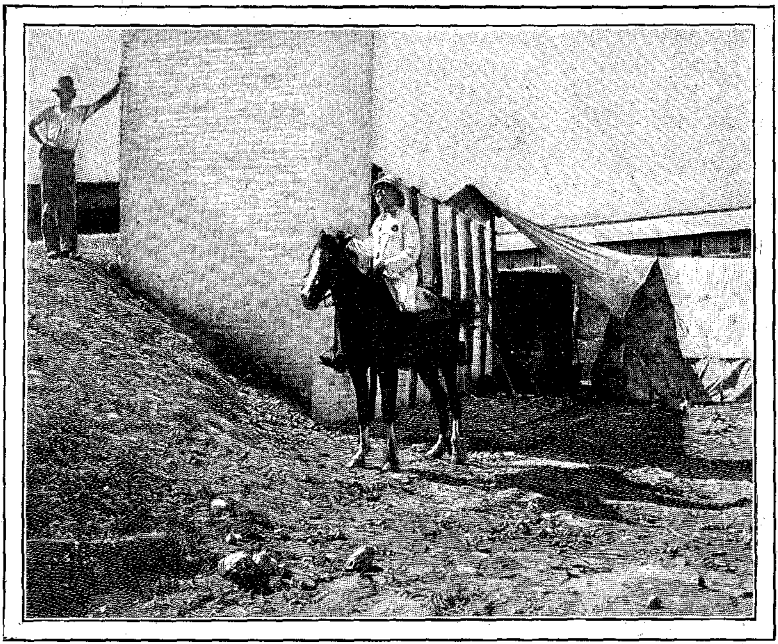
"How much a pound?"

"It costs us very much, and——"

"How much a pound?"

"Fifteen cents, your excellency; but we have lost much money during the war and——"

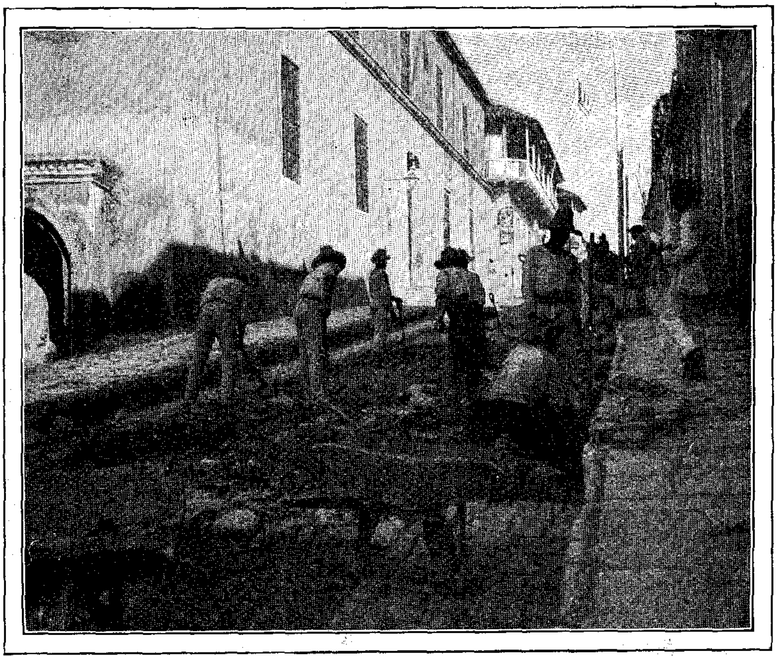
"So have your customers. Now meat will be sold at twenty-five cents a



Major Barber, chief of the Santiago street-cleaning department, at the new crematory for burning refuse.

pound and not one cent more. Do you understand?" Then turning to the aldermen, he charged them to see that his order was carried out to the letter, unless they wanted to be expelled from office.

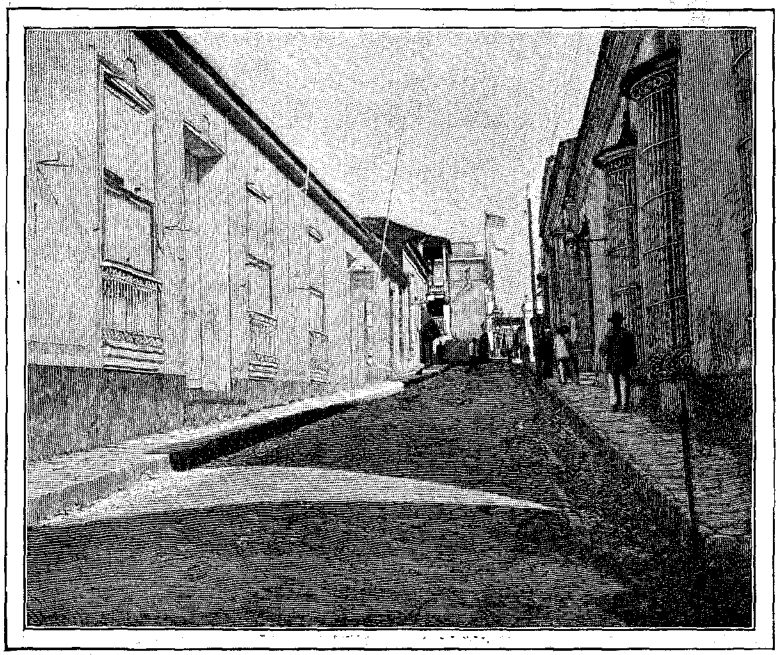
Thenceforward meat was sold in the markets at twenty-five cents. A similar reduction was made in the prices of bread, vegetables, and all food products. It was the first showing of the master hand to the public, and confidence in the American methods of administration strengthened rapidly.



Cubans paving Calle Marina, Santiago. The building on the left is the jail.

SANTIAGO'S FIRST CLEANING.

With ample food made fairly secure and the grim specter of starvation banished, General Wood took up his next task. This involved a departure from tradition and custom so violent that the whole community trembled. The city was to be cleaned, and to be kept clean. During the four centuries of its existence absolutely nothing had been done in the way of systematic sanitation. There was no street-cleaning department; the only attempt at street-cleaning had been the occasional sweeping of a few streets about the palace by prisoners from the jail. There being no thought of gathering up street refuse, there naturally was no provision for carrying it off. There were no sewers; there was no drainage, except that of the most accidental kind; there were no carts. Private premises were even less cared for than the streets. In the United States, houses are built inside the yards—in Cuba, the yards are built inside the houses.



Calle Marina after the new pavement was laid. American flag flying in the background marks the Governor's palace.

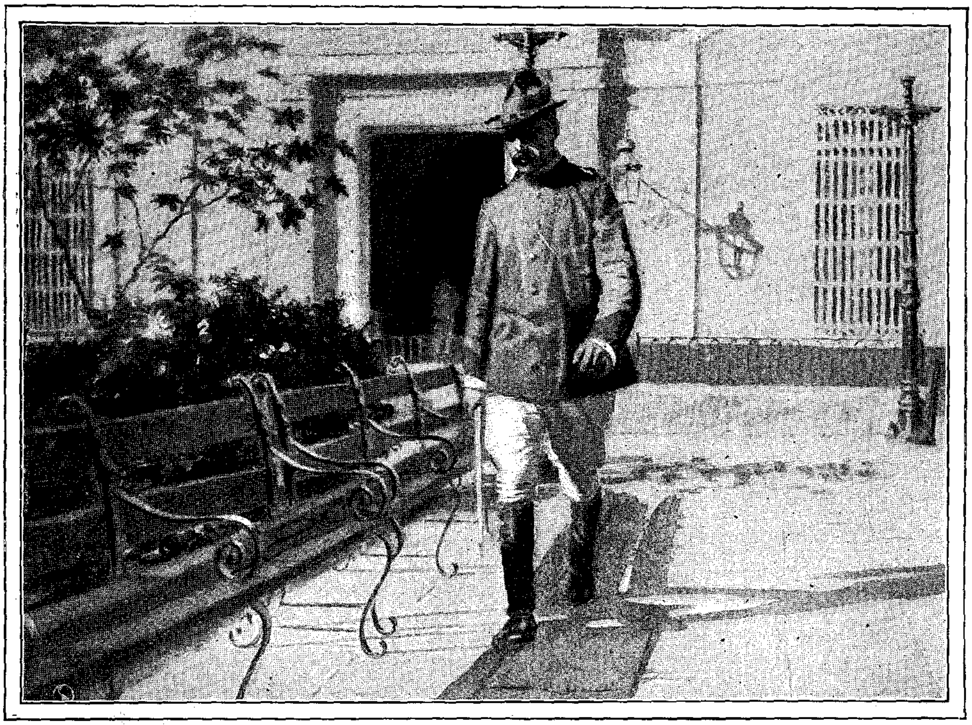
This system of building favored the harboring and concealment of filth. In all the interior courts there were cesspools, and these were almost never emptied, and became fountains of foulness and disease. Even in the houses there was the grossest uncleanliness. In many of them now, owing to the recent stress of epidemic and starvation, were found decaying human bodies: ten were found in a single house. The death rate, always high in Santiago, became at this time above 200 a day.

In his first proceedings against this unspeakable squalor, General Wood got little aid or sympathy from either Spaniards or Cubans. He went at it with American workmen, American wagons, and American mules. The neglected human dead were carried outside the city, heaped into piles, sprinkled with kerosene, and burned. In one funeral pyre eighty-seven bodies were consumed. It required ninety hours, in darkness and daylight, to clear one street. A full week passed before there had been any decided improvement wrought. On the fourth day of his administration, General Wood issued the following order:

> Every householder will report immediately to the Mayor and the Military Governor any death occurring in his household. Any person failing to do this will be arrested and put at hard labor on the streets for a period of thirty days. All policemen are ordered to report promptly to the Mayor and the Military Governor all deaths, any cases of malignant fever, and any place which is in an unhealthy condition, coming under their knowledge. Failure on the part of any policeman to do this will be followed by severe punishment.

After the houses had been emptied of human dead, General Wood's forces turned to clearing the streets of dead animals—horses, dogs, and mules. During the terrible days of the siege, vultures had come from the mountains in flocks of thousands, and hovered in veritable clouds over the city and surrounding country. But the feast had been spread even beyond the capacity of such numerous and voracious guests, and proof of the fact became familiar to the street-cleaners.

After a few days, a house to house sanitary inspection was made, and householders were notified that all cesspools must be emptied without delay. Then an order was issued calling upon housekeepers to collect household garbage in boxes or barrels, and hold it for the wagons that were sent round in the early morning to haul it away. Prior to this, it had been the custom to toss garbage into the



GENERAL WOOD IN THE PLAZA BEFORE THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE, SANTIAGO.

From a photograph taken expressly for McClure's Magazine.

middle of the streets, and trust to the heavy rains to carry it down into the bay. This was a simple plan, and, in some respects, fairly efficient, for Santiago is built upon a back-bone, or ridge, with two-thirds of the streets sloping toward the harbor. But, unfortunately, when the rains had carried the refuse into the bay, it lay piled up along the water front of the city, fermenting in the sun, and breeding no end of disease.

At first there was some demur to the new method ; but sharp words, threats, and, in some cases, actual corporal punishment, brought it into general observance; and now the good housewives of Santiago vie with each other in having their garbage boxes ready for the call of the street-cleaners' carts. More serious objection was raised by the introduction of disinfectants : this caused open rebellion. The previous odors —time-honored and, as it were, the custom of the country—were preferred to the odor of chloride of lime. It was scattered with a liberal hand, nevertheless, and at this writing, requests for it or other disinfectants are received daily by the health department. Moreover, people are beginning to notify the sanitary officer of the existence of unclean cesspools maintained by their neighbors. When the first report of this character was received, there was joy in the hearts of the hard-working Americans. It indicated a change in public sentiment, the importance of which can hardly be over-estimated.

REPAIRING OLD STREETS AND BUILDING NEW ONES.

With the streets become for once fairly clean, General Wood began to consider how he might put them in better repair. Santiago thoroughfares are narrow, winding, and most atrociously paved. The sidewalks are barely three feet in width, and the stone slabs of which they are constructed are irregular, uneven, and, in many places, broken. The center of the street is even worse. A ride of a few blocks in a carriage is an adventure long to be remembered. To add to the trouble, many of the streets, at the time General Wood took them in hand, had been cut and churned by heavy army wagons, with their double-teams of heavily shod mules, until they had become simply rivers of liquid mud.

The business was transacted in a characteristic way by the commanding general. He had bad streets to repair, and there were at hand a number of Cubans whose only support was Uncle Sam. He introduced the needy Cubans to the equally needy streets. A circle was drawn about the city, and a line through the center. The line was Calle Marina, or Marine Street, and part of the circle represented the water front, along which was a really beautiful and picturesque drive, known as the "Alameda." "Build a boulevard where I have drawn the circle," ordered General Wood, "and pave Calle Marina after the American fashion. Hire all the Cubans you can use ; pay them fifty cents and a ration a day."

The boulevard is in course of construction; Calle Marina is being paved after the American fashion; and gold, honestly earned, now circulates in the laborers' quarters of Santiago. The new boulevard passes almost under the shadow of the "Anfiteatro de Toros," or Bull Ring, where enough dollars have been wasted in a cruel sport to pave all the streets of the city.

For many years the water supply has been a serious question in Santiago. The present water-supply equipment consists of a crude dam up in the mountains, six miles from the town; a small receiving tank, and one eleven-inch main. The entire capacity is only 200,000 gallons daily, or little more than four gallons to the person. It is estimated that the supply is sufficient for but six hours each day, which leaves the city practically without water for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. A careful calculation disclosed that an expenditure of a trifle over $100,000 would suffice to build a much larger dam, at a place called Dos Bocas, a short distance from the city ; and arrangements have already been made to begin the construction of such a dam within a few months. It would have been quite within General Wood's lawful powers to have himself appropriated the money for this improvement from the public funds ; but with characteristic consideration, he laid the matter before representative citizens, and the work is likely to begin very soon, and an issue of the bonds of the city made to meet the cost of it.

In addition to doing all these things, the new administration has made important changes in the system of schools, including the severing of the schools from the Church and the introduction of English into the curriculum ; it has established a rural police force ; and it has effected a temporary suspension of mortgage foreclosures to enable the small farmers to recover from the effects of the war.

A VISIT TO THE JAIL WITH GENERAL WOOD.

General Wood early turned his attention to the *carcel*, or provincial jail—a foul spot in every Cuban city under Spanish rule. In it he found poor wretches of prisoners who had been held closely shut up for years without trial. In many instances there was even no charge of an offense on record against them, and all the jailer could say, when asked how they were held, was, "At the will of the Governor-General." One man had spent ten years of his life *encarcelado* at the will of an official who had not only forgotten his existence, but had left the country. There was now a general cleaning out at once. Orders were issued that no prisoner should be detained forty-eight hours without either a trial or an investigation; and General Wood, notwithstanding the immense demands on his time, arranged to visit the jail and review all prisoners every Saturday night.

His power was absolute, and while the reorganization of the courts was in progress, he administered justice in person. One Saturday evening I was given an opportunity to witness the novel spectacle of an American military officer sitting in judgment over the malefactors of a Cuban city. We left the palace and walked down the Calle Marina, which represented then the first street repaved in Santiago for over a century. People who met us hastened to salute the tall, powerfully built man in the plain khaki uniform, who held in the hollow of his hand the power almost of a czar. Every bow, every touch of the hat, was carefully and courteously acknowledged. All sorts and degrees of citizens were encountered in the short walk, and none failed to render his respects. We met an American soldier just before reaching the jail. He came upon us suddenly from beyond a corner, and, as he recognized the General, he halted and stood at attention with military promptness. General Wood paused in front of him.

"When did you leave the hospital, Boyd?" he asked kindly.

"Yesterday, sir," was the reply.

"And you feel quite well?"

The man nodded.

"Well, take good care of yourself. Keep away from the rum, and be careful what native fruit you eat. And remember that you are responsible not only for your own health, but for the health and efficiency of an American soldier."

"Is that an old acquaintance?" I asked Lieutenant Hanna, the General's aide, who was with us. "Did he serve in General Wood's regiment?"

"No. I think we ran across him in the hospital last week. The General goes through the wards every few days, you know. And he never forgets a face."

The jail, a squat, gloomy pile of adobe, looking sullen and forbidding in the semi-darkness, was finally reached. As we passed into the hall, there was a scurrying of feet and a jingling of keys. Then excited voices began to chatter from behind a stout wooden door.

"We've got the old crew here yet," explained the General with a smile. "I haven't reached the bottom of the hole, and they know all about the old prisoners. When everything is cleared up, I'll put some good men in. And I'll also paint and whitewash and fumigate every square inch in the place. More dead bodies came out of this building than out of any other in the city, you know. Yellow Jack had his stronghold here."

As we passed along the hall to the stairs, wolfish faces appeared at the gratings enclosing the inner court, or *patio*. The gleaming eyes did not look at Lieutenant Hanna nor at me; they were riveted upon the figure of the General. He represented the law to them, and they were afraid of the law. We found the jailer in his office, on the second floor. He was a little man with a thin, beardless face, and a habit of fondling one ear. His office contained an old-fashioned desk, a quaint cupboard, and a few chairs. The only light came from an oil lamp placed in a bracket. A reflector sent the rays toward the open door, beyond which could be seen a railing, and a misty outline of tropical trees and shrubbery in the court.

"Tell him to bring out, one by one, all the prisoners arrested since Thursday," the General said curtly to his interpreter.

He settled deep down in a chair placed near the center of the room, and rested his chin upon his left hand—a characteristic attitude, betokening a man who could give only a minute to rest and wanted the good of every second of that minute. The first prisoner appeared, coming in from the darkness and blinking as the light struck his eyes. He was a tall, thin Cuban youth, with a thick shock of black hair and a restless glance. He started visibly as he saw the General.

"What's the charge?" asked the latter.

"Theft, your excellency," replied the interpreter. "He was caught stealing oats from the teamster's corral."

"His name?"

"Manuel Ortiz, sir."

"What does he say about it?"

"He denies the charge, sir. Says he found the sack of oats in the road."

"Ever arrested before?"

There was a searching of records; then the jailer shook his head.

"Look again," exclaimed General Wood sternly. "I remember him. He was here less than a month ago. Been stealing on the wharf. Lock him up again, and hold him for trial before the new court. Next."

The little old jailer glanced at his assistant, and dropped his hands with a deprecatory gesture. He could not fathom this wonderful "Americano," whose memory was like the waters of the sea—never-failing. There was something more than human in it.

Another prisoner slipped into the room, and drew up stiffly as he espied the figure in the chair. He wore the uniform of an American soldier; but his face was that of a desperado, and there was insolence and defiance in his attitude.

"What's the name?" asked General Wood, straightening up slightly.

"Private Sullivan, sir," read the interpreter.

"Charge?"

"Drunk and firing revolver in Calle Santo Tomas at midnight."

The General eyed Private Sullivan in silence for fully a minute; then he asked slowly: "What have you to say for yourself? Are you guilty?"

The man shook his head, and a grin began to form about his mouth. In an instant General Wood was upon his feet. He took one stride, and was at the prisoner's side.

"You will find that this is no laughing matter," he thundered. "Stand erect. Put your heels together. Now answer me. Did you fire a revolver in the street as accused?"

"Yes, sir," the fellow stammered.

"Ten days," ordered the General, seating himself.

As the prisoner turned to leave the room he muttered, "Thank you, sir."

"Make that ten days in the sweat-box," came the command curtly.

Private Sullivan passed out into the darkness, and a second later we heard a defiant laugh from his direction. "Make it bread and water, also," said General Wood, settling back into his former attitude. "If he causes any trouble put him in irons. Next."

A woman was brought in by the jailers. As she caught sight of General Wood, she was restrained with difficulty from falling at his feet. Tears were streaming down her face, and she gasped forth a torrent of words, tossing her arms about like one crazed. "She tried to stab one of the Spanish merchants," explained the interpreter. "Her only son was killed in the arsenal last winter as a Cuban suspect. She has been arrested a number of times."

"Poor woman," murmured the General softly. "Keep her here until we see what can be done. Give her the best care possible."

"There are no insane asylums in the island," he added to me. "The Spanish officials simply neglected the unfortunates. The matter must be attended to at once."

The procession of malefactors continued for fully an hour. Each prisoner was examined, and his case disposed of at once. When we finally left the jail, Lieutenant Hanna whispered to me, "Held at the will of the Governor-General doesn't go here now."

AN EXAMPLE OF GENERAL WOOD'S RESOLUTION.

One day, about the middle of November, the native *calentura*, or fever, from which General Wood suffered greatly, sent him out to his home, which is on the edge of the town, earlier than usual. He had no sooner reached the house, however, than he was notified by telephone that a bloody riot had occurred at San Luis, a town twenty miles out on the Santiago Railway.

"Give me all the particulars in your possession," he replied to the Signal Corps operator who had rung him up.

"There has been a fight between the new rural police and a number of negro soldiers, supposedly of the Ninth Volunteer Immunes. The soldiers fired on the police, and killed a lieutenant, three natives, and a baby at the breast, sir," was the reply.

The fever was raging in the General; his temperature exceeded 105, and he was so sick and dizzy that he staggered as he walked. But with that indomitable will that had served him on many a night raid against hostile Apaches, he entered his carriage and was driven back to the city. He picked up his chief signal officer, Captain J. E. Brady, at the palace, and hastened to the building occupied by the telegraph department of the Signal Corps on Calle Enramadas. Captain Brady took the key at the instrument.

"Tell the operator to summon the members of the rural guard who were fired on, and the commanding officer of the Ninth Immunes," ordered the General tersely. Thenceforward, for three hours, General Wood sat there, questioning, listening, issuing orders—all with a promptness and certainty of judgment that would have been extraordinary in a man quite at his ease ; yet all the time, as he could not help showing in mien and features, the raging fever was distressing to the point of agony. Those about him could not but marvel at the man's resolution and endurance. The following day, although still racked with fever, he went by special train to San Luis and investigated the affair in person.

GENERAL WOOD'S CORDIALITY TO THE PEOPLE.

Perhaps the most attractive thing in General Wood is his modesty and democratic simplicity. He is unaffected in his bearing, and quiet in his attire. The newest corporal on duty in Santiago assumes more importance than does this man who yesterday was an assistant-surgeon in the army, and now, carried up at a bound by his personal worth, wears the insignia of a major-general. The entrance of the palace is never closed. Between the ante-room and the General's private office are two short swinging doors, and these doors are free to the touch of private or officer, simple citizen or the highest civil dignitary. The General is never too busy to hear a complaint or to right a wrong.

One day, on entering the outer office, I found fully sixteen persons, among whom were three women, waiting to see him. It was early in the morning, before eight o'clock, and the night before the General had labored with affairs of state until midnight ; but he appeared promptly. After a cheery "Good morning," he began with the person nearest him. This was a young lieutenant in the Fifth.

"Wish to see me ?" he asked. "Oh, it's about that baseball game for Christmas. Well, I'll do the best I can to help you. We'll stir up this old town and give the natives a treat. Arrange your programme, and come here to-morrow morning at this time. Busy ? Of course ; but I've always got a minute for anything that will add to the pleasure of our boys down here. They get little enough, goodness knows."

He passed on to the three women, who were poorly attired and evidently of the lowest class of natives. Through an interpreter, they told him a long story, to which he listened with the utmost patience. Then he called his aide, and gave him some instruction. The women left, breathing profuse thanks.

A business man from the States stepped up. He had a project, and he asked the favor of a private interview. It was granted at once. In a few minutes the General returned from his private office and proceeded with the others. He was in the act of greeting a priest in the group when a loud noise sounded in the outer hall. A mob of policemen, fully a half-dozen of them, came lurching toward the door, dragging a panting, struggling negro. His uniform was torn and dusty, and he streamed with perspiration. His face was distorted and bleeding, he rolled his eyes wildly from side to side, and he swore most foully.

General Wood took one stride, and the crowd parted. "Stop that noise," he exclaimed sternly. "What is the matter with this man ?"

"He is a deserter from a regiment in San Luis. We found him crazy drunk out near the Bull Ring, sir."

Just then the negro made a supreme effort, and flung the men who had been holding him off against the wall. Before he could make a second move, a hand was placed upon his shoulder, and a voice asked coldly : "Do you want to be shot, my man ? Stop this noise at once and go with the policemen. If you utter another oath, I'll give you something you won't forget in a hurry."

It was like a blow between the eyes. The man looked once at the General, and then hung his head. The next moment he was led away as quiet as a lamb.

"His excellency," cried a native in the crowd, "what a man he is!"

GENERAL WOOD AND ONE SENTRY SUPPRESS A RIOT.

While the Americans were cleaning the streets, and courts, and houses, and jails of Santiago, and were taking care of the sick and wounded and starving, and were administering all the affairs of the city—working sixteen hours each day—the Cuban residents held aloof, neglecting even to call and pay their respects to the occupant of the palace. There were no public meetings, no contributions, no private offers of assistance, no movement for the aid of Cubans by Cubans save by a few members of the local Chamber of Commerce. The Church, represented by an Archbishop, whose salary under the old régime had been $18,000 a year, and by a number of Spanish priests and different orders, did not turn a hand for the relief of the city or of the province. There was some activity, however; but of a different kind. Among the Cubans, the fact that certain Spanish officials had been retained in office by the Americans—very wisely retained, too, as subsequent events have proved—had created a feeling of positive discontent and antagonism. This came to a climax on the evening of September 22d, the day on which General Calixto Garcia paid his memorable visit to Santiago.

Surrounding the Plaza de Armas are four prominent buildings—the Cathedral, the Palace, the San Carlos Club, which is the Cuban stronghold; and the Spanish Club. The two latter occupy corners diagonally opposite, with the plaza between them. On the night in question, about eight o'clock, General Wood was writing in his office in the palace. At the outer door stood a solitary sentinel, armed with a rifle. Suddenly there burst across the plaza from the San Carlos Club a mob of Cubans—probably 500. Within a few minutes a shower of stones, bricks, bottles, and other missiles struck the Spanish Club, smashing windows and doors. A man, hatless and out of breath, rushed up to the sentry at the palace entrance, and shouted, "Where's the General? Quick! The Cubans are trying to take the town!"

General Wood was leisurely folding up his papers when the sentry reached him. "I know it," he said before the man had time to speak. "I have heard the row. We will go over and stop it."

He picked up his riding whip, the only weapon he ever carries, and accompanied by the one American soldier, strolled across to the scene of the trouble. The people in the Spanish Club had got it pretty well closed up, but the excited Cubans were still before it, throwing things and shouting imprecations, and even trying to force a way in by the main entrance.

"Just shove them back, sentry," said General Wood quietly.

Around swung the rifle, and, in much less time than is taken in the telling, a way was cleared in front of the door.

"Now shoot the first man who places his foot upon that step," added the General, in his usual deliberate manner. Then he turned, and strolled back to the palace and his writing. Within an hour the mob had dispersed, subdued by two men, one rifle, and a riding whip. And the lesson is still kept in good memory.

At the time I concluded my visit of observation, there had been just four months of American rule in Santiago de Cuba. Those four months had effected:

The rescue of the population from starvation to a fair satisfaction of all their daily necessities.

The conversion of one of the foulest cities on earth to one of the cleanest.

The reduction of an average daily death rate of 200 down to ten.

A considerable progress in a scheme of street and road improvement that will add immensely to the convenience and beauty of the city.

A radical reform in the custom-house service, resulting in increased revenues.

A reduction in the municipal expenses.

The correction of numerous abuses in the management of jails and hospitals and in the care of the inmates.

The liberation of many prisoners held on trivial or no charges.

The reformation of the courts, and a strict maintenance of law and order.

The freedom of the press.

A restoration of business confidence, and a recovery of trade and industry from utter stagnation to healthy activity.

This unparalleled regeneration had been wrought, not by a host of men native to the locality, exercising offices long established, and enjoying a traditional prestige, but by an American brigadier-general of volunteers, a stranger to the place and the people, embarked in the work on a moment's notice, and having for his immediate aides only a few fellow army officers, some of whom had been out of West Point less than two years, and all of whom were as new to the situation as himself. It was the *tour de force* of a man of genius; for in the harder, more fundamental, of the tasks that confronted him here General Leonard Wood had had no previous experience.

THE WAR ON THE SEA AND ITS LESSONS.

BY CAPTAIN ALFRED T. MAHAN,

Author of "The Influence of Sea Power upon History," "Life of Nelson," etc.

IV.

THE PROBLEMS PRESENTED TO OUR NAVY BY CERVERA'S APPEARANCE IN WEST INDIAN WATERS AND HOW THEY WERE SOLVED.

THE exigencies of a series of papers like the present demand that each should open with at least a brief reference to the conditions under which its predecessor closed. It will be recalled, therefore, that on the 11th of May, Admiral Sampson's vessels, three sea-going armored ships and two monitors, were approaching San Juan de Puerto Rico; and that at 4 P.M. of the same day, the Spanish division, under Admiral Cervera, arrived off the south end of Martinique. At early daybreak next morning, Sampson bombarded San Juan; and a few hours later, Cervera stood on again to the westward—into the unknown for us, but bound in his own purpose to Curaçao. At the same time, Sampson also started back for Havana, for reasons before given: the force of which he doubtless felt more keenly because he found himself actually so far away from the center of the blockade and from his base at Key West. When he began thus to retrace his steps, he was still ignorant of Cervera's arrival. The following night, indeed, he heard from a passing vessel the rumor of the Spanish squadron's regaining Cadiz, with which the Navy Department had been for a moment amused. He stopped, therefore, to communicate with Washington, intending, if the rumor were verified, to resume the attack upon San Juan. But on the morning of the 15th—Sunday—at 3.30, his despatch boat returned to him with the official intelligence, not only of the enemy's being off Martinique, but of his arrival at Curaçao, which occurred shortly after daylight of the 14th. The same telegram informed him that the Flying Squadron was on its way to Key West, and directed him to regain that point himself, with all possible rapidity.

Cervera left behind him at Martinique one of his torpedo-destroyers, the "Terror." A demonstration was made by this vessel, probably, though it may have been by one of her fellows, before St. Pierre—another port of the island—where the "Harvard" was lying; and as the latter had been sent hurriedly from home with but a trifling battery, some anxiety was felt lest the enemy might score a point upon her, if the local authorities compelled her to leave. If the Spaniard had been as fast as represented, he would have had an advantage over the American in both speed and armament—very serious odds. The machinery of the former, however, was in bad order, and she soon had to seek a harbor in Fort de France, also in Martinique; after which the usual rule, that two belligerents may not leave the same neutral port within twenty-four hours of each other, assured the "Harvard" a safe start. This incident, otherwise trivial, is worthy of note, for it shows one of the results of our imperfect national preparation for war. If the conditions had allowed time to equip the "Harvard" with suitable guns, she could have repulsed such an enemy, as a ship of the same class, the "St. Paul," did a few weeks later off San Juan, whither the "Terror" afterwards repaired, and where she remained till the war was over.

The news of Cervera's appearance off Martinique was first received at the Navy Department about midnight of May 12th-13th, nearly thirty-six hours after the fact. As our representatives there, and generally throughout the West Indies, were very much on the alert, it seems not improbable that their telegrams, to say the least, were not given undue precedence of other matters. That, however, is one of the chances of life, and most especially of war. It is more to the purpose, because more useful to future guidance, to consider the general situation at the moment the telegram was received, the means at hand to meet the exigencies of the case, and what instructive light is thereby thrown back upon preceding movements, which eventuated in the actual conditions.

Admiral Cervera's division had been at Martinique, and after a brief period of suspense, was known to have disappeared to the westward. The direction taken, however, might, nay, almost certainly must, be misleading—that was part of his game. From it nothing could be decisively inferred. The last news of the "Oregon" was that she had left Bahia on the 9th of the month. Her whereabouts and intended movements were as unknown to the United States authorities as to the enemy. An obvious precaution, to assure getting assistance to her, would have been to prescribe the exact route she should follow ; subject only to the conditional discretion which can never wisely be taken from the officer in command on the spot. In that way it would have been possible to send a division to meet her, if indications at any moment countenanced the suspicion entertained by some—the writer among others—that Cervera would attempt to intercept her. After careful consideration, this precaution had not been attempted, because the tight censorship of the press had not then been effectually enforced, and it was feared that even so vital and evident a necessity as that of concealing her movements would not avail against the desire of some newspapers to manifest enterprise, at whatever cost to national interests. If we ever again get into a serious war, a close supervision of the press, punitive as well as preventive, will be one of the first military necessities, unless the tone and disposition, not of the best, but of the worst of its members, shall have become sensibly improved ; for occasional unintentional leakage, by well-meaning officials possessing more information than native secretiveness, cannot be wholly obviated, and must be accepted, practically, as one of the inevitable difficulties of conducting war.

The "Oregon," therefore, was left a loose end, and was considered to be safer so than if more closely looked after. From the time she left Bahia till she arrived at Barbadoes, and from thence till she turned up off Jupiter Inlet, on the Florida coast, no one in Washington knew where she was. Nevertheless, she continued a most important and exposed fraction of the national naval force. That Cervera had turned west when last seen from Martinique meant nothing. It was more significant, and reassuring, to know that he had not got coal there. Still, it was possible that he might take a chance off Barbadoes, trusting, as he with perfect reason could, that when he had waited there as long as his coal then on hand permitted, the British authorities would let him take enough more to reach Porto Rico, as they did give Captain Clark sufficient to gain a United States port. When the "Oregon" got to Barbadoes at 3.20 A.M. of May 18th, less than six days had elapsed since Cervera quitted Martinique ; and the two islands are barely one hundred miles apart. All this, of course, is very much more clear to our present knowledge than it could possibly be to the Spanish Admiral, who probably, and not unnaturally, thought it far better to get his "fleet in being" under the guns of a friendly port than to hazard it on what might prove a wild-goose chase; for, after all, Captain Clark might not have gone to Barbadoes.

It may be interesting to the reader to say here that the Navy Department—which was as much in the dark as Cervera himself—although it was necessarily concerned about the "Oregon," and gave much thought to the problem how best to assure her safety, was comforted by the certainty that, whatever befell the ship, the national interests would not be gravely compromised if she did meet the enemy. The situation was not novel or unprecedented, and historical precedents are an immense support to the spirit in doubtful moments. Conscious of the power of the ship herself, and confident in her captain and officers, whom it knew well, the Department was assured, to use words of Nelson when he was expecting to be similarly outnumbered, "Before we are destroyed, I have little doubt but the enemy will have their wings so completely clipped that they will be easily overtaken." Such odds for our ship were certainly not desired ; but, the best having been done that could be in the circumstances, there was reasonable ground to believe that, by the time the enemy got through with her, they would not amount to much as a fighting squadron.

Some little while after the return of Admiral Sampson's squadron to New York, the writer chanced to see, quoted as an after-dinner speech by the chief engineer of the "Oregon," the statement that Captain Clark had communicated to his officers the tactics he meant to pursue, if he fell in with the Spanish division. His purpose, as so explained, deserves to be noted, for it assures our people, if they need any further assurance, that in the single ship, as in the squadrons, intelligent skill as well as courage presided in the counsels of the officers in charge. The probability was that the Spanish vessels, though all reputed faster than the "Oregon," had different rates of speed, and each singly was inferior to her in fighting force ; in addition to which the American ship had a very heavy stern battery. The intention, therefore, was, in case of a meeting, to turn the stern to the enemy and to make a running fight. This not only gave a superiority of fire to the "Oregon," so long as the relative positions lasted, but it tended, of course, to prolong it, confining the enemies to their bow-fire and postponing, to the utmost possible, the time of their drawing near enough to open with the broadside rapid-fire batteries. Moreover, if the Spanish vessels were not equally fast, and if their rate of speed did not much exceed that of the "Oregon," both very probable conditions, it was quite possible that in the course of the action the leading ship would outstrip her followers so much as to be engaged singly, and even that two or more might thus be successively beaten, in detail. If it be replied that this is assuming a great deal, and attributing stupidity to the enemy, the answer is that the result here supposed has not infrequently followed upon similar action, and that war is full of uncertainties ; an instance again of the benefit and comfort which some historical acquaintance with the experience of others imparts to a man engaged with present perplexities. Deliberately to incur such odds would be unjustifiable ; but when unavoidably confronted with them, resolution enlightened by knowledge may dare still to hope.

An instructive instance of drawing such support from the very fountain heads of military history, in the remote and even legendary past, is given by Captain Clark in a letter replying to inquiries from the present writer : "There is little to add to what you already know about the way I hoped to fight Cervera's fleet, if we fell in with it. What I feared was that he would be able to bring his ships up within range together, supposing that the slowest was faster than the 'Oregon' ; but there was the chance that their machinery was in different stages of deterioration, and there was also the hope that impetuosity or excitement might after a time make some press on in advance of the others. I, of course, had in mind the tactics of the last of the Horatii, and hopefully referred to them. The announcement Milligan [the chief engineer] spoke of was made before we reached Bahia, I think before we turned Cape Frio, as it was off that headland that I decided to leave the 'Marietta' and 'Nichtheroy' [now the 'Buffalo'], and to push on alone. You may be sure that was an anxious night for me when I decided to part company. The Department was, of course, obliged to leave much to my discretion, and I knew that the Spaniards might all close to rapid-fire range, overpower all but our turret guns, and then send in their torpedo-boats." It was upon the "Marietta" that he had previously depended, in a measure, to thwart the attacks of these small vessels; but in such a contest as that with four armored cruisers, she could scarcely count, and she was delaying his progress in the run immediately before him. "The torpedo-boat," he continues, "was a rattlesnake to me, that I feared would get in his work while I was fighting the tiger; but I felt that the chances were that Cervera was bound to the West Indies, and so that the need of the 'Oregon' there was so great that the risk of his turning south to meet me should be run, so I hurried to Bahia, and cabled to the Department my opinion of what the 'Oregon' might do alone and in a running fight. . . . My object was to add the 'Oregon' to our fleet, and not to meet the Spaniards, if it could be avoided."—It may be added that in this his intention coincided with the wish of the Department.—"So when, in Barbadoes, the reports came off that the Spanish fleet (and rumors had greatly increased its size) was at Martinique, that three torpedo-boats had been seen from the island, I ordered coal to be loaded till after midnight ; but left soon after dark, started west, then turned and went around the island"—that is, well to the eastward —"and made to the northward." This was on the evening of May 18th. Six days later the ship was off the coast of Florida, and in communication with the Department.

The "Oregon" may properly be regarded as one of the three principal detachments into which the United States fleet was divided at the opening of the eventful week, May 12th–19th, and which, however they might afterwards be distributed around the strategic center—which we had chosen should be about Havana and Cienfuegos—needed to be brought to it as rapidly as possible. No time was avoidably lost. On the evening of May 13th, eighteen hours after Cervera's appearance at Martinique was reported, the two larger divisions, under Sampson and

Schley, were consciously converging upon our point of concentration at Key West; while the third, the "Oregon," far more distant, was also moving to the same place in the purpose of the Department, though, as yet, unconsciously to herself. Sampson had over twenty-four hours' start of the Flying Squadron, and the distances to be traversed, from Porto Rico and Hampton Roads, were practically the same.* But the former was much delayed by the slowness of the monitors, and, great as he felt the need of haste to be, and urgent as was the Department's telegram, received on the 15th, he very properly would not allow his vessels to separate until nearer their destination. Precautionary orders were sent by him to the "Harvard" and "Yale," the two vessels which had before been looking out to the eastward of Martinique for the Spanish division, to coal to the utmost and to hold themselves at the end of a cable ready for immediate orders; while Commodore Remey, commanding at Key West, was directed to have every preparation complete for coaling the squadron on the 18th, when it might be expected to arrive. The "St. Louis," a vessel of the same type as the "Harvard," met the Admiral while these telegrams were being written. She was ordered to cut the cables at Santiago and Guantanamo Bay, and afterwards at Ponce, Porto Rico.

The Flying Squadron had sailed at 4 P.M. of the 13th. Its fighting force consisted of the "Brooklyn," armored cruiser, flag-ship; the "Massachusetts," first-class, and the "Texas," second-class, battleships. It is to be inferred from the departure of these vessels that the alarm about our own coast, felt while the whereabouts of the hostile division was unknown, vanished when it made its appearance. The result was, perhaps, not strictly logical; but the logic of the step is of less consequence than its undoubted military correctness. We had chosen our objective, and now we were concentrating upon it—a measure delayed too long, though unavoidably. Commodore Schley was directed to call off Charleston for orders; for, while it is essential to have a settled strategic idea in any campaign, it is also necessary, in maritime warfare at all events, to be ready to change a purpose suddenly and to turn at once upon the great objective—which dominates and supersedes all others—the enemy's navy, when a reasonable prospect of destroying it, or any large fraction of it, offers. When Schley left Hampton Roads, it was known only that the Spanish division had appeared off Martinique. The general intention, that our own should go to Key West, must therefore be held subject to possible modification, and to that end communication at a half-way point was imperative. No detention was thereby caused. At 4.30 P.M. of the 15th, the Flying Squadron, which had been somewhat delayed by ten hours of dense fog, came off Charleston Bar, where a light-house steamer had been waiting since the previous midnight. From the officer in charge of her the Commodore received his orders, and at 6 P.M. was again under way for Key West, where he arrived on the 18th, anticipating by several hours Sampson's arrival in person, and by a day the coming of the slower ships of the other division.

But if it is desirable to insure frequent direct communication with the larger divisions of the fleet, at such a moment, when their movements must be held subject to sudden change to meet the as yet uncertain developments of the enemy's strategy, it is still more essential to keep touch from a central station with the swift single cruisers, the purveyors of intelligence and distributors of the information upon which the conduct of the war depends. If the broad strategic conception of the naval campaign is correct and the consequent action consistent, the greater fighting units—squadrons or fleets—may be well, or better, left to themselves, after the initial impulse of direction is given and general instructions have been issued to their commanders. These greater units, however, cannot usually be kept at the end of a telegraph cable; yet they must, through cables, maintain, with their centers of intelligence, communication so frequent as to be practically constant. The Flying Squadron, when off Cienfuegos, and Admiral Sampson's division at the time now under consideration, while on its passage from San Juan to Key West, are instances in point. Conversely, dependence may be placed upon local agents to report an enemy when he enters port; but when at sea for an unknown destination, it is necessary, if practicable, to get and keep touch with him, and to have his movements, actual and probable, reported. In short, steady communication must be maintained, as far as possible, between the always fixed points where the cables end, and the more variable positions where the enemy's squadrons and our own are, whether for a stay or in transit. This can be done only through swift despatch vessels; and for these, great as is the need that no time be wasted in their missions, the homely proverb, "more haste, less speed," has to be kept in mind. To stop off at a wayside port, to diverge even considerably from the shortest route, may often be a real economy of time.

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*The distance from Hampton Roads to Key West is increased, owing to the adverse current of the Gulf Stream through much of the route.

The office of cruisers thus employed is to substitute certainty for conjecture; to correct or to confirm, by fuller knowledge, the inferences upon which the conduct of operations otherwise so much depends. Accurate intelligence is one of the very first desiderata of war, and as the means of obtaining and transmitting it are never in excess of the necessities, those means have to be carefully administered. Historically, no navy ever has had cruisers enough; partly because the lookout and despatch duties themselves are so extensive and onerous; partly because vessels of the class are wanted for other purposes also—as, for instance, in our late war, for the blockade of the Cuban ports, which was never much more than technically "effective," and for the patrolling of our Atlantic seaboard. True economical use of the disposable vessels, obtaining the largest results with the least expenditure of means, never adequate, demands much forethought and more management; and is best effected by so arranging that the individual cruisers can be quickly got hold of when wanted. This is accomplished by requiring them to call at cable ports and report; or by circumscribing the area in which they are to cruise, so that they can be readily found; or by prescribing the course and speed they are to observe—in short, by insuring a pretty close knowledge of their position at every moment. A cruiser with a roving commission is about useless for these purposes; and few things are more justly exasperating than the failure of a cruiser to realize the fact in practice. Of course, no rule is hard and fast to bind the high discretion of the officer senior on the spot; but if the captains of cruisers will bear in mind as a primary principle, that they, their admirals, and the central office are in this respect parts of one highly specialized and most important system in which coöperation must be observed, discretion will more rarely err in these matters, where errors may be so serious. That with a central office, admirals, and captains, all seeking the same ends, matters will at times work at cross purposes, only proves the common experience that things will not always go straight here below. When Nelson was hunting for the French fleet before the Battle of the Nile, his flag-ship was dismasted in a gale of wind off Corsica. The commander of the frigates, his lookout ships, concluded that the Admiral would have to return to Gibraltar, and took his frigates there. "I thought he knew me better," commented Nelson. "Every moment I have to regret the frigates having left me," he wrote later; "the return to Syracuse," due to want of intelligence, "broke my heart, which on any extraordinary anxiety now shows itself." It is not possible strictly to define official discretion, nor to guard infallibly against its misuse; but all the same, it is injurious to an officer to show that he lacks sound judgment.

When the Flying Squadron sailed, there were lying in Hampton Roads three swift cruisers, the "New Orleans," the "St. Paul," and the "Minneapolis." Two auxiliary cruisers, the "Yosemite" and the "Dixie," were nearly, but not quite, ready for sea. It was for some time justly considered imperative to keep one such ship there, ready for an immediate mission. The "New Orleans" was so retained, subject to further requirements of the Department; but the "Minneapolis" and the "St. Paul" sailed as soon as their coaling was completed—within twenty-four hours of the squadron. The former was to cruise between Haïti and the Caicos Bank, on the road which Cervera would probably follow if he went north of Haïti; the other was to watch between Haïti and Jamaica, where he might be encountered if he took the Windward Passage, going south of Haïti. At the time these orders were issued, the indications were that the Spanish division was hanging about Martinique, hoping for permission to coal there; and as both of our cruisers were very fast vessels and directed to go at full speed, the chances were more than good that they would reach their cruising ground before Cervera could pass it.

These intended movements were telegraphed to Sampson, and it was added, "Very important that your fast cruisers keep touch with the Spanish squadron." This he received May 15th. With his still imperfect information, he gave no immediate orders which would lose him his hold of the "Harvard" and the "Yale"; but shortly after midnight he learned, off Cape Haïtien, that the Spanish division was to have left Curaçao the previous evening at six o'clock

—only six hours before this despatch reached him. He at once cabled the "Harvard" and the "Yale," to which, as being under his immediate charge, the Department had given no orders, to go to sea; the former to cruise in the Mona Passage, to detect the enemy if he passed through it for Porto Rico, the "Yale" to assist the "St. Paul" at the station of which he had been notified from Washington. The Department was informed by him of these dispositions. Sampson at the same time cabled Remey at Key West to warn the blockaders off Cienfuegos—none of which were armored—of the possible appearance of the enemy at that port. In this step he had been anticipated by the Department, which, feeling the urgency of the case and uncertain of communicating betimes through him, had issued an order direct to Remey, thirty-six hours before, that those ships, with a single exception, should be withdrawn; and that the vessels on the north coast should be notified, but not removed.

These various movements indicate the usefulness and the employments of the cruiser class, one of which also carried the news to Cienfuegos, another along the north coast, while a third took Sampson's telegrams from his position at sea to the cable port. Owing to our insufficient number of vessels of the kind required, torpedo-boats, of great speed in smooth water, but of delicate machinery and liable to serious retardation in a sea-way, were much used for these missions; to the great hurt of their engines, not intended for long continued high exertion, and to their own consequent injury for their particular duties. The "St. Paul's" career exemplified also the changes of direction to which cruisers are liable; and the consequent necessity of keeping them well in hand both as regards position and preparation, especially of coal. Between the time the "Minneapolis" sailed and her own departure, at 6 P.M. of May 14th, the news of the Spanish division's arrival at Curaçao was received; and as there had been previous independent information that colliers had been ordered to meet it in the Gulf of Venezuela, only a hundred miles from Curaçao, the conclusion was fair that the enemy needed coal and hoped to get it in that neighborhood. Why else, indeed, if as fast as reported, and aware, as he must be, that Sampson was as far east as San Juan, had he not pushed direct for Cuba, his probable objective? In regard to colliers being due in the Gulf of Venezuela, the reports proved incorrect; but the inference as to the need of coal was accurate, and that meant delay. The "St. Paul" was therefore ordered to Key West, instructions being telegraphed there to coal her full immediately on arriving. She would there be as near the Windward Passage as Curaçao is, and yet able, in case of necessity, to proceed by the Yucatan Passage or in any direction that might meanwhile become expedient. It may be added that the "St. Paul" reached Key West and was coaled ready for sea by the evening of May 18th: four days from the time she left Hampton Roads, a thousand miles distant.

While on her passage, the Department had entertained the purpose of sending her to the Gulf of Venezuela and adding to her the "Harvard" and the "Minneapolis," the object being not only to find the enemy, if there, but that one of the three should report him, while the other two dogged his path until no doubt of his destination could remain. Their great speed, considered relatively to that which the enemy had so far shown, gave reasonable probability that thus his approach could be communicated by them, and by cables, throughout the whole field of operations, with such rapidity as to insure cornering him at once, which was the first great essential of our campaign. A cruiser reporting at Cape Haïtien was picked up, and sent to the "Minneapolis," whose whereabouts was sufficiently known, because circumscribed, and she received her orders; but they served only to develop the weakness of that ship and of the "Columbia," considered as cruisers. The coal left after her rapid steaming to her cruising ground did not justify the farther sweep required, and her captain thought it imperative to go first to St. Thomas to recoal, a process which involved more delay than on the surface appears. The bunkers of this ship and of her sister the "Columbia" are minutely subdivided; an arrangement very suitable, even imperative, in a battleship, in order to localize strictly any injury received in battle, but inconsequent and illogical in a vessel meant primarily for speed. A moment's reflection upon the services required of cruisers will show that their efficiency does not depend merely upon rapid going through the water, but upon prompt readiness to leave port, of which promptness quick coaling is a most important factor. This is gravely retarded by bunkers much subdivided. The design of these two ships, meant for speed, involves this lack of facility for recoaling. There is, therefore, in them a grave failure in that unity of conception which should dominate all designs.

The movements, actual and projected, of the cruisers at this moment, have purposely been dwelt upon at some length. Such movements and the management of them play a most important part in all campaigns, and it is desirable that they should be understood, through illustration such as this ; because the provision for the service should be antecedently thorough and consistent, in plan and in execution, in order to efficiency. Confusion of thought, and consequent confusion of object, is fatal to any conception—at least to any military conception ; it is absolutely opposed to concentration, for it implies duality of object. In the designing of a cruiser, as of any class of warship, the first step, before which none should be taken, is to decide the primary object to be realized—what is this ship meant to do ? To this primary requirement every other feature should be subordinated. Its primacy is not only one of time, but of importance also. The recognition, in practice, of this requisite does not abolish nor exclude the others by its predominance. It simply regulates their development; for they not only must not militate against it, they must minister to it. It is exactly as in a novel or in a work of art, for every military conception, from the design of a ship up, should be a work of art. Perfection does not exclude a multiplicity of detail, but it does exact unity of motive, a single central idea, to which all detail is strictly accessory, to emphasize or to enhance—not to distract. The cruiser requirements offer a concrete illustration of the application of this thought. Rapidity of action is the primary object. In it is involved both coal endurance and facility for recoaling ; for each economizes time, as speed does. Defensive strength—of which subdivision of coal bunkers is an element—does not conduce to rapidity of movement, nor does offensive power; they must, therefore, be very strictly subordinated. They must not detract from speed ; yet so far as they do not injure that they should be developed, for by the power to repel an enemy—to avert detention—they minister to rapidity. With the battleship, in this contrary to the cruiser, offensive power is the dominant feature. While, therefore, speed is desirable to it, excessive speed is not admissible, if, as the writer believes, it can be obtained only at some sacrifice of offensive strength.

When Admiral Sampson sent off the telegrams last mentioned, before daylight of May 16th, the flag-ship was off Cape Haïtien. During her stoppage for this purpose, the squadron continued to stand west, in order not to increase the loss of time due to the slowness of the monitors, through which the progress of the whole body did not exceed from seven to eight sea miles per hour. Cape Haïtien is distant from Key West nearly 700 miles ; and throughout this distance, being almost wholly along the coast of Cuba, no close telegraphic communication could be expected. At the squadron's rate of advance, it could not count upon arriving at Key West, and so regaining touch with Washington, before the morning of the 19th, and the Department was thus notified. Thirty-six hours later, at 11.30 A.M., May 17th, being then in the Old Bahama Channel, between Cuba and the Bahama Banks, the Admiral felt that his personal presence, under existing conditions, was more necessary near Havana and Key West. Leaving the division, therefore, in charge of the senior officer, Captain Evans of the "Iowa," he pushed forward with the flag-ship "New York," the fastest of the armored vessels. Six hours later he was met by the torpedo-boat "Dupont," bringing him a telegram from the Department, dated the 16th, forwarded through Key West, directing him to send his most suitable armored ship ahead to join the Flying Squadron. This order was based on information that Cervera was bringing munitions of war essential to the defense of Havana, and that his instructions were peremptory to reach either Havana or a port connected with it by railroad. Such commands pointed evidently to Cienfuegos, which place, moreover, was clearly indicated from the beginning of the campaign, as already shown in these papers, as the station for one division of our armored fleet.

The Department could calculate certainly that, by the time its message reached Sampson, his division would be so far advanced as to insure interposing between Havana and the Spaniards, if the latter came by the Windward Passage—from the eastward. It was safe, therefore, or at least involved less risk of missing the enemy, to send the Flying Squadron to Cienfuegos, either heading him off there, or with a chance of meeting him in the Yucatan Channel, if he tried to reach Havana by going west of Cuba. But as Cienfuegos was thought the more likely destination, and was for every reason a port to be effectually blockaded, it was desirable to reënforce Schley; not by detaining him, under the pressing need of his getting to Cienfuegos, but by a battleship following him as soon as possible. Of course, such a ship might be somewhat exposed to encountering the enemy's division single-handed, which is contrary to rule. But rules are made to be broken on occasion, as well as to be observed generally; and again, and always, war cannot be made without running risks, of which the greatest is misplaced or exaggerated carefulness. From the moment the Spanish ships were reported at Curaçao, a close lookout had been established in the Yucatan Channel.

By his personal action, in quitting his squadron in order to hasten forward, Admiral Sampson had anticipated the wishes of the Department. At 4 P.M., May 18th, he reached Key West, where he found the Flying Squadron and the "St. Paul," anchored in the outer roads. His own telegrams, and those from the Secretary of the Navy, had insured preparations for coaling all vessels as they arrived, to the utmost rapidity that the facilities of the port admitted. The "St. Paul," whose orders had been again changed, sailed the same evening for Cape Haïtien. The Flying Squadron started for Cienfuegos at 9 A.M. the following day, the 19th, and was followed twenty-six hours later by the battleship "Iowa." Shortly after the Admiral left the fleet, it had been overtaken by the torpedo-boat "Porter," from Cape Haïtien, bearing a despatch which showed the urgency of the general situation, although it in no way lessened the discretion of the officer in charge. Captain Evans, therefore, very judiciously imitated Sampson's action, quitted the fleet, and hastened with his own ship to Key West, arriving at dark of the 18th. Being a vessel of large coal endurance, she did not delay there to fill up, but she took with her the collier "Merrimac" for the ships before Cienfuegos.

The remainder of Sampson's division arrived on the 19th. The monitors "Puritan" and "Miantonomoh," which had not been to San Juan, sailed on the 20th for the Havana blockade, where they were joined before noon of the 21st by the "Indiana" and the "New York," the latter having the Admiral on board. Commodore Schley, with the Flying Squadron, arrived off Cienfuegos towards midnight of the same day. The "Iowa" came up twelve hours later, about noon of the 22d, and some four or five light cruisers joined on that or the following days. On the 24th the "Oregon" communicated with Washington off Jupiter Inlet, on the east coast of Florida. Her engines being reported perfectly ready, after her long cruise, she was directed to go to Key West, where she coaled, and on the 28th left for the Havana blockade. It is difficult to exaggerate the honor which this result does to the officers responsible for the condition of her machinery. The combination of skill and care thus evidenced is of the highest order.

Such, in general outline, omitting details superfluous to correct comprehension, was the course of incidents on our side, in the Cuban campaign, during the ten days May 12th–21st, from the bombardment of San Juan de Puerto Rico to the establishment of the two armored divisions in the positions which, under better conditions of national preparation, they should have occupied by the first of the month. All is well that ends well—so far at least as the wholly past is concerned; but for the instruction of the future it is necessary not to cast the past entirely behind our backs, until its teachings have been pondered and assimilated. We cannot expect ever again to have an enemy so entirely inapt as Spain showed herself to be; yet, even so, Cervera's division reached Santiago on the 19th of May, two days before our divisions appeared in the full force they could muster before Havana and Cienfuegos. Had the Spanish Admiral tried for either of those ports, even at the low rate of speed observed in going from Curaçao to Santiago—about seven and five-tenth knots—he could have left Curaçao on the evening of May 15th, and have reached Cienfuegos on the 21st, between midnight and daybreak; enabling him to enter the harbor by 8 A.M.—more than twelve hours before the arrival there of our Flying Squadron.

The writer assumes that, had our coast defenses been such as to put our minds at ease concerning the safety of our chief seaboard cities, the Flying Squadron would from the first have been off Cienfuegos. He is forced to assume so, because his own military conviction has always been that such would have been the proper course. Whatever *coup de main* might have been possible against a harbor not adequately defended—the fears of which, even, he considered exaggerated—no serious operations against a defended seaboard were possible to any enemy after a transatlantic voyage, until recoaled. It would have been safe, militarily speaking, to place our two divisions before the ports named. It was safer to do so than to keep one at Hampton Roads; for offense is a safer course than defense.

Consider the conditions. The Spaniards, after crossing the Atlantic, would have to coal. There were four principal ports at which they might do so—Havana, Cienfuegos, Santiago, and San Juan de Puerto Rico. The first two, on the assumption, would be closed to them, unless they chose to fight a division so nearly equal to their own force that, whatever the result of the battle, the question of coaling would have possessed no further immediate interest for them. Santiago and San Juan, and any other suitable eastern port open to them—if such there was—were simply so many special instances of a particular case, of which San Juan was the most favorable to them; because, being the most distant, it insured more time for coaling and getting away again before our divisions could arrive. After their departure from Curaçao was known, but not their subsequent intentions, and while our divisions were proceeding to Havana and Cienfuegos, measures were under consideration at the Navy Department which would have made it even then difficult for them to escape action, if they went to San Juan for coal; but which would have raised the difficult close to the point of the impossible, had our divisions from the first been placed before Havana and Cienfuegos, which strategic conditions dictated, but fears for our own inadequately defended coast prevented. The contemplated method was this: Adequate lookouts round Porto Rico were to be kept up, by whom their approach would be detected and quickly cabled. Our two divisions were to be kept ready to proceed at an instant's notice, coaled to their best steaming lines, as far as this was compatible with a sufficiency of fuel to hold their ground after arriving off San Juan. Two of our fastest despatch vessels, likewise at their best steaming immersion, were to be held at Key West ready to start at once for Cienfuegos to notify the squadron there; two, in order that, if one broke down on the way, one would surely arrive within twenty-four hours. Thus planned, the receipt of a cable at the Department from one of the lookouts off Porto Rico would be like the touching of a button. The Havana division, reached within six hours, would start at once; that at Cienfuegos eighteen hours after the former. Barring accidents, we should, in five days after the enemy's arrival, have had off San Juan the conditions which it took over a week to establish at Santiago; but, allowing for accidents, there would, within five days, have been force sufficient to hold the enemy in check.

Five days, it may be said, is not soon enough. It would have been quite soon enough in the case of Spaniards after a sea voyage of 2,500 miles, in which the larger vessels had to share their coal with the torpedo-destroyers. In case of a quicker enemy of more executive despatch, and granting, which will be rare, that a fleet's readiness to depart will be conditioned only by coal, and not by necessary engine repairs to some one vessel, it is to be remarked that the speed which can be, and has been, assumed for our ships in this particular case, nine knots, is far less than the most modest expectations for a battleship—such as those entertained by the writer. Had not our deficiency of dry-docks left our ships very foul, they could have covered the distance well within four days. Ships steady at thirteen knots would have needed little over three; and it is sustained speed like this, not a spurt of eighteen knots for twelve hours, that is wanted. No one, however, need be at pains to dispute that circumstances alter cases; or that the promptness and executive ability of an enemy are very material circumstances. Similarly, although the method proposed would have had probable success at San Juan, and almost certain success at any shorter distance, it would at 2,000 miles be very doubtfully expedient.

Assuming, moreover, that it had been thought unadvisable to move against San Juan, because doubtful of arriving in time, what would have been the situation had Cervera reached there, our armored divisions being off Havana and Cienfuegos? He would have been watched by the four lookouts—which were ordered before Santiago immediately upon his arrival there—and by them followed when he quitted port. Four leaves a good margin for detaching successively to cable ports before giving up this following game, and by that time his intentions would be apparent. Where indeed should he go? Before Havana and Cienfuegos would be divisions capable of fighting him. Santiago, or any eastern port, is San Juan over again, with disadvantage of distance. Matanzas is but Havana; he would find himself anticipated there, because one of those vessels dogging his path would have hurried on to announce his approach. Were his destination, however, evidently a North Atlantic port, as some among us had fondly feared, our division before Havana would be recalled by cable, and that before Cienfuegos drawn back to Havana; leaving, of course, lookouts before the southern port. Cienfuegos is thereby uncovered, doubtless; but either the Spaniard fails to get there, not knowing our movements, or, if he rightly divines them and turns back, our coast is saved.

Strategy is a game of wits, with many unknown quantities; as Napoleon and Nelson have said—and not they alone—the unforeseen and chance must always be allowed for. But, if there are in it no absolute certainties, there are practical certainties, raised by experience to maxims, reasonable observance of which gives long odds. Prominent among these certainties are: the value of the offensive over the defensive, the advantage of a central position, and of interior lines. All these would have been united, strategically, by placing our armored divisions before Havana and Cienfuegos. As an offensive step this supported, beyond any chance of defeat, the blockade of the Cuban coast, as proclaimed; with the incidental additional advantage that Key West, our base, was not only accessible to us, but defended against serious attack, by the mere situation of our Havana squadron. Central position and interior lines were maintained; for, Havana being nearly equidistant from Porto Rico and the Chesapeake, the squadrons could be moved in the shortest time in either direction, and they covered all points of offense and defense within the limits of the theater of war by lines shorter than those open to the enemy, which is what "interior lines" practically means.

If this disposition did possess these advantages, the question naturally arises whether it was expedient for the Havana division, before Cervera's arrival was known, and with the Flying Squadron still at Hampton Roads, to move to the eastward to San Juan, as was done. The motive of this step, in which the Navy Department acquiesced, was the probability, which must be candidly and fully admitted, that San Juan was Cervera's primary destination. If it so proved, our squadron would be nearer at hand. It was likely, of course, that Cervera would first communicate with a neutral port, as he did at Martinique, to learn if the coast were clear before pushing for San Juan. The result of his going to the latter place would have been to present the strategic problem already discussed.

Cervera heard that our fleet was at San Juan, went to Curaçao, and afterwards to Santiago, because, as the Spanish Minister of Marine declared in the Cortes, it was the only port to which he could go. Our Admiral's official report, summing up the conditions after the bombardment of San Juan, as they suggested themselves to his mind at the time, was quoted in our last article. In the present we have sought to trace as vividly as possible the hurried and various measures consequent upon Cervera's movements; to reproduce, if may be, the perplexities—the anxieties perhaps, but certainly not the apprehension—of the next ten days, in which, though we did not fear being beaten, we did fear being outwitted, which is to no man agreeable.

If Sampson's division had been before Havana and Schley's at Hampton Roads, when Cervera appeared, the latter could have entered San Juan undisturbed. What could we then have done? In virtue of our central position, three courses were open. 1. We could have sent our Havana division to San Juan, as before proposed, and the Flying Squadron direct to the same point; with the disadvantage, however, as compared with the disposition advocated last, that the distance to it from Hampton Roads is 400 miles more than from Cienfuegos. 2. We could have moved the Havana squadron to San Juan, sending the Flying Squadron to Key West to coal and await further orders. This is only a modification of No. 1. Or, 3, we could have ordered the Flying Squadron to Key West, and at the same moment sent the Havana division before Cienfuegos; a simultaneous movement which would have effected a great economy of time, yet involved no risk, owing to the distance of the Spanish division from the center of operations.

Of these three measures the last would have commended itself to the writer, had Cervera's appearance, reported at Martinique, left it all doubtful whether or not he were aiming for Havana or Cienfuegos. In our estimation, that was the strategic center, and therefore to be covered before all else. So long as Cervera's destination was unknown, and might, however improbable, be our coast, there was possible justification for keeping the Flying Squadron there; the instant he was known to be in the West Indies, to close the two Cuban ports became the prime necessity. But had he entered San Juan, without previous appearance, the first or the second should have been adopted, in accordance with the sound general principle that the enemy's fleet, if it can be probably reached, is the objective paramount to all others; because the control of the sea, by reducing the enemy's navy, is the determining factor in a naval war.

Without dogmatizing, however, upon a situation which did not obtain, it appears now to the writer, not only that the eastward voyage of our Havana division was unfortunate, viewed in the light of subsequent events, but that it should have been seen beforehand to be a mistake, because inconsistent with a well-founded and generally accepted principle of war, the non-observance of which was not justified by the conditions. The principle is that which condemns "eccentric" movements. The secondary definition of this word—"odd" or "peculiar"—has so dislodged all other meanings in common speech, that it seems necessary to recall that primarily, by derivation, it signifies "away from the center," to which sense it is confined in technical military phrase. Our center of operations had been fixed, and rightly fixed, at Havana and Cienfuegos. It was subject, properly, to change—instant change—when the enemy's fleet was known to be within striking distance; but to leave the center otherwise, on a calculation of probabilities, however plausible, was a proposition that should have been squarely confronted with the principle, which itself is only the concrete expression of many past experiences. It is far from the writer's wish to advocate slavery to rule; no bondage is more hopeless or more crushing; but when one thinks of acting contrary to the weight of experience, the reasons for such action should be most closely scrutinized and their preponderance in the particular case determined.

These remarks are offered with no view of empty criticism of a mistake—if such it were—in which the writer was not without his share. In military judgments error is not necessarily censurable. One of the greatest captains has said, "The general who has made no mistake has made few campaigns." There are mistakes and mistakes; errors of judgment, such as the most capable man makes in the course of a life, and errors of conduct which demonstrate essential unfitness for office. Of the latter class was that of Admiral Byng, when he retired from Minorca. As instances of the former, both Nelson and Napoleon admitted, to quote the latter's words, "I have been so often mistaken that I no longer blush for it." My wish is to illustrate, by a recent particular instance, a lesson professionally useful to the future: the value of rules. By the disregard of rule in this case we uncovered both Havana and Cienfuegos, which it was our object to close to the enemy's division. Had the latter been more efficient, he could have reached one or the other before we regained the center. Our movement was contrary to rule; and while the inferences upon which it was based were plausible, they were not, in the writer's present judgment, adequate to constitute the exception.

"OUT OF PRINT."

THIS phrase is equivalent to "Standing Room Only" as employed in the theaters. Although we are printing of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE 70,000 copies more a month than we printed a year ago, we are compelled each month to keep many new subscribers waiting.

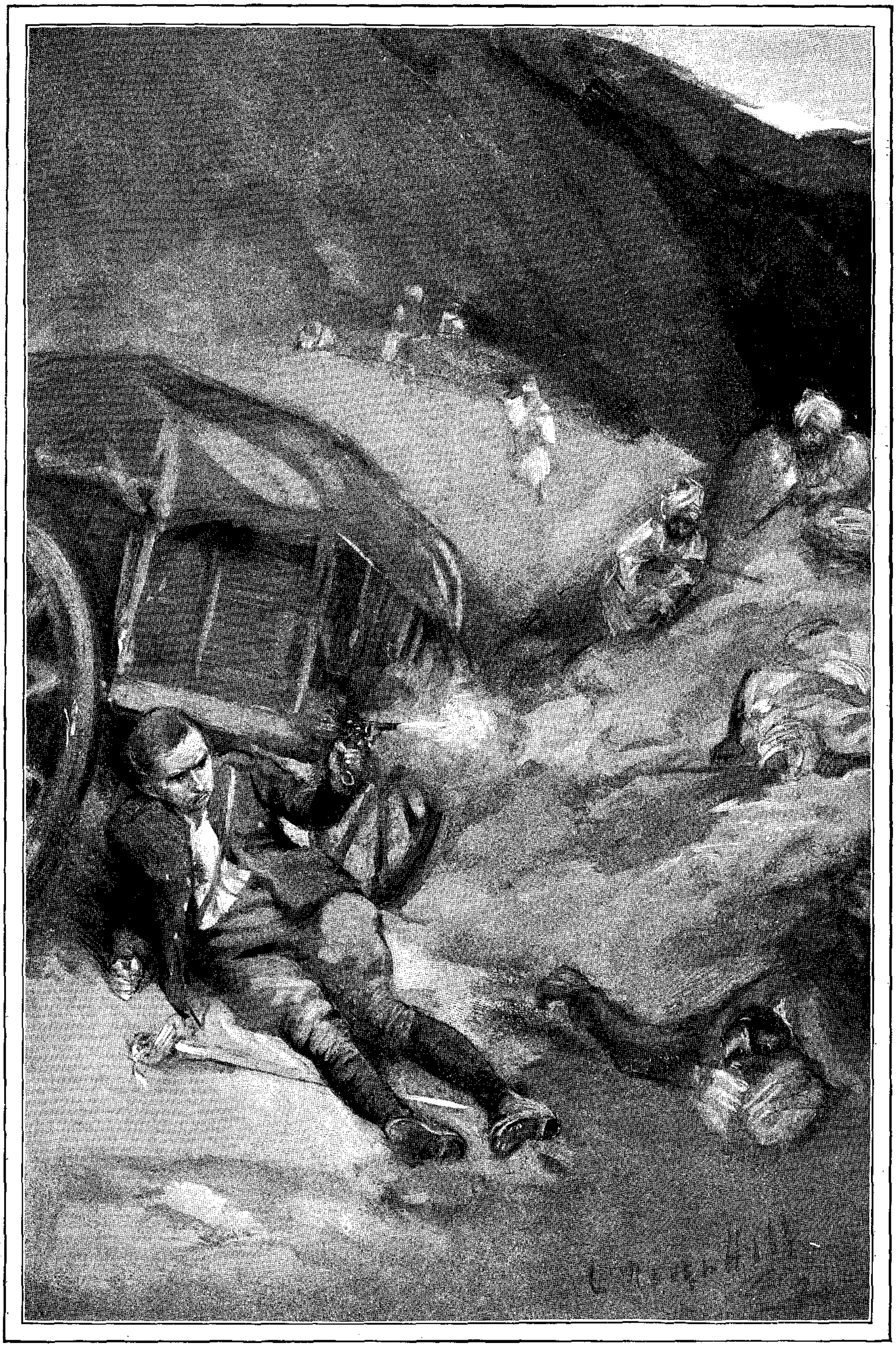
The year 1898 was a most prosperous year for the Magazine, and the year 1899 opens with a much larger promise. We believe that the Magazine for the coming months will please our readers better than ever.

We are already making plans for next year, and we need one or two new staff writers. Mr. Moffet has sailed for Europe on a most important mission for the Magazine, and Mr. Baker, the author of the article on "Liquid Air" in this number, has more work than he can do. The latter joined our staff a year ago, as the result of an announcement in these pages. Any one who feels qualified to write special articles for this Magazine is invited to suggest his ideas or contribute an article.

A THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR TWELVE IDEAS.

One thousand dollars will be paid for subjects or ideas for twelve articles for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. The suggestions may be for a series of articles or for single articles. The only condition is that they prove available to the editors of the Magazine and are not on subjects already under consideration. The prize winners will be given the first opportunity to write the articles. For a smaller number of successful ideas a *pro rata* sum will be paid.

S. S. McCLURE.



Drawn by L. Raven-Hill.

"'PROPPED UP ON ONE ARM, BLAZING AWAY WITH A REVOLVER.'"

(SEE "A LITTLE PREP," BY RUDYARD KIPLING, PAGE 572.)